

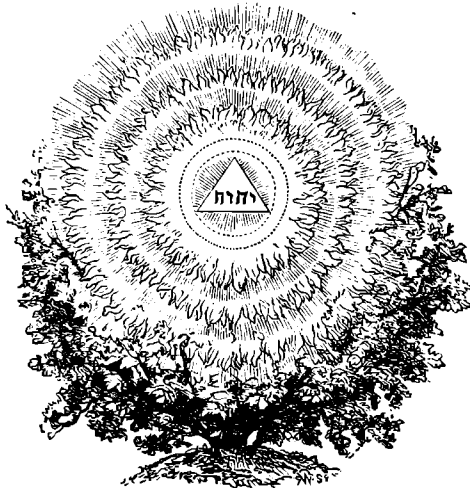
PSALMS.

THE PSALMS:

FRAE HEBREW INTIL SCOTTIS.

BY

P. HATELY WADDELL, LL.D.,
MINISTER.



It lowe'd an' was name the laur.

EDINBURGH: J. MENZIES & CO.
GLASGOW: T. & J. LOCHHEAD AND WM. LOVE.

MDCCCLXXI.

D. WILSON, PRINTER,
14 MAXWELL STREET, GLASGOW

NOTICE.

TO THE GENERAL READER.

IN reply to numerous inquiries as to the variety of the Scottish Dialect employed in this Translation, the Translator begs to state:—

1. That there are not, on an average, more than five words in a thousand exclusively very old Scotch, such as is to be found in the earliest Scottish authors. Whoever may imagine otherwise is mistaken.

2. A very large number of terms employed by Burns are also employed here, as may easily be ascertained by consulting the Glossary for his Poems. But the expressions or phraseology most frequently employed by Burns could not, for very obvious reasons, be admitted in a translation of the Bible.

3. The bulk of the language, both in terms and phraseology, is such as was in daily use by all well-educated peasants and country gentlemen of the last generation, and such as they had received by tradition from their own forefathers—men who represented the true vernacular of their country, from the days of the Reformation and of the Covenant. With such language the Translator was familiar in his youth, as many of his readers must also have been. To the young of the present generation it may seem strange; but any strangeness to be found in it otherwise, or by others, must result solely from the newness of its grammatical application to so solemn a theme as the Word of God.

4. There are one or two compound terms, made up of well-known simple terms, in the very spirit and according to the recognised idioms of the Scottish language, to express words or ideas in the Hebrew language which no Scotch or English or Latin terms *alone* ever will or can express. A very little practice, it is hoped, will not only accustom the intelligent reader to the use of these words, but enable all readers to receive through them a much truer sense of the Original than could possibly be conveyed by any single terms whatever.

5. In conclusion on this subject, the Translator has only farther to add, that, in conformity with recent highest authorities in the Scottish language, he has adopted the most popular form of orthography for certain well-known words; but in so doing, he must protest against their mispronunciation as if they were English. Thus:—

<i>igh</i> sounds <i>ich</i> , as in <i>sigh</i> ;	
<i>ight</i> „ <i>icht</i> , „ <i>light</i> ;	
<i>aught</i> „ <i>aucht</i> , „ <i>taught</i> ;	
<i>ought</i> „ <i>ocht</i> , „ <i>thought</i> ;	
<i>eigh</i> „ <i>eegh</i> , „ <i>skreigh</i> ;	
except in <i>weigh</i> , which sounds <i>wee</i> ;	
and in <i>weight</i> , „ „ <i>wecht</i> .	

<i>ead</i> sounds <i>eed</i> , as in <i>bead</i> ;	
<i>ei</i> „ <i>ee</i> , „ <i>heid</i> ;	
<i>ie</i> „ <i>ee</i> , „ <i>lie</i> ;	
<i>ow</i> „ <i>oo</i> , „ <i>town</i> , <i>down</i> ;	
<i>ow</i> „ <i>ow</i> , „ { <i>lown</i> , <i>own</i> to	
	confess;
<i>y</i> final „ <i>ie</i> , „ <i>ly</i> or <i>by</i> ;	
except in <i>Fy!</i> and <i>by</i> , where <i>by</i> signifies <i>beyond</i> .	

To pronounce on the English principle any word in which one of these syllables occurs, is to destroy at once both the character and force of the sound.

In the translation of the *PSALMS*, the reader will find that most of them fall naturally into a sort of rhythmical cadence, and many of them into rhyme itself. It may be proper to state, with respect to this peculiarity, that no device whatever has been employed to produce such effect—the fact being, that in many cases the *Psalms* which present this rhythmical aspect are more literally translated than they could well have been otherwise; and that there is generally a corresponding rhythm, and sometimes even a corresponding rhyme, in the Hebrew original. In other portions of Scripture, the *Historical* and *Chronological* for example, which are strictly prosaic in themselves, the same sort of metrical cadence does not occur, nor would it be at all desirable in a translation. There will, nevertheless, be found even in these, and more obviously among the *Prophets*, many passages where a certain measured flow of words agreeable to the sense will prevail, without labour or artifice; the Scotch language, when purely and carefully written, having, like the Hebrew, such tendency to rhythm naturally in itself.

As to comparative accuracy and the choice of terms, the Translator ought also now to state, that where any difference as between the present and the authorised English Version may occur, he is not responsible. His own work is done directly from the *Original*, which he has attended to with the utmost care—Scotch for Hebrew, with all possible fidelity; and he has not much doubt that any impartial scholar, who is sufficiently acquainted with the spirit and the idioms of both languages, will admit that the present Scotch translation in general is much closer to the *Original* in many ways than our well-known English Version is, and that no variation anywhere occurs in so greater than what occurs everywhere and constantly in the English. He feels it the more necessary to make this statement explicitly, inasmuch as most readers in the first instance may be disposed to adopt the English Version as an ultimate standard of comparison, although it is often utterly inadequate, and sometimes even erroneous, as a measure of the Hebrew Sense. In saying which, he is far from depreciating in any way the acknowledged merits of so good a work. On the contrary, that Version has been consulted by him with scrupulous reverence, as has also the *Genevan Version*, in the same language, which preceded it, in which our own most distinguished Reformers had a share. In addition to which, the *Septuagint*, and the *Vulgate* old and new; the individual versions of *Pagninus*, *Praten*, *Tremellius*, *Junius*, and *Cocceius* in Latin; of *Diodati* in Italian, of *Luther* and *Ulenberg* in German, with the French and Belgian Versions old and new, have received equal attention wherever doubt or obscurity occurred. Many valuable suggestions have thus been obtained; and as the Translator has had the happiness of finding that his own independent rendering was often identical, or in perfect harmony, with the best of these, he has less hesitation in adhering to it as at least worthy of some consideration.

ADVERTISEMENT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The *BOOK OF PSALMS*, in Three Numbers, One Shilling each, according to Prospectus, will be issued in the meantime separately, as a specimen and instalment of the Entire Translation: may also in due time be had, as One, done up in Cloth Cover, at Three Shillings.

Original Subscribers who take the separate Numbers will be entitled to a similar Cover for the whole, along with No. 3; or may reserve the separate Numbers for binding up in their own place with the remainder of the Translation.

In proportion to the encouragement he receives in this undertaking, the Translator will make every effort to proceed at an early date thereafter with the rest of the Bible.

THE BUIK,

CA'D O'

PSALMS, OR LILTS, OR KIRK-SANGS,

MAUN be mair nor feckly David's. Twal, ye fin', o' Asaph's; twa wi' Solomon's name; ane a-piece wi' Heman an' Ethan's name, an' ane wi' Moses': ane or mae by wha's no kent; maist like, frae the sugh o' them, by David. They gaed a' till sangs or sughs, i' the Makars' time, wi' harps an' wi' soundin-brods, or wi' fifes an' thairms: the blythest o' them aiblins like some heigh-lilts o' our ain, an' the dulest like some laigh-gaen croon or pibroch. Some sang-maister thar was, till airt the sangsters an' till time the sang; an' till him afore the lave the kirk-sang itsel was allendarly lippen'd. What sang-lumes, or organs, might than be in vogue, we ken-na for truth; their vera names are but jimply right-read in days like our ain—as ye may see eftirhen;* but o' liltin on the heighest key thar was enough till gie name to them a': for ae Psalm, cxlv., or DAVID's *Tell*, or *Lilt*, as it's ca'd, whar it's liltin an' laudin frae en' till en', gied siclike name till the hail Buik as it stans. Our ain word LILT, that's but the Hebrew TELL; or LILTIN, that's but their TELLIM; synder'd an' sortit a wee the Norlan' gate, niebors weel wi' the name as it suld be.

The Buik pairts itsel in five: the three foremaist Pairs quat wi' *Amen an' Amen*, as ye sal fin' an ye leuk, Ps. xli., lxxii., lxxxix., i' the hinmaist, or hinmaist verse but ane; the fourt wi' *Amen Halelujah*, or Laud ye the Lord, Ps. cvi.; an' the fyft wi' *Halelujah*, Ps. cl., at the en', whilk is the hinmaist word o' a'. The Psalms, Lilts, or Kirk-Sangs, hae maist o' them a gran', heigh, sary sugh; an' forby that they're biddens till God, hae wonner-feck fusion o' their ain as *Lyric Lilts* o' the makar. Thar's the saft seep o' the cluds an' the dour chirt o' the cranreuch; the lown holms, the green knowes, an' the blythe braes o' Bethle'm; the cauld dyke-side, the snell showir, an' the snaw-white tap o' Lebanon; thar's the wimplin burn, the rowin spate, an' the gran' walth o' watirs; thar's the lanely, drowthy, dreich wustlan'; thar's the lowan heugh, the bleezan cairn, an' the craig that lowps an' dinnles; thar's the glint o' mony starn, the bright light o' the lift, an' the dule o' the dead-mirk dail, thegither; thar's the sang o' the cheerie herd, the sigh o' the weary wight, the maen o' the heartbroken man, an' the eerie sugh o' the seer; the dirl o' the pipe, the chirm o' the bird, the tout o' the swesch, an' the scraigh o' thunner; the mither's lilt for her wean, an' heigh hozannas at the yetts o' hevin: what the ee can see, what the lug can carrie; the chant o' the sant, an' the dule gant o' the godlowse; the blythe-bid o' the LORD himsel, an' the angrie ban o' his servan—forgather'd a' intil this ae Buik—ane gran' meele.

David, for a makar o' siclike, flings meikle mair intil sma' bouk nor the feck o' a' them wha hae lippen'd their thoughts the same gate. He sees an' he hears naething he canna tell; an' he tells a' like-as nane but himsel, afore or sen-syne, cou'd hae better tell'd it. David, for ane o' God's Seers or Foretellers, an' for ane o' God's Sancts, fu' lown aneth His wings an' fu' gleg an' sikker i' the hevinly uptak; chrystit an' gifted baith till say God's say, an' till do God's bidden, i' the warld; made mair tryst on God's ain Word, an' lippen'd mair till God's ain gree, nor ony man or marrow o' them a' sen the time o' Moses. Moses himsel was the feck o' his lear, as ane may see wha likes; bot the bidden o' the LORD's mouthe ben i' his ain bosom, an' the sugh o' God's Ghaist i' the lown o' his ain heart, made him wysser nor the lave o' the folk, an' sterker nor the feck o' kings. Rightousness an' Truth war the twa braid stoops o' his life, an' the Word o' the LORD the ae bright light o' his gangins. That he was ettled till be but some fleshly figure o' the Chryst, in his warslins an' his winnins baith, haudin the lan' an' dingin the hethen his ain gate, he brawly be till ken; an' frae a' he tholed in himsel he schupit weel, wi' the help o' God, what the Chryst maun carrie. An' eke, that

he figured the folk wha lived i' the lown wi' God; wha gaed wrang whiles wi' the LORD, an' pined for their ain misdoens; wha lippen'd till the LORD, an' wan weel awa frae their ain fauts an' folies; wha leukit ay till the face o' the LORD, an' had braw glints o' light when the warld atowre was in mirkest midnight—no a lilt o' his ain but can tell. Mony a word o' his i' the wustlan', as it shot frae his mouthe in dule, wan hame till Calvary, an' mony a tang o' his harp had its ain sugh eftirhen' in Gethsemanè. His flytins war feckly wi' the LORD's ill-willers, an' his biddens a' for help on the Halie Hill. Fu' mony a prayer he dirld'to the lift, for the feckless wight that was nevir born; an' fu' mony a skreigh wan but frae his bosom, that nane but the widow an' the faitherless, i' their ain sad sighan, hae niebor'd sen-syne. Sic gude's-gree an' sic gifts made David the wale o' singers; an' no ae finger-breid o' God's Hail Word's mair trystit, or better kent, or mair han'd nor the Psalms. The Chryst himself loutit till learn them, an' a' God's folk sen his day hae been blythe o' sic weel-timed readin.

Bot David was King, nae less nor Makar an' Foreseer, an' airtit the feck o' a' his sangs the gate o' God's gree wha set him on the thron, an' for rightin, up-biggen, an' haudin weel thegither the Kingryk was lippen'd i' his han'. Chryst, an' His ain heigher realm o' Man's Heal-makin, he foresighted an' a', as the learner may ken wha gangs till Ps. II., XXII., XLV., an' cx., an' wha hearkens till Chryst himsel in His ain vera Tryste. Bot the wysses amang us sal hae but scrimp insight o' David's min', an we leuk-na till the sair warsle he dree'd wi' Saul an' wi' his folk, an' wi' siclike o' his ain, herriers an' peace-breakers o' the lan', that plagit him ay whiles he lived. He carps, now an' again, o' Godlowse Carls, an' now an' again, o' Bairns o' the Yird; lawless loons an' witless nae-believers, wha wrought ill till his folk, an' misca'd himsel, an' lightlied abune a' the God that tholed them: an' wha but the ill-deedie draigs o' the lan', or scrui'f o' the yird, war ettled or daur'd wi' sic names as thae? Carl, i' the Hebrew, we weel ken, etles often eneugh but Man or a Mighty Man, an' Bairn o' the Yird, but Son o' Man: yet owre an' owre in David's mouthe, they're wytit baith i' the name o' God, ban'd an' banish'd, for warkers o' a' mischieff an' thinkers o' a' ill again God's ain heritage. Wha syne could they be, an they war-na the draigs o' the auld Philistin folk o' the lan', an' wha sided wi' them again David, born ill-willers a' till God himsel an' till God's ain Chrystit? An ye read-na sae mair nor ance, the best o' David's Psalms, an' eke o' David's prayers an' biddens, sal gang for nought, an' for waur nor nought; they sal be but ill-heartit vanities—malisons in angir, that cou'd ne'er win by the lift.

David, for a man like the lave, had mony an ill faut o' his ain: yet sair he dree'd an' meikle he rued the wrang he wrought till his niebor, an' the angir he wrought till God. His ain ill-doen dang him, an' his heart's content whiles theekit him wi' schame. Bot tak David for a man as he stude by himlane, wi' the trystit crown on his head an' the hals o' his ill-willers, wi' mony an awesome warsle, aneth his feet; his ain heart whiles lowan like a kiln, an' his han's jump redd o' bluid; the fauts he own'd to, an' mae, we maun e'en forgie him. Twa fauts abune the lave he had, an' they war baith Hebrew fauts. The warst o' the twa was, he sought owre het for bluid. The stoor he stude an' the ill he tholed wrought nae gude till his heart, an' e'en canker'd his nature. Baith God an' himsel had weel eneugh min' o't: The LORD wad hae nae house-biggen at his han's; an' had the swurd at wark amang his out-come for mony a day, we ken brawly for what: an' till read the Psalms o' David rightly, siclike maun be thol'd in min'. Lang he dree'd, an' meikle he wanted; bot God till him was better nor a'. Ance or twice he forgies; he forgies, an' he bans again: he forgies for ae day, an' he bans for the lave o' a thousan years. David's ain Chrystit Maister taught us weel sen-syne anither gate, an' a heigher; bot David lays the wyte o' a' on God, an' saikless himsel gangs thro' wi' 't. Nae ferlie nor he whiles tint temper; yet he ne'er tint tryst o' God. An we can do mair or better, we may faut him freely syne. Tak David thro' the piece for Man an' for Makar, for Seer an' for King, he was mair till the LORD's ain likan, a man mair eftir

God's ain heart, nor the feck o' his kind. Baith Abraham, an' Moses, an' himsel had fauts they might weel hae been quat o'; bot the LORD waled, an' gifted, an' liket them nane the less: yet nane o' their wrang-doen's slippit His ee, or miss'd the dread down-come o' His han'.

Wha leuks, syne, for the leadin o' God's ain Gude Ghaist intil the Buik o' Psalms, maun leuk weel till the kin' o' man that spak for God i' the same, an' nae less till God's ain heigh gate o' guidin him. God speaks till us a' thro' our ain ghaist, an' feckly i' the tongue whar-intil we war born. God spak like-sae thro' David: thro' ane Hebrew till Hebrews, ferst; an' syne thro' Hebrews, by themselfs, till the lave o' the world. His ain halie Word, till us a', 's but ane: yet Psalms an' Foretellin baith cam but frae the lift thro' Hebrews. Tak weel wi' the Hebrew thought, an' ye sal tak weel eftirhen wi' the thought o' God, wha lippen'd the tellin o't langsyne till folk, like Moses an' David, o' his ain han'-walin. What feck o' sense, what walth o' truth, what wit an' wyssheid; what far-sightiness, an' benmaist bodin; what weanlike tryst o' God, the Faither o' themselfs an' a'; an' heighest thoughts o' Him, the Righter an' Heal-ha'der o' a', maun hae been theirs wha had the tellin o' a' till the lave o' his thoughtfu' creaturs!

O' this BUIK o' PSALMS mae Setts nor ane hae been:—

1, The LXX., intil Greek, gie what we count the XIV. for the LIII., an' LIII. for XIV.; forby that they airt a when words—the feck o' twa verses or tharby—frae the V., X., CXL., intil verse 3 o' their ain XIV.: an' Sanct Paul, as ye may see by what he reads frae that sett o' theirs (Rom. iii. 10), gangs wi' them.

2, What was ance kent for the Vulgate, or Auld Latin Sett, maks ae twa Psalms, IX. an' X., intil ane; an' ae single Psalm, CXLVII., intil twa. This wrang was rightit by Sanct Hieronymus, as he tells us in his ain Prologue till the New Vulgate: nochtless, it has been keepit ay on sen his day, baith i' the best Vulgates an' in ither weel-kent Catholic readins o' the Word, in mae tongues nor the Latin. Likesae, twa mae Psalms, CXIV. an' CXV., they sowthir intil ane, an' Psalm CXVI. they synder intil twa; whilk Hieronymus, their best stoop, lats stan'. Our weel-kent CXIX., this gate, fa's till be but their CXVIII., an' sae wi' the lave. This, forby some sma' differ i' the meath an' measur o' mony a single verse, that needs-na here till name.

3, I' the Hebrew itsel, what we tak for Headins stans but for the foremaist, or pairt o' the foremaist verse o' ilka Psalm: till whilk order mony wyss readers gie in.

4, I' the LXX. baith an' i' the Vulgate, an' whasae gang wi' them, *Halelujah* i' the five hinmaist Psalms, an' twa-three mae forby, is taen frae the Psalm an' set for a headin; anither wrang rightit in pairt by Sanct Hieronymus, lang or the Hebrew itsel was weel kent among us.

5, By the same LXX. an' Vulgate, Psalm cxxxvii.'s gien till Jeremiah; an' Psalms cxii., cxxxviii., cxlvi., cxlvi., cxlvi., till Haggai an' Zechariah: an' Psalms cxxxix., cxl., cxli., cxlii., cxliii., cxliv., are set nane till David's makin, bot till David's gree allenarly by ither han's. The cxxxvii., an it be-na some foretelling, could be nane o' David's, an' might weel be Jeremiah's; bot the lave, for ought can be seen, might be David's ain, as likely's ony i' the Buik. Hieronymus gies but ane o' them till Haggai an' Zechariah; how the lave cam by makars' names, we ken-na.

6, An' hinmaist, the Hebrew Makars, gran' an' a' as they war, had a schule-man's gate o' their ain, till mak sangs wi' their verses an' pairs to fa' even wi' the A B C; an' took unco pains an' pride in't. Siclike are the xxv., xxxiv., xxxvii., less or mair: bot abune a' the lave, the cxix., baith in pairs an' verses, ilka pairt in aght verses, an' ilka verse o' ilka pairt wi' its ain pairt-letter foremaist; an' the hail wi' a close-gaen, even sugh, short an' lang time about, frae en' till en'; maun hae been a wonner-wark o' thought, tho' thar's a hantle heigher *lyric*-makin baith afore an' ahint it.

*HEADINS O' PSALMS

FOR THE HAIL BUIK.

AJELETH-SILAHAR; *Hind o' the Mornin'*: ettled 1, till be but some fancifu' headin o' David's ain; 2, till be some shill, pitifu', wailin pipe, like the bellin o' deer i' the mornin; 3, but the name o' some sang the Psalm gaed till. Ps. xxii.

ALAMOTH; *Virginals*: some sang-gear ettled for dochters o' the quair till sing to, or till play upon, sidlike's might be at dance or weddin. Ps. xlv.

AL-TASCHUTH; *Waste-na*: nae sang-lume, an it war-na some laigh-gaen croon; bot a bidden o' David's, that God wad name waste himsel, nor thole his ill-willers till waste him; as ye sal fin' Moses, in sidlike case, bidden the Lord: Deut. ix. 26. Ps. lvii., lviii., lix., lxxv.

GITTITH; what this might be's no kent. *Gittith*, whilk souns no far frae *Gittith*, ettles a *wine-press*; an' sae the lxx. themselfs tak it. Ps. viii., lxxx., lxxxiv.

'Grees; *Steps, Stairs, Uppang, or Heighgates*: Hebrew *Moluth*, sidlike's the Latin *Molis*. Fourteen Psalms, on raik frae cxx. till cxxiv., wi' sic headin; bot nae sayan sikkerlie what's ettled: maist like, but some heigh-gaen key. Ps. cxx. on till cxxiv.

HIGGAJOUN; *Thoughtfu', Thought-takin*; as ye sal fin' by Ps. ix. 16: maist-like, but some thoughtfu' sugh on the thairms, till gie the singer breath or he steer'd again. It gangs whiles wi' SELAH, as in Ps. ix. 16.

JEDUTHUN: but some sang-maister's ain name; a niebor o' Heman's an' Asaph's: 1 Chron. xvi. 41; 2 Chron. v. 12. Ps. xxxix., lxii., lxxvii.

JONETH-ELEM-RECHOKIM; *The forfochtin Dew amang far-af folk*: anither fancifu' headin o' David's ain, an it be-na the name o' some sang or chant for the Psalm, lvi.

MAHALATH; *Pendicle, or Pendle*: some sang-gear was hang on the han', or aiblins frae the shouthir; sidlike's our ain *triangle*, till tang atween the pairs. Ps. liii.

MAHALATH-LEANNOTH; *Mahalath for Duplicates, or Responses*: 1, sic sang-gear as abune, for tangin-on *answers* till the quair; 2, some read, wi' ither sense, *On the fecklessness, or down-drag o' the pair*. Ps. lxxxviii.

MASCHIL; *Wys, Wyslike*; or, *Till mak wys or wysier*: might weel be said o' mony Psalms, an', like MICHAM aneth, gangs whiles alang wi' ither headins. Ps. xxxii., cxlii.

MICHAM; *The Gouden lilt*: a headin weel wordilie an' wyssly gien till mony o' David's, tho' he said it himsel: stans whiles by its-lane, an' whiles, like MASCHIL, alang wi' ither headins. Frae Ps. xvi., here an' there, till lx.

MUTH-LARBEN; *On The Dead o' the Son*: but on Psalm ix. An this be-na the name o' any tune, sang, or sang-gear, it maun hae been o' some pibroch, wi' a laigh-gaen sugh. Aiblins, was but the headin o' a Psalm on the downfa' o' dead o' some stoor riever or *Son o' the Yird*, that herried the folk as ye may see.

NEGINOTH; *Tune-timers*: 1, might be drums, tambours, or soundin-brods wi' thairms, like till the Spanish gittern: 2, any sang-gear wi' pipes or thairms, that was blawn ontill or tangit, till airt or maister the time. Frae Ps. iv., here an' ither, till lxxvi.

NEHILOTH; *Glen, Howes, Fast-rinnin Watirs*: 1, quo' some, but the name o' some sang-gear nae langer kent; 2, quo' ither some, the foremaist word o' some sang isel, that gaed wi' the Psalm. But ance, Ps. v.

SELAH; *Lown Sugh*: was nae mair but some sang-maister's mark till quat awae, a' at ance, syne loud an' heigh the-gither. Gaed whiles wi' HIGGAJOUN, or a *Thoughtfu' sugh*, afore't, dean lown awa intill naething. Ps. ix. 16.

SHEMINITH; *Aghtome, ane Octave*: might thole till be taen either 1, some soundin-brod wi' aght thairms, or *octaves*, like our ain lang-syne *monie-chords*; 2, some sang wi' aght pairs, or singers; or 3, some laigh-gaen bass wi' chords i' the *octave*. Ps. vi., xii.

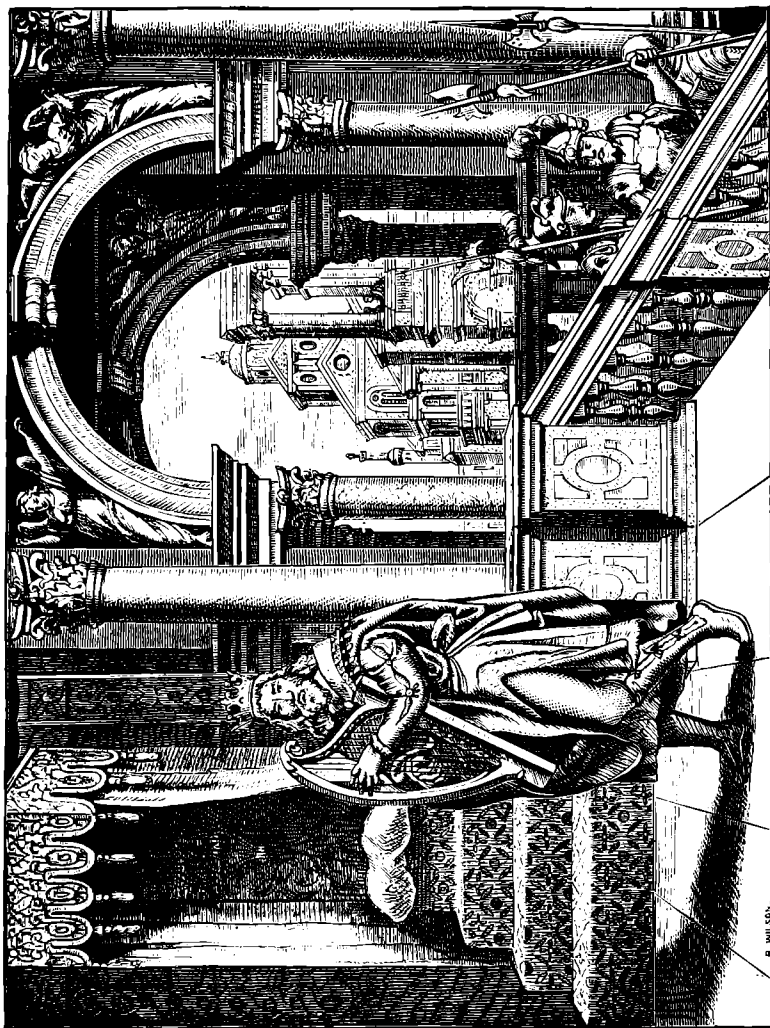
SIGGAJOUN; *Wand'rin*: some roun-about sugh, some no-even-gaen tune; whiles up, whiles down; here awa, there awa, as feck o' our ain chantit music gangs; bonie enough, but nae evenness; no comin hame on itsel. Ps. vii.

SHOSHANNIM; *Sax-some*: might thole till be taen *sax chordit*, or wi' *sax pairs*, or wi' *sax thairms*, sidlike as SHEMINITH wi' aght. The Hebrew might e'en thole till be taen *on*, or *atoure the Lilies*, wi' their *sax* leaves, themselfs syne sae ca'd: an' wha kens but the *sax-chordit* sang-lume was buskit or decorated wi' *lilies*, for weddin-lilts, sidlike's the Psalm xlv., an' Solomon's ain Sang, ii. 16, vii. 2? Ps. xlv., lxix.

SHOSHANNIM-EDUTH; *The Buskit Shoshannim, or Lilies i' their Bravest Blume*. Ps. lxxx.

SHUSHAN-EDUTH; *Blythe an' bravu; or Buskit till yer Heart's Content*. How sidlike headin gangs wi' but the ae Psalm—Ps. lx.—wad thole till be made clearer. Some able-enough readers tak *Eduth* wi' anither sense, for *Statut-laws*, or *Hail-biddens*, or *Commaunds* o' God; but this, till nae betterment o' the headin whar it stans. Sic twa-fauld sense o' mony a Hebrew word's a wide yett for wrang gates i' the turnin.

Wha cons, wi' time an' thought, this hail Buik o' Psalms, an' some sang-neuks o' the Prophets forby, wi' tent till what gangs here-abune, sal airt himsel intill a hantle mair guid i' the readin o' them. Nae great scowthe o' sang-gear, ane may say, till sort or till wale amang, here: bot how ken we what their fifes an' horns, an' soundin-brods an' fiddles, war made o'; or yet, how they war hanl'd? Horns o' the siller, fu' clear an' shill, dirlin the lug an' wauk'nin the heart; harps an' tambours o' the cedar, wi' siller soles, an' thairms o' the dinkest twine; ivor fifes an' quaukin fiddles, wi' some thousan tongues or mae in a single sugh, an' the LORD himsel heark'nin frae his Halie Howff aneth the cherubim, wad mak gran' enough wark on Zioun. The maist we can man, now-a-days, is but jimply till harl the sense, or till hilych an' haingle thro' some feckless tune till His gree, whase name was like the sugh o' mony watirs, an' his praise like a dinnlin spate, i' the lugs o' the Hebrew Makar. *Fy!* lat us up an' win on, till we wit a wee better what folk like the Psalmist ettled.



DAVID in his ain Brav Houis, at ZIOUN,—Ps. xxx.

,

,

Frac first draught, Luther's Bible, Franchfurt-on-Mayn, 1704.

THE
BUICK O' PSALMS.*

[PAIRT ANE.]

PSALM I.

Folk are but frute-stoks—the gude weel plantit an' heartsome; the ill ne'er plantit ava, whase frute is but stoure, an' their cleedin stibble; the Lord kens them baith.

[By wha's no said.]

BLYTHE may the man be, wha airts-na his gate by the guidin o' the godlowse;^a an' wha stans-na i' the road o' wrang-doers; an' wha louts-na at the down-sittin o' lowse jaukers.^b

2 Bot wi' the law o' the LORD is his hail heart's-gree; an' owre his rede sigheth he baith day an' night.^c

3 For he sal be† the frute-stok^d plantit by the watir-rins, that frutes ay weel in his ain frute saison; an' his vera blade blights-na, bot a' the growthe he maks luckens.

4 Siclike war ne'er the godlowse; bot 'like caff are they a', that the win' 's ay strewin.

5 Syne sae, at the rightin, sal the godlowse ne'er stan'; nor wrang-doers win ben till the gath'ran o' the righteous.

6 For the LORD kens weel the gate o' the righteous;^e bot the gate o' the godlowse sal dwinnle.

PSALM II.

*David's ain right till be King, an' Chryst's forby; a' ither kings maun thole an' lout.**

[By wha's no said here.]

WHATFOR fey the far-aff folk, an' the frem folk trew ane ydil thing?^a

2 Kings o' the yirth stan' up, an' righters tak thought thegither; again the LORD, an' again his Chrystit^b ane, sayan;

3 Lat's rive their thirlbans syndry, an' fling atowre their tows frae us!^c

4 Wha sits intil the lift sal laugh;^d the Laird o' the lan'† sal lightlie them a'.

5 Syne sal he bost them in his wuth, an' fley them in his sair mislooin, sayan;

6 I hae setten† my king, for a', ontill my halie height o' Zioun.^e

7 I sal e'en gar yo trew the redderight: Quo' the LORD until me, My ain son are ye, this day hae I begotten thee.

8 *Seek ye frae me, an' I sal gie till thee the far-aff folk in fee, an' the yondermaist neuks o' the world till yer ain ha'din.

9 Ye sal thring them wi' a gad o' airn; ye sal ding them till roons, like the shaird-makar's gowpin.^h

10 Be wyss than, O ye kings; tak tent, ye righters o' the world:

11 †Lout ye to the LORD wi' dread; an' gin ye bost, lat it be wi' slakkens.

12 †Swaif ye the Son, that he tak-na wuth; an' ye tine yer ain gate, gin his lowe be kennl'd but a kennin.

'O blythe may they a' be, wha lippen till himsel alane!

* Luke 20, 42.
Acts 1, 20.

^a Prov. 4, 14.
15.

^b Ps. 26, 4.
Jer. 15, 17.

^c Jos. 1, 8.
Ps. 119, 1, 97.

^d Heb. like,
needsna here

^e Jer. 17, 8.
Ezek. 47, 12.

^f Job 21, 18.
Ps. 35, 5.
Isaiah 17, 13;
29, 5.
Hos. 13, 3.

^g Nahum 1, 7.

^a Ps. 46, 6.
Acts 4, 25.

^b Ps. 45, 7.

^c Jer. 5, 5.
Luke 19, 14.

^d Ps. 37, 13;
59, 8

Prov. 1, 26

^e Wha's ain
right it is till

mak kings:
anither word

i' the He-
brew here,

nor Jehovah.

^f Heb. I hae
chrystit.

^g 2 Sam. 5, 7.

^h Acts 13, 33.
Heb. 1, 5; 5, 5.

ⁱ Ps. 22, 27;
72, 8; 89, 27.
Dan. 7, 13, 14.

^j Ps. 89, 23.
Rev. 2, 27;
12, 5; 19, 15.

^k Heb. 12, 28.

^l Gen. 41, 40.
1 Sam. 10, 1.

^m Isaiah 30, 18.
Jer. 17, 7.

* Afore
CHRYST,
1047.
Sam. 5.

PSALM III.

A faither's heart-break: the warst o' a heart-breaks maun be bruikit: the Lord's a loun hap for a'.

A dreë-sang o' David's, whan he quat the gate afore his ain son Absh'lom.*

LORD, 'how fiend-folk thrang about me; mony again me set themselfs roun.

2 Quo' mony o' my saul, *b*Thar's nae stay for him wi' God: Selah.

3 Bot yerlane, O LORD, *are* †out-owre me a'; my loffiheid, an' the uphauder o' my crown.

4 I sought till the LORD, I skreigh't; an' he spak till mysel, frae the height o' his haliness: Selah.

5 'I sal e'en lay me laigh an' sleep; I sal wauken *or lang*, for the LORD uphaudeth me.

6 'Nane sal I fear frae thousans o' the folk, wha owre-set *themsels* again me, rinket roun.

7 Up, LORD; saif me, O my God: 'for yerlane until the chafts hae dang my faes; the teeth o' the godlowse yerlané gar'd dinne.

8 'Heal-ha'din 's *wi'* the LORD himlane; yer blythe-bid's on yer folk *for evir*: Selah!

PSALM IV.

God's ain may lippen till himlane, an' be loun enough.

Till the sang-maister on Neginoth: * ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

SPEAK hame till me, God o' my righteousness; *speak hame i'* my schraighan. Ye hae lows'd me *or now* frae haud: be gude till me *syne*, an' tent my bidden.

2 How lang, ye sons o' the carl, sal my gude's gree be lightlied *amang* yo? Will ye *ay* be fain o' ydilheid?

Will ye spier eftir lies *for evir*? Selah.

3 Bot weet ye weel, the LORD sets-by wha likes himsel: the LORD will hearken whan I skreigh until him.

4 Fyke an ye will, bot steer-na by: 'threep wi' your hearts on yer beds, an' be whush: Selah.

5 'Offrans mak ye o' righteousness, an' lippen yerlanes wi' the LORD.

6 Wha will schaw us *ought* gude, quo' mony *an' mae*: 'the light o' yer leuks, O LORD, gar lift upon us *for ay*!

7 I' my heart ye hae gien me mair gree, nor e'er whan their corn an' their wine war rife.

8 'I sal baith lay me down, an' lye fu' lown; for yerlane, O LORD, hauds me livin sikker.'

PSALM V.

God tholes ill a' lean, bluidy folk; an' David wytes them i' the name o' God: wha do weel sal be blythe, an' win ben afore God.

Till the sang-maister on Nehiloth: * ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

HEARKEN till my croon, O LORD; tak tent till my sighan.† 2 Hearken till the sugh o' my schraighan, my King an' my God; for till yerlane I sen' hame my bidden.

3 'At mornin ere, O LORD, ye sal hear my cry: at mornin ere I sal straught me till thee, an' sal bide yer kennin.†

4 'For ye *are* nae God wha likes the wrang; wha godlowse is, wi' thee sal hae nae bydan.

5 Wha roose themselfs, sal ne'er stan' frontin thee;† a' doers o' wrang, ye mislo'e them utterlie.

6 Lean loons, ye thring them

* 2 Sam. 15: 16; 17: 18; A. C. 1023.
* 2 Sam. 16: 15.

* 2 Sam. 16: 8. It's ill winnin by the ban.

† Heb. *schild*, *shrd*, or *hap-pin*.

* Ps. 4, 8. Prov. 3, 24.

* Ps. 27, 3.

* Job 16, 10. Ps. 58, 6. Lam. 3, 30.

* Jer. 3, 23. Jonah 2, 9. Rev. 7, 10; 19, 1.

* Some heigh soundin brod wi' baith pipes an' thairms, till blaw an' tang: leuk *Headins* o' the Bulk o' Psalms. Hab. 3, 19.

* Ps. 77, 6.

* Deut. 33, 19. Ps. 50, 14; 51, 19. 2 Sam. 15, 12.

* Num. 6, 26. Ps. 80, 3, 7, 19; 119, 135.

* Job 11, 18. 19. Ps. 3, 5.

* Lev. 25, 18. 19; 26, 5. Deut. 12, 10.

* Leuk till *Headins*, &c

† Heb. *sair thought*.

* Ps. 130, 6.

† Heb. *leuk lang up*.

* Hab. 1, 13.

† Heb. *afore yer een*.

† Heb. *man o' bluid an' lies.*

c Ps. 55, 23

d Ps. 28, 2;
132, 7; 138, 2.e Ps. 25, 4;
27, 11.f Luke 11, 44
Roin. 3, 13.

g Ps. 62, 4

† Heb. *mak awei wi' them, haud them for dunc.*† Heb. *unco fain.*

* 1 Chron. 15, 21.

Ps. 12, head-
in; an' leuk
Headins, &cd Ps. 38, 1.
Jer. 10, 24;
46, 28.† Heb. *hame again.*

down; the bluidy an' the sliddery carl† the LORD ne'er tholes ava.^c
7 Bot mysel till yer hous wi' ben, i' the feck o' yer ain gude-gree; *an'* beck me laigh at yer ^dhalie howf, wi' dread o' thee.

8 Weise me, O LORD, i' yer ain right gates; for my ill-willers' will, straught ye yer gate afore me.^e

9 For, i' their mouthe *thar's* nae sikker sayan; their wame's but the howf o' ill; ^ftheir craig's but a gapin heugh; ^gwi' their tongue, they *but* ettle a lie.

10 † Wyte, wyte them sair, O God: schute them owre i' their ain thought-takins; ding them by i' their ain heigh gates: for they steer'd till win up again thee.

11 Bot blythe be they a', wha lippen yerlane; lat them lilt evir mair, for ye fen' them weel; lat them †fyke an' be fain in thee, wha lo'e thy name.

12 For yerlane, O LORD, sal mak blythe the rightous; wi' gudeness sal ye theek them, as *wi'* ane schild.

PSALM VI.

David's feckless fa', an' threep o' dule wi' God: he warsles through.

Till the sang-maister on Neginoth on Sheminith: * ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

WYTE me nae sair,^a O LORD, i' yer angir; an' ding me na by, i' yer bleezan torne.

2 Be gude till me, LORD, for but feckless am I; heal me, O LORD, for my banes are shukken.

3 My saul is e'en uncolie shukken: bot yersel, O LORD, how lang?

4 † Hereawa, LORD, an' redd-but my saul; O heal ye me, for yer pitie's sake.

5 For nane intil dead sal hae min'

o' thee: wha intil his lang hame sal laud thee mair?^b

6 Forfoch'en am I wi' my sighan; wi' tears a' night || I hae drookit my bed; my bink I hae soom'd wi' my greetan.

7 Mine ee wears awa wi' tene; it swaks afore a' my ill-willers.^c

8 'Awa frae me, a' ye warkers o' mischieff; for the LORD will hearken the sugh o' my sabbin.

9 The LORD, he will hearken my threep; the LORD will tak hame my bidden.

10 Scham't sal they be an' sair fash't, ilk ane o' my faes: hame sal they gae, *an'* scham't sal they be, in a gliffie!

PSALM VII.

An unco fact wi' ill-speakers; a waur fact wi' ill-doers: bot the Lord's abune a', an' wairs their mischieff on their ain shouthirs.

* Shiggaion o' David: whilk he sang till the Lord, fornenst the ill tongue o' Cush the Benjamite.†

O LORD my God, till yerlane maun I lippen: saif me frae a' that seek eftir me, an' redd me but.

2 ^aThat he glaum-na my life like a lyoun; rivan't, an' nae winnin-by. ||

3 O LORD my God, gin I hae dune siclike,^b gin thar's ought o' mischieff i' my han's:

4 Gin I hae wrought ill till my frienlie fiere; ^cor fleesh'd my ill-willers for greed: ||

5 Lat the sien-loon syne owre-spang my saul; baith fang an' sling my life till the yird, an' my gudeliheid straik i' the stoure: Selah.

6 ^dUp, O LORD, i' yer angir; redd my ill-willers by, i' yer wuth: ^ean' steer for me till the rightin ye ettled, wi' yer ain word o' mouthe.

7 Syne sal the folk a' rink thee

b Ps. 30, 9; 88, 11; 115, 17; 118, 17.
Isaiah 38, 18.
|| or, *ilk night.*c Job 17, 7.
Ps. 31, 9; 38, 10; 88, 9.
Lam. 5, 17.
d Ps. 119, 115.* Headins, &c.
Hab. 3, 1.† 2 Sam. 16.
Cir. A. C.
1062.a Isai. 38, 13.
|| or, *nae red-der-by.*

b 2 Sam. 16, 7, 8.

c 1 Sam. 24, 7; 26, 9.

|| or, *Na, I hae gin lo'ed d' them waha ill-will'd me for nought.*

d Ps. 94, 2.

e Ps. 44, 23.

roun'; an' for their sakes, hame again on hie!

Ps. 18, 30.

8 The LORD himlane sal right-recht the folk: right me, O LORD, as my righteousness maun be, an' the singleness o' my thoughts abuse me.

1 Sam. 16, 7.
1 Chron. 28, 9.
Ps. 139, 1.
Jer. 11, 20;
17, 10; 20, 12.
Rev. 2, 23.
1 Cor. 13, 12.
or, my hope,
or my strength;
see God.

9 O gin the ill o' ill-doers war dune; bot furdur ye the right: an' leuk weel till baith heart an' lisks, like a righteous God.¹

10 I shaltir me a' wi' God, wha saifs the upright in heart.

11 God himlane's the righteous rechter; an' God ill-tholes the hail day.

It canna be weel kent frae the Hebrew, wha suld turn here, the ill-doer frae David, or the Lord frae the ill-doer, or baith.

12 An the ill-doer turn-na, the LORD maun straik his sword; he maun stent his bow, an' mak a' sikker:

Deut. 32, 41.
or, again the persecutors or burners (1)

13 The graith o' dead he maun ready for himsel; his flanes o' lowe he has wrought a' ready.¹

Deut. 32, 23.
42.
Ps. 18, 14;
64, 7.

14 Leuk syne till the gallowse: he hoves wi' nocht; he raxes wi' pyne; he's made lighter o' a lie.²

Job 15, 25.
Isaiah 55, 11;
50, 4.
Jam. 1, 15.

15 He howks a hole, an' braids it weel; bot he coups i' the sheugh he made for anither.¹

Job 4, 8.
Ps. 9, 15; 10, 2;
35, 8; 94, 23;
141, 10.
Prov. 5, 22;
26, 27.
Eccl. 10, 8.

16 Hame on his head comes a' his fash; an' down on his pow his ain ill-doen.²

1 Kings 2, 32.

17 I maun land the LORD as his righteousness is; an' lit till the name o' the LORD, wba's heigh abuse a'.

(1) That ye may ken a', hearken how ither folk read: The LXX. an' wi' them the Vulgate, mak the words till rin his flanes again the burners, or bleeders; Luther, an' wi' him the Dutch, his flanes fur doun till dead; the Mayots Bibel, an' afore them Ulmberg, his flanes: that they may bleed or burn; the French, an' wi' them the Italian, his flanes again the Mexican persecutors; Rhemes, his arrows for them that burn; Geneva, his arrows for them that persecute me; an' efter them, our ain Inglis, his arrows against the persecutors: the feck o' whilk turnans the Hebrew its-kane can thole: But ment a' when o' them, we hear o' the burners nor bleeders nor fur-burners i' the lan'. On the ither side, we ken weel (Ps. 18, 14) that God's flanes war ay flanes o' lowe, or bleecan bolts, in David's een; an' gin ye read o' for again, an' the Hebrew stans, ye hae bewan flanes, or flanes o' lowe; whilk mak a' straight an' truth-like.

PSALM VIII.

The namelieid o' God's abuse lift an' lan'; an' his loesome luvie till his binmost creatur's ayont tellin.

Till the sang-maister on Gittith: *
ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

Tak tent as ye read: thar'e no mony grander kirk sangs nor this.

*Reading, &c.

O LORD, †Laird o' us a', how lordlie's thy name atowre a' the yirth; wha setten haist thy namelieid abuse the hevins.¹

Ps. 2, 4;
Laird o' the lan', &c.

2 †Frae bairnies' monthes an' weanies fine, ye hae ettled might again a' yer faes; that the wrang-doer baith an' wha rights himsel, ye may whush them ane wi' anither.

Ps. 140, 13;
Matt. 11, 25;
21, 16.

Ps. 44, 16.

3 Gin I leuk till thy lift, that fingir-wark o' thine; till the mune an' the starn ye hae set sae sikker:

4 †What's man, quo' I, that ye bear him in min'; or ane o' yird's bairns, ye suld mak him niebor?

Job 7, 17.
Ps. 144, 5;
Heb. 2, 6.

5 Yet ye thold him bot a thought frae God; †ye hae theekit him roun' wi' gudeliheid an' gree:

†Heb. 12 made him but a thought laigher nor God.

6 †Ye hae gien till himsel maister-ship an' a' owre yer ain han's warks; †ye hae putten a'-thing laigh aneth his feet.

Gen. 1, 26-28.
1 Cor. 15, 27.
Heb. 2, 8.

7 †Beasties sma' an' owsen grit thegither; aye, an' the field-gaen deer forby:

†Heb. a' fr. siclike as sheep, gais an' sma' beiss.

8 The flier i' the lift an' the soomer i' the sea, an' a' that gaes ben thro' the troghs o' the sea.

9 O LORD, Laird o' us a', how heigh owre a' the yirth's that name o' thine! §

PSALM IX.

The ill-deedie carl has his ain time, bot be stackers an' fa's or the end be: the Lord neither stackers nor fa's; an' the feckless may lippen till himlane sikkerlie: David has lauded him loud an' lang, an' sal yet laud him louder an' langer.

§An it be e'en abuse the hevins, it may weel be heigh abuse the yirth.

A. C. 1018.

* Aiblins on the downfa',
or dead, o'
some rievian
carl:
Headins, &c.

Till the sang-maister on Muth-lab-ben: * ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

I MAUN laud, O LORD, wi' my hail heart; I maun tell o' a' thy wonner-warks.

2 Fu' blythe an' fain sal I be in thee; I sal lilt till thy name, Thou Heighest o' a'.

3 Whan my ill-willers turn the gate hame, they sal stacher an' dwinnle afore thee.

4 For my right ye wrought out, an' ye rightit me; ye sat on the thron, right-rechtin weel.

5 Ye wytit the folk; ye wastit the wicket; their name ye dight out for evir an' ay.^a

6 O ill-will'd man, *surely* swurd-wark's by for evir: hail towns ye hae rutet frae the yird; themselfs an' a' min' o' them's dwafflet.

7 Bot the LORD *himlane* bides on evir mair; ^b for right-rechtin ay, has he ettled his thron.

8 An' the world he sal right-recht himsel intil rightousness; ^c he sal redd amang the hethen wi' a' maner o' right.

9 ^d An' the LORD sal be stoop till the feckless; a braw heigh † stoop i' the time o' stretts.†

10 An' a' that ken thy name sal betak themselfs till thee; for ye ne'er mislippen'd nane, wha spier'd for yersel, O LORD.

11 Lilt ye till the LORD, wha bides ontill Zioun; furth afore the folk wi' his wonner-warks a'.

12 'For an' he spier for blude, he'll hae min' o' them; the sighan o' the puir he will ne'er mislippen.

13 Hae pitie on me, LORD; leuk weel till the stoor I dree frae my faes; yersel, wha can rax me frae the yetts o' dead.

14 That I may lilt a' thy praise, i' the yetts o' the dochter o' Zioun:

fu' blythe sal I be i' thy heal-ha'din, *than*.

15 § The folk hae gaen down i' the sheugh they made; ^f i' the girn they happit, is their ain fit fankit.

16 The LORD is weel kent by the rightin he's wrought: by his ain han's wark, is the ill-doer grippet: ||^g Higgaion, Selah!

17 Ill-doers sal gang hame till the howff o' dead; *an'* a' frem folk wha forget God.

18 For the feckless puir sal nane be forgotten for ay; *nor* the langsome leuk o' the down-dang mislippen'd for evir.

19 Up, LORD; let-na carls† hae the gree: lat hethen folk be weel sortit afore ye.

20 Fley them, O LORD; gar the hethen ken they're but men: Selah.

PSALM X.

The yird-born carl has baith a heigh head an' a heavy han'; kens little, an' cares less: bot the Lord rights a', baith puir an' faithterless, wha lippen till himsel.*

[By wha's no said.]

WHATFOR, O LORD, stan' ye atowre; an' hap ye sae close in times o' strett?

2 The ill-doer in his haughtiness herries the puir: ^a Lat them be fankit a' i' the thoughts o' their ain thinkin.

3 For the ill-doer's fain till his heart's content, an' blythe-bids the warl's-worm|| the LORD ay hates.^b

4 The ill man in his haughtiness boost-na to care: nae God ava intil ane o' his thoughts.^c

5 Wearisome ay are a' gates o' his: *owre* heigh fornenst him are thy right-rechts a': wha fash wi' him, he wheefles them by.^d

§ Ill folk, or hethen.

^f Ps. 7, 15, 16; 35, 8; 57, 6; 94, 23; Prov. 5, 22; 22, 8; 26, 27.

|| *Thocht-fu' tugh: leuk till Headins, &c.*

^g Ps. 19, 14; 92, 3.

† The god-lowse yird-born folk o' the lan'.

Ps. 10, 18.

* Philistins, an' a' sicklike o' David's day; wha ill-willed himsel an' the lown-livin folk o' the lan'; as we hae said or now.

^a Ps. 7, 16; 9, 15, 16; Prov. 5, 22.

|| *or, the warl's-worm blythe-bids himsel, an' mislikes the Lord.*

^b Prov. 28, 4; Rom. 1, 32.

^c Ps. 14, 1, 2; 53, 1.

^d Ps. 12, 5.

^a Deut. 9, 14.

^b Ps. 102, 12.

^c Ps. 96, 13; 98, 9.

^d Ps. 32, 7; 37, 39; 46, 1; 91, 2.

† Heb. *castel-craig*.

† Heb. *times o' strett*.

^e Gen. 9, 5.

^c Eccles. 8, 11.
Isaiah 56, 12.
^f Rom. 3, 14.

[†] Heb. *nae end o' claiwers*,
Ps. 12, 2.

[‡] Hab. 3, 14.

[‡] Ps. 17, 11.

[†] Ps. 17, 12.

6 Quo' he till himsel, I sal ne'er be steer'd; frae ae kithgettin till anither, siclike's *myse* are ne'er the waur.^c

7 ^f His gab's fu' o' swearin, an' lies, an' lownesness; ben aneth his tongue's but labor an' kiahugh.[†]

8 He sits i' the neuks o' the town's; i' the lown [‡] neuks he fells the saikless; [‡] his een ay glaum on the puir.

9 [†] He taigles in howff like some lyoun in *his* den; he taigles for till fang the feckless; an' the feckless he fangs, whan he sweels him i' his net.

10 An' he louts; he cow'rs fu' laigh; syne dings the feckless wi' his mighty *bakspangs*.

11 Quo' he till himsel, [†] God has nae min': he has happit his face; he sal ne'er leuk mair.[‡]

12 Bot rise, LORD God: rax up yer han'; forget-na the feckless.

13 Whatfor suld the ill man lightlie God? He says till himsel, [†] Ye'll ne'er spier mair.

14 Ye hae seen [†] yersel; for yersel can see baith cark an' care, till tak a' i' yer han'. Till yersel the puir man leuks an' lippens; [†] the frien' o' the faitherless yerlane are *Thou*.

15 Flinder ye the arm o' the ill-doen, an' *eke* o' the ill-heartit man;^m an' ripe out his wrang, till ye fin' nae mair.

16 ^a The LORD is King for evir an' ay: the hethen maun dwinnle frae aff his lan'.

17 Ye hae hearken'd till the churm [†] o' the puir, O LORD: their hearts ye maun heal; ye maun lout yer lug:

18 Till right the faitherless an' the feckless; that yird-born loons nae langer gang on till fley ^{||} *them* a'.

^a Sic biddens o' David's maun feckly be taen as ettled again the Philistins, an' a' sic harmers o' the realm; as said has been.

[†] Heb. *i' his heart*: siclike, ver. 6.
[‡] Job 22, 13.
Ps. 73, 11;
94, 7.

[†] Heb. *i' his heart*.

[†] Heb. *hauds on uncolie*.
[†] Ps. 68, 5.

^m Ps. 37, 17.

^a Ps. 29, 10;
145, 13;
146, 10.
Jer. 10, 10.
Lam. 5, 19.
Dan. 4, 34;
6, 26.
[†] Tim. 1, 17.
[†] Heb. *langsome thought*.

^{||} or, *ding*.

PSALM XI.

Nae need till fie frae the ill-beartit loon: the Lord canna mislippen his ain.

Till the sang-maister: *ane* o' David's.

I LIPPEN till the LORD: whatfor cry ye till my saul, Awa to yer craig *like* a bird!^a

2 For leuk, the ill-deedie stent the bow; ^b their flane on the string they straught; ^c till ding the aefauld in heart, hidlins?[†]

3 ^d An the grundin[†] gang, what mair can the leal man do?

4 ^c The LORD's intil his halie howff; the LORD, his thron's i' the lift: ^f his een can see, his vera winkers try, yird's bairns.

5 The LORD wales weel the rightous; bot the ill-deedie man, an' wha likes mischieff, his saul abides-na.

6 [‡] He sal toom on ill-doers a bleezan spate; ^{||} lowe, an' brunstane, an' the stoor o' storms: a stoupfu' o' their ain.^b

7 For the rightous LORD likes weel a' rightousness; his een [†] tak tent o' the right.

Cir. A. C.
1060

^a 1 Sam. 26, 19, 20.

^b Ps. 64, 3, 4.

^c Ps. 21, 12.

[†] Heb. *i' the mirk*.

^d Ps. 82, 5.

[†] Heb. *grundin*.

^e Hab. 2, 20.

^f Ps. 33, 13;
34, 15, 16;
66, 7.

[‡] Gen. 19, 24.
Ezek. 38, 22.

^{||} or, *spatefu' o' girms*.

^b Ps. 75, 8.

[†] Heb. *faces, or leuks*.

PSALM XII.

David's dule for the dearth o' honest folk; bot the Lord will saif his ain frae lies an' jeerin.

Till the sang-maister on Sheminith:^{*} ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

S AIF us, LORD, for the gu'de man gangs;^a for leal folk dwinnle 'mang the bairns o' yird.

2 Fausets they crack, ilk man till his niebor; ^b *wi'* fraisin gabs, an' *wi'* twasome hearts, they clash an' clavier.^c

3 The LORD sal sned aff a' fraisin lips, an' the tongue that cracks sae unco crouselly:[†]^d

4 Wha say, *Wi'* our tongue we sal maister a'; our lips are our ain, [†] wha's laird owre us?

^{*} Headin' o' Psalm 6;
Headins, &c.

^a Isaiah 57, 1.
Micah 7, 2.

^b Ps. 10, 7.

^c Ps. 28, 3.
Jer. 9, 8.

[†] Heb. *grit things*.

^d 1 Sam. 2, 3.
Dan. 7, 8.

[†] Heb. *belang u.*

|| or, *fank*.
c Ps. 10, 5.

f2 Sam. 22, 31.
Ps. 18, 30;
119, 140.
Prov. 30, 5.

a Deut. 31, 17.
Job 13, 24.
P. 44, 24;
89, 46.

b Jer. 51, 39.
c Ps 25, 2.

5 For the tholin o' the feckless,
for the sighan o' the puir, now
maun I up, quo' the LORD: I sal
steek them *baith* lown, *frae him* that
wad jeer || at ane o' *them*.^c

6 The words o' the LORD *are*
weel-dight words: siller dight in a
kilm o' clay; seven times dightrit.^f

7 Yerlane, O LORD, sal waird
them weel, for evir an' ay, *frae the*
folk o' this kith-gettin.

8 On ilka han' ill-doers gang,
whan the draigs o' yird are bune-
maist.

PSALM XIII.

*The Lord's like till lose sight o' David;
bot David maun ne'er lose sight o'
the Lord.*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-lilt
o' David's.

HOW lang, O LORD? Will ye
mind me nae mair? How
lang will ye hap yer face frae me?^a

2 How lang tak thought i' my saul
maun I, *wi'* dule i' my heart daily?
How lang sal my ill-willer rax
abune me?

3 Tak tent *an'* hearken till me,
LORD my God; enlighten my een,
that I sleep-na the *sleep o'* dead.^b

4 That my ill-willer say-na, 'I hae
waur'd him now! *or* my faes be
fain an I be shukken.

5 Bot I'se lippen me a' till yer ain
gude-gree; my heart sal be blythe
i' yer ain heal-ha'din.

6 *Na*, I sal *e'en* gang lilt till the
LORD; for he's wrought a' nieborlie
for me.

PSALM XIV

*The loons o' the lan' are an ill-doen,
godlowse core: bot the Lord wi'
fesh hame again a' that are tint,
till Zioun.*

Till the sang-maister: *ane* o' David's.

QUO' the gowk^a till himsel,†
Thar's nae God. ^b Far-gane
are they *a'*; wrang-doers are they
haililie; no ane o' *them* a' does weel.

2 'The LORD frae the lift leukit
owre on the bairns o' yird, till see
gin ony wyss war, spierin for God.

3 *Bot* it was bakgane a' wi' them;
heart-holed war they a': ^d no ane
o' *them* a' wrought right; no, an it
war-na ane. ||

[*Quo' the Lord.*]

4 Ken they na *gude*, thae warkers
o' ydilheid? wha' eat up my folk
as they eat bread, an' spier ne'er
for the LORD.^f

[*Quo' David.*]

5 Thar dreed'd they *syne* a dreadfu'
dread; for *thar's* God wi' the hail†
kith o' the righteous.

6 Ye hae lightlied the thought-
takin o' the needie; bot the LORD
himsel *was* his tryst.

7 ^e O wha sal rax yont frae Zioun
heal-makin till Israel a' ? § Whan
the LORD sal bring hame again them
that's in ban' o' his peopil, blythe
syne sal Jakob be, *an'* Israel sal be
fain! ^h

PSALM XV.

*Wha sal bide lown an' lang i' the hous
o' the Lord.*

Ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

LORD,^a wha sal bide i' that
lhowff o' thine? or wha be
lown on yer halie height?

2 ^b Wha gangs *ay* straught; an'
wha does *ay* right; an' wha speaks
frae his heart right sikkerlie: †

3 'Wha double-deals nane wi' his
tongue; wha warks nae ill till his
frien'; nor ||tholes nae skaithe on
his niebor: ^d

4 In whase een the little worth are
lightlied enugh, bot whasae fear
the LORD he likes fu' weel; wha
swears till his frien', † an' steers-na :

† Heb. i' *his*
heart.

^a Ps. 10, 4;
53, 1.

^b Rom. 3, 10,
&c.
Leuk what's
said till *wha*
reads this
Buik o'
Psalms, p. 2.

^c Ps. 102, 19.
^d Rom. 3, 10.
Leuk again
till *wha*
reads.

|| or, *no*, *no*
ane.

^e Amos 8, 4.
Mic. 3, 3.

^f Isaiah 64, 7.

† The gowk
trew'd thar
was nane:

(ver. 1.)
Whan God
leuks frae
the lift an'
cracks, the
baldst
loon maun
trimmle.

^g Rom. 11, 26.

§ David wad
fain the lave
o' the lan'
war a' as
Jawn as
Zioun.

^h Ps. 126, 1.

^a Ps. 24, 3.

^b Isai. 33, 15.

^c Lev. 19, 16.
Ps. 34, 13.

† Heb. *e'en* as
he tressit.

|| or, *woyles*.

^d Exod. 23, 1.

† Sae Luther
reads, an'
mae. Our
ain Inglis,
wha swears
till the
wrang, an'
bides by 't,
canna be
thol'd. *His*
ain wrang,
is nane i'
the Hebrew.

§ Wraungous-
lie, or contrair
o' God,
his law.

Exod. 22, 25.
Lev. 25, 36.
Deut. 23, 19.
Ezek. 18, 8;
22, 12.

Exod. 23, 8.
Deut. 16, 19.

* Heb. *Gozuden*: siclike
as on Ps. 56,
57, 58, 59, 60.
Headin', &c.

a Ps. 25, 20.

† Our Inglis
taks this a'
clean
anither gate:
the Hebrew
's jimp clear.

† Heb. *lips*.

b Jos. 23, 7.
Hos. 2, 16, 17.
c Deut. 32, 9.
Ps. 73, 26;
142, 5.
Lam. 3, 24.

d Ps. 17, 3.

e Acts 2, 25.

f Ps. 73, 23;
121, 5.

g Ps. 30, 12;
57, 8.

h Ps. 49, 15.
Acts 2, 31;
13, 35.

i Ps. 17, 15;
21, 6.
Matt. 5, 8.
1 Cor. 13, 12.
1 John 3, 2.

5 His siller wha sets-na till gather
gear; § nor nae fee will he tak on
the saikless loon: f wha siclike does
sal ne'er be steer'd, frae the height o'
the LORD, for evir.

PSALM XVI.

*God's ain are bravlie aff, an' fu' weel
contentit.*

* Michtam o' David's.

WAIRD me weel, O God, for
I lippen till yerlane.^a

2 Ye hae said until the LORD, My
Lord, ye're a' my ain; I hae nought
that's gude, abune yersel.†

3 For sants i' the lan', themselfs
an' the best; my pleasur's a' amang
them.

4 Mair dule sal they hae, wha
mel wi' ony ither: I sal neither
toom till them their williewaughts
o' bluid; no, nor lift their vera
names intil my mouthe.†^b

5 The LORD himsel's the fow o'
my ha'din an' my caup; c my luck
yerlane hae lucken'd.

6 The lines hae fa'n till me in
unco blythesome bits; na, the ha'din
I hae fa'n's unco brow.

7 I maun blythe-bid the LORD,
wha gies me wyss rede; an' my
lisk, night by night, hauds me a'
learnin'.^d

8 The LORD evirmair hae I set
fornenst mysel: e for he's at my
right han', I sal ne'er be sair steerit.^f
9 Wharthor' my heart's fu' fain,
an' my gudelheid's fu' blythe is:
na, my vera bouk itsel bides in tryst.

10 h For my saul ye winna lea' i'
the lang hame o' dead; ye winna gie
yer dearest ane till see the sheugh
o' dule.

11 Yersel sal gar me ken the vera
gate o' life: rowth o' joies afore
thy face is; i' pleasurs thrang at thy
right han' evir mair.

PSALM XVII.

Warl's weans hae their ain luck:

*David, wi' a clean heart, wad
fainer hae the Lord: the Lord kens,
an' will hearken till his bidden.*

Ane Heart's-bode o' David's.

HEARKEN, O LORD, till the
right; tak tent till my threep;
lout yer lug till my bidden, that
frae nae fause lips wins but till thee.
2 Frae fornenst yersel, lat my
rightin come; an' yer een, lat them
leuk what's straught.

3 Ye hae tried my heart; a ye hae
sought a' night: ye hae b ripet me
thro; b ye fan' naething. I thought
wi' mysel; b my mouthe ne'er
fautit.

4 For the warks o' man; by the
word o' yer lips, I hae wairded me
weel frae gates o' the wilfu' waster.

5 'Haud up my gates i' yer ain
right roads, that my fisteds gang-
na a-gley.

6 I hae cry'd till yersel, for ye'll
hear me, O God: lout me yer lug;
hearken till my yammir.

7 Furth wi' yer ain gude-gree,
yersel wha saifs wi' yer ain right
han' a' wha lippen till yerlane, frae
heigh gain-stan'ers.

8 Waird me like the sight† o' the
ee; f hap me i' the schadowe o' yer
wings: §

9 Frae ill-doers' face, wha wrang
me sair; frae ill-willers o' my life,
rinket roun an' roun me.

10 They're theekit about wi' their
ain taugh; h wi' their mouthe they
can crack fu' crouselly.

11 Our gates, even now, they hae
fankit roun; their een they hae
loutit fu' laigh on the lan': i

12 Like some lyoun are they, that's
fain till rive; an' like lyoun's whalp,
that bides || i' the bole.

13 Up, LORD; win forrit afore

a Ps. 16, 7.

b Job 23, 10.
Ps. 20, 2; 66,
10.
Zech. 13, 9.
Mal. 3, 2, 3.
1 Pet. 1, 7.

c Ps. 119, 133.

d Ps. 116, 2.

e Ps. 31, 21.

† Heb. *the
wee man, or
babie*.

f Deut. 32, 10.
Zech. 2, 8.

g As ane wad
shaltir him
frae the
glow'r o' the
sun.

h Ruth 2, 12.
Ps. 36, 7; 57,
1; 63, 7;
91, 1, 4.
Matt. 23, 37.

i Deut. 32, 15.
Job 15, 27.
Ps. 78, 7;
119, 70.

j Ps. 10, 8;
9, 10.

|| or, *claps
laigh*.

§ Luther
reads, *wi'*
that sword,
&c.

† Isaiah 10, 5.
† Luke 16, 25.

† Heb. *riwan-
fu* o' *zwann*.

^m Ps. 4, 6, 7;
16, 11; 65, 4.

* 2 Sam. 22.

† Heb. *wi'*
littin, *i*
skreigh d. &c.

^a Ps. 116, 3.

† Heb. *duler*,
thelr, or
band.

^b Acts 4, 31.

him; ding him down rax but my
saul frae the ill-deedie man, § that
swurd o' thine: ^k

14 Frae loons o' yer loof, O LORD;
frae this warl's wights, whase luck's
i' *their* life; ^l an' whase wame ye hae
stegh't wi' yer happit gear: they hae
weans at will, † an' their owrecome
forby, they mak-guid till their
bairns.

15 Bot in right, mylane, I sal see
yer face; fu' filled sal I be, whan I
wauk', wi' yer ain likeness. ^m

PSALM XVIII

*The Lord kens wban, wi' a bleeze
frae the lift, till set his ain folk
free frae a that wad steer them.*

Till the sang-maister, till ser' the
Lord: *ane* o' David's; whan he
spak till the LORD ilk word o'
this sang, i' the day the LORD
redd him out frae the han' o' his
ill-willers a', an' eke frae the han'
o' Saul: * an' quo' he—

O LORD, my strenth, but I lo'e
ye weel!

2 The LORD my rock, my hainin-
towir, an' my to-fa'. my God, my
craig; I maun lippen till himlane:
my schild, the horn o' my heal-
makin, *an'* my heigh-ha'.

3 I lilted fu' loud † till the LORD;
an' frae ill-willers a' I was setten
free.

4 ^a The dules o' dead dush'd me;
an' spates o' mischieff fley'd me sair:

5 † Dules o' the lang-hame fankit
me about; girns o' dead war unco
nar.

6 I' my strett o' *stretts* I scaigh't
till the LORD; till God, my ain
God, I sightet fu' sair. He hearken'd
my scaigh, frae his halie howff; my
bidden wan ben afore him, *it wan*
till his vera lugs.

7 The yirth syne dinn'l't, an'
sheuk; ^b the laighest neuks o' the

hills trimml't an' steer'd, for He
was angrie.

8 Reek raise in his angir, || an'
lowe licket afore him; coals kenn'd
at his on-come:

9 'An' he loutit the lift an' wan
down; an' mirk *was* aneth his feet:
10 ^d An' he canter'd on a cherub,
an' he flew; an' he raiket on the
wings o' the win': ^e

11 *An'* mirk he made a' for his
howff about him; ^f mirk o' spates,
an' cluds o' the carrie.

12 ^g Frae the light *was* afore him,
his cluds wan awa; *wi'* hailstones,
an' *wi'* flaughts o' fire.

13 An' the LORD reel'd alang the
lift; the Heighest lat his skreigh
win but: ^h hailstones an' flaughts o'
fire.

14 An' he lowsit his flanes, an' he
sperfl't them; † bleeze on bleeze, an'
he dang them. ⁱ

15 Syne war the wames o' the
watirs seen, an' the growf o' the
warld unhappit was; at sic wytan
o' yer ain, O LORD; at the gluff o'
the win' o' thine angir. ||

16 He rax't frae abune, he claught
me; ^k he harl'd me atowre frae a
warld o' watirs: †

17 He redd me frae my strang
ill-willer, an' frae a' that wiss'd me
ill; † wha starker war nor me.

18 Me they o'er-gaed i' the day
o' my down-gaen; bot the LORD
was an out-gate till me.

19 An' he brought me atowre intil
room; ^l he redd me fu' right, for he
liket me weel.

20 The LORD quat me even wi'
my ain even-doen, an' contentit me
weel for the cleanness o' my han's. ^m

21 For I tentit ay sikker the gates
o' the LORD; an' was nae ill-ganger
frae my God:

22 For his right-rechtsins a' *war*
afore me; an' his biddens frae me
I ne'er pat awa:

|| or, *naistril*

^c Ps. 144, 5.

^d Ps. 99, 1.

^e Ps. 104, 3.

^f Ps. 97, 2.

^g Ps. 97, 3.

^b Ps. 29, 3.

† Heb. *syne*
bleezes thick.

ⁱ Josh. 10, 10.
Ps. 144, 6.
Isaiah 30, 30.

|| or, *naistrils*.

^k Ps. 144, 7.

† Heb. *unco*
spates.

† Heb. *for*
they war
starker, &c.

^l Ps. 31, 8;
118, 5.

^m 1 Sam. 24,
20.

23 I was aefauld ay wi' himsel;
an' wairded me weel frae my ain
wrang-doen:

24 An' the LORD quat me right
for my righteousness; for the clean-
ness o' my han's in his een.†

25 Wi' the nieborlie man ye can
be nieborlie, LORD; wi' the aefauld
man, aefauld:*

26 Wi' the weel-wushen man ye
can sine yer han's;† wi' the thraw-
art carl ye can haud yer ain:°

27 For down-dang folk yersel can
saif; bot een† owre heigh, ye can
baise them a'‡

28 For that light o' mine yerlane
gar'd kennle; the LORD my God
gar'd my mirkness lowe:‡

29 For, wi' yerlane, I raiket thro'
a byke; an' wi' my God, I o'erlap
a wa'.§

30 For God, his gate's aefauld;¶
the word o' the LORD, it's pruiſ;¶ a
schild is he ay, till a' that lippen till
himlane.¶

31 For wha can be Gude, an it
be-na the LORD? or wha a stieve
craig, an it be-na our ain God?¶

32 It's God himlane wha graiths
me wi' might,¶ an' straughts me fu'
sikker the gate till gang:

33 Evenin my feet like the cloots
o' the rae,¶ an' stanane me stieve on
my heighest roddins:¶

34 Ettlin my han's for facht, till
ane airn-bow is flinder'd i' my arms.*

35 An' the schild o' yer heal-
ha'din ye hae gien till me; an' yer
right han' hae uphauden me; an'
yer tholin made me unco great.

36 My gate ye hae braided aneth
me, that my fitsteds† suld ne'er
gae by.

37 I sal o'ertak my ill-willers; I
sal fang them firm; I sal ne'er seek
hame, till it's by wi' them.

38 I sal thring them thro', an'

they sal ne'er man till rise; they sal
gae down aneth my feet, whar I
stan'.

39 For ye graith'd me wi' might
for the stour; my gain-stan'ers a'
ye hae whaml't aneth me.

40 An' my faes ye gien me by
the hals; my ill-willers eke, I hae
sned them aff.

41 They sought,† bot nae frien'
was thar; till the LORD they sought,
bot he mindet them nane.¶

42 Syne I dang them like stoure
afore the win'; like glaur^z ontill the
heighroad, flang I them by.

43 Ye hae redd me frae the
chauner o' the folk;^a ye hae setten
me atowre the hethen;^b folk that I
kent-na sal be loons o' mine.^c

44 Wi' loutit lugs sal they hearken
till me; the sons o' the fremit sal
kiss my caup.^d

45 The gangrel gang hae thowet
awa; an' shukken wi' dread frae
their benmaist ha'dins.^e

46 The LORD lives! an' blythe be
my ha'din-height; heigh be the God
o' my heal-makin:

47 The God wha wracks a' right
for me, an' thirls the folk aneth my
bidden:†

48 Wha redds me atowre frae my
ill-willers a': na, ^g ye hae liftit me
heigh abune my gain-stan'ers; frae
the ill-deedie carl, ye hae claught
me awa.

49 Wharthro', amang the folk, I
maun laud yerlane;^h an' lilt until
thy name, O LORD:

50 Wha etles sic health for his
King; an' sic nieborlie gree for his
Chrystit: for David, an' for his out-
come, for evir an' ay.ⁱ

PSALM XIX.

God's Lift an' God's Law: what
David sees intill them baith, an'

† Heb. afore
his een.

¶ 1 Kings 8,
32.

† Heb. wash
yersel.

° Lev. 26, 23,
24, 27, 28.
Prov. 3, 34.

† Heb. leuki.
¶ Ps. 101, 5.
Prov. 6, 17.

‡ What mair
could he hae
nor light
frae the lift?
Job 18, 6;
29, 3.

¶ Deut. 32, 4.
Dan. 4, 37.
Rev. 15, 3.
¶ Ps. 12, 6;
119, 140.
Prov. 30, 5.
¶ Ps. 17, 7.

¶ Deut. 32, 31.
1 Sam. 2, 2.
Ps. 91, 2.
¶ Verse 39.
Isaiah 45, 5.

¶ 2 Sam. 2, 18.
Hab. 3, 19.

¶ Deut. 32, 13;
33, 29.

* Ps. 144, 1.

† Heb. my
kilt; ruld
ne'er be
thrawun.
Prov. 4, 12.

† Heb.
schraigh't.

¶ Job 27, 9;
35, 12.
Prov. 1, 28.
Isaiah 1, 15.
Jer. 11, 11;
14, 12.
Ezek. 8, 18.
Micah 3, 4.
Zech. 7, 13.

z Zech. 10, 5.

a 2 Sam. 2, 9,
10; 3, 1

b 2 Sam. 8.

c Isai. 52, 15;
55, 5.

d Deut. 33, 29.
Ps. 66, 3;
81, 15.

e Micah 7, 17.

f Ps. 47, 3.

g Ps. 59, 1.

h Rom. 15, 9.

i Ps. 144, 10.

k 2 Sam. 7, 13.

84 Anither
gran' Kirk-
sang: niebors
weel wi'
Ps. viii.

*kens; what mony might see forby,
an they leuk wi' his een.*
Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-
lilt o' David's.

"Gen. 1. 6.
1 alah 40. 22.
Rom. 1. 19, 20.

THE ^ahevins furth-tellin are the
gudeliheid o' God; the hail
lift furth-schawin is his ain han's-
doen.

2 Ae day tells till anither day
word; an' night till *her niebor* night
gars ken.

3 *Thar's* neither tongue nor tellin,
whar their sugh is nocht heard:

Rom. 10. 18.
20.

† Heb. *airt*,
draught
draught, or
line.

4 Their ^bairt† has gaen furth owre
the hail yirth; an' their words till
the sned-end o' the warld. He
ettled amang them a shielin for the
sun:

"Eccles. 1. 5.

5 An' he, like a bridegrom, gangs
but frae his chaumir; 'blythe, as
ane giant is, till rin his rink dune.

6 His gate *is* frae the ae lift's end,
an' his rink till the ither; an' nought
is can happit be, frae that lowan
light o' his.

"Ps. 111. 7.

7 ^dThe redden o' the LORD right
thro'-gaen *is*, wauk'nin the saul:
the truth-tryst o' the LORD right
sikker *is*, makin wyss the wean-
like.

"Ps. 12. 6.

8 The visitins o' the LORD right-
recht *are*, makin the heart fu' fain:
'the bidden o' the LORD right soun'
is, enlight'nin the een.

† Heb. *truth*,
or *troth*.

9 The dread-thought o' the LORD
right healsome *is*, abydan for evir:
the rightins o' the LORD *are* trew,†
an' righteous ane wi' anither.

"Ps. 119. 72.
127.
Prov. 8. 10,
11, 19.
"Ps. 119. 103.

10 Mair till be langit for nor
gowd; aye, nor meikle fine gowd:
sweeitir eke nor hynie, an' the sweet
dreipin kaims.^e

11 Thy servan, als, by them weel-
warned is; *an'* wi' tentin o' them
sikkerlie, *comes* unco gear.

"Ps. 40. 12.

12 ^a*Bot* wha weel can weet *folk's*

ain mislearins? Quhyt ye me frae
benmaist blains.ⁱ

13 Haud bak thy servan eke, frae
a' heigh gangers: ^klat them ne'er
hae their will owre me.

14 †Syne sal I be aefauld; an'
syne sal I be saikless, frae nae end
o' misguidin.

15 'Lat the words o' my mouthe,
an' the thought o' my heart, be for
pleasur i' yer sight, O LORD, my
strenth an' my hame-bringer.

ⁱPs. 90. 8.

^aPs. 119. 133.
Rom. 6. 12, 14.

† Stan's i' the
Heb. for a
single verse.

^kPs. 51. 15.

PSALM XX.

*What God maun do for his Chrystit:
how blythe sal his folk be syne.*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-
lilt o' David's.

85 The
Quair liltis
till David;
David liltis
till Chryst.
Niebors weel
wi' Ps. ii.

THE LORD hear ye, i' the day
o' dule; the name o' the God
o' Jakob fen' ye:

2 Sen' yer might frae *his ain* halie
stedd; an' furder ye fair frae Zioun:

3 Keep yer God's-gifts a' i' his
min'; an' †seip yer brunt-offrans:
Selah.

† Heb. *mak*
saf, or *sap-
pie*, wi'
creesh i' the
lowe.

4 Gie ye e'en's yer ain heart wad
hae; an' yer thoughts, bring them
a' till bearin.^a

^aPs. 21. 2.

5 Blythe sal we lilt i' yer heal-
ha'din *syne*; an' i' our God's name
haud heigh our banners.^b The
LORD fu'fill yer heart's-biddens a'.

^bExod. 17. 15.
Ps. 60. 4.

6 Now ken I fu' weel, the LORD
has min'† o' his Chrystit; he sal
hearken him hame frae his halie
hevin: wi' a' the might o' his ain
right han', he sal haud him sikker.

† Heb. *will*
saf, has *gude*
min' o'.

7 'Some *lippen* till sleds, an' some
till staigs: bot we maun hae min'
o' the name o' the LORD our God,
for evir.

"Ps. 33. 16.
Prov. 21. 31
Isaiah 31. 1.

8 They sal be cruckit, an' fa';
bot we sal be straught, an' stan'.

9 The LORD haud a' fu' heal; an'
the King hear us ay, whan we ca'.

PSALM XXI.

*Blythe may the King be, whose up-
hauder is the Lord; his ill-willers
a' sal be scowther'd afore him.*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-
lilt o' David's.

LORD, i' yer might may the
King be blythe; i' yer ain
heal-ha'din how blythe may he be.

2 ^aA' his heart could seek, ye hae
wair'd on himsel; till the bidden o'
his lips ye ne'er said na: Selah.

3 For his thoughts ye o'er-gang
wi' gifts o' gude; ye hae rax't on
his head a crown o' gowd.

4 ^bTill live, was a' he sought frae
thee; 'lee-lang days ye hae wair'd
on him, for evir an' ay.

5 Sae gran's his gudeliheid i' thy
gude-gree; laud an' lawtie *baith* ye
hae even'd on his *head*.

6 Blythe-biddens for ay ye hae
ettled on him; ^afu' blythe hae ye
made him wi' the blink o' yer ee.

7 For the King lippens a' till the
LORD; an' by the nieborlie gree o'
the Heighest, he sal ne'er be steer'd
awa.

8 Yer han' sal light on a' yer ill-
willers; yer right han' sal light on
yer ill-willers a'.

9 ^cWi' a glint ye sal mak them
as het as ane oon:† the LORD in
his wuth sal lat them owre; an'
the lowe itsel sal mak snacks o'
them.^f

10 Their outcome frae yirth ye
sal wear awa;^g an' their seed frae
mang bairns o' the yird.

11 For they rax't *themsels* out
again thee; they ettled mischieff,
they could ne'er mak-guid.

12 For ye claught them ahin wi'
yer thers;|| an' afore, ye war ready
till ding.

13 Heigh, heigh, O LORD, i' yer
ain might; lat's lilt an' sing sangs
till yer mightiness.

^aPs. 20. 4. 5.

^bPs. 61. 5. 6.

^c2 Sam. 7. 19.
Ps. 91. 16.

^dPs. 45. 7.

^eMal. 4. 1.

† Heb. *ye sal
mak them like
ane oon o'
lorae, i' the
time o' yer
leuk.*

^fPs. 18. 8.

^gJob 18. 16.
19.

Ps. 37. 28.
109. 15.
Isaiah 14. 20.

or, *ye dang
them roun on
the shouthirs.*

PSALM XXII.

*David foremaist, an' Chryst ahin him,
baith maen fu' sair the mislipp'nin
o' God i' their ain day o' dule; mony
wonner-wyss words i' the sang-
makar's mouthe anent this, an' till
be weel tentit. For the lave, God
himlane hauds a' livin; nae man
can haud himsel livin; they come a'
an' they gang; bot they're countit
ay till the Lord for ane, for the
Lord himsel maks a'.*

Till the sang-maister on ^aAijeleth-
Shahar: ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

MY God, my God, whatfor hae
ye mislippen'd me?^a Sae far
are ye frae helpin me, an' the words
o' my waefu' wailin.^b

2 My God, I hae skreight the lee-
lang day, bot ye mind me nane; an'
the night *forby*, an' nae peace for me.

3 Bot ye are yerlane,|| an' weel fa'
the leal lilt o' Israel.

4 Our faithers lippen'd till thee;
they lippen'd, an' ye redd them
hame.^c

5 They sigh't till yersel, an' wan
weel awa; they lippen'd till thee,
an' war nane affrontit.

6 Bot 'am but a worm, an' nae
man;^d a carl's sang, an' a geck o'
the peopil.

7 A' that see me laugh me by;^e
they schute wi' the lip, they cave
the head;^f—an' *quo' they*,

8 He lippen'd the LORD; lat *the*
LORD gar him gang;^g lat *the* LORD
redd him but, sen ‡he liket him
weel.^h

9 Bot yerlane redd me out frae
the wame;ⁱ ye mislippen'd me nane
on my mither's bosom.

10 On yersel was I cuisten frae
the womb; frae my mither's bouk,
ye *'been* my God.^k

11 Be-na far frae me, LORD, for
stretts are nar; for nane *but* yerlane
can mak sikker.

^aHeadins, &c.

^aMatt. 27. 46.
Mark 15. 34.

^bHebr. 5. 7.

|| or, *halie;
setten by, no
till be han't d.*

^cPs. 25. 2. 3;
34. 17. 21. 1
Isai. 49. 23;
Rom. 9. 33.

^dIsai. 53. 3.

^eMatt. 27. 39.
Mark 15. 29.

^fJob 16. 4.
Ps. 109. 25.

^gMatt. 27. 43.

‡ Either the
Lord or
David.

^hPs. 91. 14

ⁱPs. 71. 6.

^kIsai. 46. 3.

^c Deut. 32, 14.
^{ps.} 68, 33.
^{Ezek.} 39, 18.
^{Amos} 4, 1.

^m Job 16, 10.
^{Lam.} 2, 16;
3, 46.

ⁿ Dan. 5, 6.

^o Job 23, 16.

^t Heb. *mids* ⁿ
my inside.

^p Prov. 17, 22.

^q Job 29, 10.
^{Lam.} 4, 4.
^{John} 19, 28.

^r Matt. 27, 35.
^{Mark} 15, 24.
^{Luke} 23, 33.
^{John} 19, 25.
37; 20, 25.

[†] His bones
were thro'
his fell, an'
rave his vera
cleedin:
whiles taen
anither gate,
anent Chry-t.

^s Luke 23, 35.

^t Luke 23, 34.
^{John} 19, 23.
24.

^u Ps. 35, 17.

[†] Heb. *han*.

^v 2 Tim. 4, 17.

^w Isai. 34, 7.

[†] Heb. *some*
high-gaen
beiss, ^o what
kin' ^s no
ken'd:
whiles ca'd
l'nicorns.

^x Hebr. 2, 12.

^{ps.} 40, 9.

^y John 20, 17.
^{Rom.} 8, 29.

^z Hebr. 5, 7.

^{ps.} 35, 18.

^a Ps. 116, 14.

12 'Droves o' nowte hae rinket
me roun; stoor stirks o' Bashan
hae fankit me about.

13 ^m They glaum'd abune me wi'
their mounthes, *like* a rievian an' a
roaran lyoun.

14 'Am skail'd like watir; 'ilk
bane o' me's lowse; my heart's
nae better nor wax,^o it's thow'd
down laigh i' my bosom.†

15 ^p My bouk clang like a shaird,
an' my tongue stak till my hals;^q an'
ye brought me till the stoure o' dead.

16 For brachs hae forset me roun;
the gath'ran o' ill-doers fankit me
about; they drave thro' my han's
an' my feet.^r

17 I may count ilk bane i' *my*
bouk, for they glaum *an'* glow'r at
mysel: †^s

18 They synder my cleedin amang
them; an' sling for my vera man-
teele. †^t

19 Bot yersel, O LORD, be-na far
frae me: haste ye till help me, my
streth *an'* a'.

20 Redd my saul atowre frae the
sward; ^u *an'* the lave o' my *life* frae
the grip† o' the grew.

21 ^x Redd me, LORD, frae the
lyoun's glaum; ^y ye hae heard me
or now, frae the horns o' the reme.†

22 ^z I maun tell o' yer name till my
brether *ilk ane*; ^a in mids o' the folk
I maun lilt till thee.

23 Wha fear the LORD, ye suld
laud him *a'*; a' Jakob's out-come,
laud him heigh; an' the growthe o'
Israel *a'*, quauk ye afore him.

24 For he lightlied-na, nor grue'd
at the dule o' the down-dang; nor
happit his face frae him; ^b bot
hearken'd, whan he skreigh'd till
himsel.

25 Frae yersel *comes* the sugh o'
my sang; ^c i' the gath'ran sae gran'
I sal bide my trystes, afore them
that fear him.^d

26 'Lown-livin folk sal feed an'
fen'; they sal lilt till the LORD, wha
leuk for himsel: yer heart sal live
as lang's *the lave*.

27 ^f A' neuks o' the yirth sal hae
min', an' sal turn their gate till the
LORD; ^g ilk kin o' the folk sal lout
afore thee.

28 ^h For the kingryk's the LORD's;
an' maister *is* he'mang the natiouns.

29 'The best on yirth sal feed an'
fa'; ⁱ wha gang till stoure, ilk ane
maun lout afore him; for nae livin
weight can ay thole livin.

30 Bot *their* out-come sal thole,†
an' be countit till the Lord for kith-
gettin.^k

31 ^m They sal come i' *their day*,
an' gar his righteousness be ken'd
to the niest-come kin, that himsel
did it.[§]

PSALM XXIII.

*The sheep-keepin o' the Lord's kind
an' canny, qui' a braav horuff at
lang last: David keeps his sheep;
the Lord keeps David.
Ane heigh-lilt o' David's.*

THE LORD *is* my herd,^a nae
want sal fa' me:^b

2 He louts me till lie amang green
†howes; ^c he airts me atowre by
the lown watirs:

3 He waukens my wa'-gaen saul;
he weises me roun, for his ain
name's sake, intil right roddins.^d

4 Na! tho' I gang thro' the dead-
mirk-dail; ^e *e'en thar*, sal I dread nae
skaithin: for yersel *are* nar-by me;
yer stok an' yer stay haud me baith
fu' cheerie.

5 ^f My buird ye hae hansell'd in
face o' my faes; ye hae drookit my
head wi' oyle; my bicker is *fu' an'*
skailin.

6 E'en sae, sal gude-guidin an'
gude-gree gang wi' me, ilk day o'
my livin; an' evir mair syne, i' the

^c Ps. 69, 32.
^{Isai.} 65, 13.

^f Ps. 2, 8; 72,
11; 86, 9;
98, 3.
^{Isai.} 49, 6.
^g Ps. 96, 7.

^h Obad. 21.
^{Zech.} 14, 9.

ⁱ Phil. 2, 10.

[†] Heb. *sal do*
service, sal
be thirls.

^k Ps. 87, 6.

^m Ps. 78, 6; 86,
9; 102, 18.

[§] Ilka kith-
gettin has its
ain wark to
do, an' its ain
fee frae the
Lord for ser-
vice.

^a Isai. 40, 11.
^{Jer.} 23, 4.
^{Ezek.} 34, 23.
^{John} 10, 11.
^{1 Peter} 2, 25.
^{Rev.} 7, 17.

^b Phil. 4, 19.

[†] Heb. *jaft*
growthy
geru.

^d Ezek. 34, 14.

^e Ps. 5, 8; 31, 3.

^f Job 3, 5; 10,
21, 22; 24, 17.
^{Ps.} 44, 19.

^g Ps. 104, 15.

† Ayeont the
dead-mirk
dail, the Lord
hauds ahowif
o' his ain for
a' livin.

LORD's ain howff, at lang last, sal I
mak bydan.†

PSALM XXIV.

*The Lord himlane is Laird o' us a';
whan He comes hame, the heighest
an' the widest yetts mairn open.*

Ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

THE ^ayirth is the LORD's, an'
her out-come a'; the world,
an' whasae bide tharon:

2 ^bFor himlane grundit it amang
the fludes; fu' sikker he set it amang
the watirs.

3 ^cWha sal win up till the height
o' the LORD? an' wha intil his halie
stedd sal hae fast abydan?

4 ^dWhase han's unwyttan are,
whase heart unfleckt is; wha ne'er
hecht his saul until ydilheid, nor
sworn hath bakspanganlie.

5 Blythe-bidden ay sal he hae,
frae the loof† o' the LORD; an'
right-rechtin frae the God o' his
heal-ha'din.

6 Siclike are they a', wha leuk for
himself; ^ewha spier for thy face, O
Jakob: Selah.

7 ^fHeigh wi' yer heads, O ye
yetts; ye warld-wide thro'-letts,
heize! that the King o' Gudeliheid
may win ben.^g

8 *Bot* wha o' Gudeliheid is King?
The LORD himlane, stark an' mighty;
the LORD intil tuilzie strang!

9 Heigh wi' yer heads, O ye yetts;
ye warld-wide thro'-letts, heize!
that the King o' Gudeliheid may
win ben.

10 *Bot* wha o' Gudeliheid is this
same King? The LORD o' mony-
might is *he*; himlane is that King
right namelie! Selah.

PSALM XXV.

Ane heart's-bode o' David's till the

*Lord, in unco sair stretts: bow
nieborlie the Lord gangs ay wi' a'
biddable, lown-livin folk.
Ane o' David's.*

TILL yersel, O LORD, rax I my
saul;^a

2 O God, my ain, I lippen yer-
lane;^b lat me ne'er hing my head,
nor my ill-willers geck owre me.^c

3 Nor nane wha lang for yersel
leuk down; lat them leuk down,
wha gang on wi' a lie.

4 Yer gates, O LORD, gar me
trew them weel;^d yer ain gates
weise me *till wa'*:

5 Lat me fuhre i' yer truth, an'
weise ye me; for yerlane, O LORD,
are my heal-ha'din a'; ilk lee-lang
day, I leuk up† till thee.

6 Hae min' o' yer rewth, O LORD,
hae min' o' yer ain pitie;^e how they
hae been ay sen-syne.

7 The misgates an' owregaens o'
my youth, lat be;^f *bot* hae min' o'
mysel for yer pitie's sake; for yer
gudeness' sake, O LORD, *min'* me.

8 Gude an' aefauld's the LORD
himself; sae wrang-gangers a' he can
thole till set straight.

9 He weises the biddable ay wi'
right; an' lown-livin folk he gars
ken his gate.

10 A' gates o' the LORD *are* gude-
ness an' truth, till wha keep his
tryste an' his biddens *bide*.

11 ^gFor yer name's sake, LORD,
o'erleuk my sin, for it's heigh an'
wonner-wide.†

12 Whatna wight *is* he that fears
the LORD; he sal guide him the
gate he likes till *fen'*:

13 His saul sal taigle the night in
guid, an' his ^hout-come *syne* sal haud
the lan'.†

14 ⁱThe LORD's ain thought's wi'
wha fear him; an' that tryste o' his
he sal gar them ken.

^a Ps. 86, 4;
143, 8.

Lam. 3, 41.

^b Ps. 22, 5;

31, 1.

Isai. 28, 16;

49, 23.

Rom. 10, 11.

^c Ps. 13, 4.

^d Exod. 33: 12.

Ps. 5, 8; 27,

11; 86, 11;

119: 143-8,

10.

† Heb. *bide*
for.

^e Ps. 103, 17;

106, 1; 107, 1.

Jer. 33, 11.

^f Job 13, 26;

20, 11.

Jer. 3, 25.

^g Ps. 31, 3.

† Heb. *mony-*

fauld, grii.

Rom. 5, 20.

^h Ps. 37, 11.

22, 29.

† David has

min' o' Jakob

weel: leuk

Gen. 28, 10,

15.

ⁱ Prov. 3, 32.

John 7, 17;

15, 15.

15 My een, *they're* ay on the LORD; for himlane redds my feet frae the net.

16 Leuk atowre till me, LORD, an' rew on me; for lanely an' feckless *am* I:

17 The stretts o' my heart are doubl'd an' mair; redd me out whar I canna win by†

18 Leuk weel till my dule an' my dree; an' a' my wrang-gangins leuk owre:

19 Leuk weel till my faes, for fu' mony they be; an' they like me as ill as they daur.

20 O waird ye my saul, an' wear me by; lat me ne'er hing my head, for I lippen till thee.

21 Lat the right an' the straught haud me heal an' fere; for I leuk till yersel late an' ere.†

22 Redd Israel hame again, God, frae a' his cumber sair.

PSALM XXVI.

Honest folk can thole till be weel spier'd, an' clean han's are brav at God's ain yetts: David ettles baith; like a wean at the fit, he hauds weel by the Lord, an' will niebor nane wi' the godhouse.

Ane o' David's.

RIGHT-RECHT me,^a LORD, for I gang mylane;† bot I lippen the LORD, an' suld stacher nane.

2 ^bSoun' me, O LORD, an' try me weel; my lisk an' my heart, leuk thro':

3 For yer gudeness *is* right i' my een; an' I gang ay the gate ye trew.†

4 ^cWi' hean loons I taigle nane; nor the gate o' the gley'd can gang:

5 The kirk† o' ill-doers I like fu' ill; ^dfor I lout-na wi' warkers o' wrang.

6 ^eMy loofs I maun sine in saiklessness, LORD; syne roun by yer altar ca':

7 Till tell wi' the sugh o' a psalm, an' lat wit o' yer wonner-warks a'.

8 ^fThe biel' o' yer biggin, O LORD, as I lo'e! an' the neuk whar yer gudeliheid taigles!

9 ^gYoke-na my saul wi' doers o' wrang; nor my life wi' loons o' bluid:

10 Wha gowp mischieff wi' their han's, an' their right han' is pang'd wi' nae guid.†

11 Bot in saiklessness *ay* lat me fuhre mylane;^h redd me hame, an' be gude till me, God.

12 ⁱMy fit stans stieve on the straught: i' the kirks, I'se blythe-bid the LORD.

PSALM XXVII.

The Lord himlane's baith bouss an' ha' till David; airts him weel an' hauds him livin: an' siclike is he ay, till a' roba lippen till himsel.

Ane o' David's.

THE LORD *is* my ^alight an' my lown; o' wham sal I be fley'd? THE LORD *is* ^bthe stoop o' my life, o' wham sal I hae dread?

2 Till eat my flesh whan ill-doers wan heigh; faes o' my ain, an' ill-willers eke; they stacher'd themselves, an' cam laigh.

3 ^cTho' ane host war raiket fornenst me, my heart suld be steerit nane; tho' war suld wauken again me, till this I wad lippen mylane.

4 ^dAe thing frae the LORD hae I sought; an' the like I maun warsle to win: till bide i' the houss o' the LORD, a' days o' my life *to rin*; till glow'r on the skance^e† o' the LORD, an' till spier in his ain halie hame.

5 For mysel in his howff he sal hap, i' the day o' dule an' dree: ^fhe sal biel' me ben i' his biggin *then*; on a craig he sal set me fu' hie.

6 ^gSyne sae sal my head, abune

† Heb. *frae my strell places.*

† Heb. *twait ay on yersel.*

^a Ps. 7, 8.
† Heb. *i' my ain single-ness, or aefauldness, like a wean takin the fit.*

^b Ps. 7, 9; 17, 3; 66, 10; 139, 23.
Zech. 13, 9.

† Heb. *gate o' yer truth.*

^c Ps. 1, 1.
Jer. 15, 17.
† Heb. *gath'-ran.*

^d Ps. 1, 1.

^e Exod. 30, 19, 20.
Ps. 73, 13.

^f Ps. 27, 4.

^g 1 Sam. 25, 29.
Ps. 28, 3.

† Heb. *ill-gear, ill-come gear.*

^h Verse 1.

ⁱ Ps. 40, 2.

^a Ps. 84, 11.
Isai. 60, 19, 20.
Mic. 7, 8.

^b Ps. 118, 6, 14.

^c Ps. 3, 6.

^d Ps. 26, 8.

^e Ps. 90, 17.
† Heb. *lo'e-some light.*

^f Ps. 31, 20; 83, 3; 91, 1.

^g Ps. 3, 3.

† Heb. *slach-
tiring*, or
slachters.

my faes, be lifted fu' heigh roun a';
an' † gifts o' glee in his houss I maun
gie; till the LORD I maun lilt an'
blaw.

7 Hearken, LORD, till my skreigh,
an' be gude till me; an' speak hame
till me, ay when I cry.

♫ Ps. 24, 6;
105, 4.

8 Quo' my heart till yersel, ^a Seek
ye my face: yer face, LORD, seek
maun I. †

† Right sae
stans the He-
brew o' this
hail verse:
David wad
fain the Lord
sought him;
bot he maun
e'en seek the
Lord himsel
ferst

♫ Ps. 69, 17.

♫ Isai. 49, 15.

♫ Ps. 25, 4; 86,
11; 119, 33.

9 ⁱ Hide-na yer face frae me; ding-
na yer loon in wuth awa: my stoop
are ye; forget-na me; nor mislippen
me, God o' my heal-ha'din a'.

10 ^k Tho' my faither an' mither
loot me mylane, the LORD himsel
has me uptaen.

11 ^l Yer ain gate guide me, LORD;
an' the road that's soun', for my
ill-willers' sake, weise me wi' kind
accord.

♫ Ps. 35, 25.

12 ^m O lippen me nane till my ill-
willers' braith: for threepers o' lies
again me heis; an' the giber† that
ettles skaith!

† Heb. *zaha*
blazes out.

♫ Ps. 56, 13;
116, 9; 142, 5.

13 O the gude o' the LORD, i' the
lan' o' the live,ⁿ gin I had-na lip-
pen'd till see!

♫ Ps. 31, 24;
130, 5.
Isai. 25, 9.

14 ^o Bide ay on the LORD himlane;
be bauld, an' yer heart sal thrive:
e'en sae, on the LORD bide ye!

PSALM XXVIII.

*The Lord maun haud David on live;
the Lord sal ding owre ill-doers;
bot ay gar his Chrystit thrive.
Ane o' David's.*

TILL yerlane, O LORD, I maun
cry; my rock, ^a be-na whush
till me: ^b for till me *gin* ye whush,
like the lave I maun be, wha gang
down the gate o' the sheugh.

♫ Ps. 83, 1.

♫ Ps. 143, 7.

2 Hearken ye till my maen, whan
I sigh till yerlane; ^c whan I rax up
my han's till yer ain halie hame.

♫ Ps. 5, 7;
138, 2.

♫ Ps. 26, 9.

♫ Ps. 12, 2; 55,
21; 62, 4.
Jer. 9, 8.

3 ^d Harl me nane wi' the ill, nor
wi' warkers o' wrang *till gae*; ^e wha

crack till their niebors fu' lown, bot
mischieff i' their hearts *bae they*.

♫ 2 Tim. 4, 14.
Rev. 18, 6.

4 ^f Gie till them as their warks
bae been, an' for a' they hae wrought
o' ill: † fornenst the wark o' their
han's, gie them hame; gie them
hame † their fill!

† Heb. *ill o'*
their doens.

† Heb. *gie*
them double.

5 On the warks o' the LORD, an'
the deed o' his han's, sen they nae
thought can wair; ^g themsels he sal
ding till nought, an' them he sal big
nevir mair.

♫ Job 34, 27.

6 *Bot* blythe *be* the LORD, for he
heard the sugh o' my sighan sair.

7 The LORD *is* my strenth an' my
schild; my heart lippens a' till him-
lane: syne brawly I fen, an' my
heart's unco fain; an' wi' my sang
I sal laud himlane.

8 The LORD *is* their strenth an'
their stoop; he's the health † o' his
Chrystit *forby*.

† Heb. *a' kin'*
o' heal-
makin. Some
tak *stoop* wi'
health, an'
mak it *stoop*
o' healths, &c.

9 Saif yer folk, an' blythe-bid yer
ain; an' feed † an' up-head them,
for ay.

† Heb. *feed*
them.

PSALM XXIX.

*Weel-wordy's the Lord o' the heighest
laud: whan He sighs, the yirth
steers; woods, waters, wustlands,
an' a', dimile.*

Ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

GIE ye till the LORD, ye sons
o' the mighty; gie ye till the
LORD gudeliheid an' strenth:

♫ 1 Chron. 16,
28, 29.
Ps. 96, 7, 8, 9.

2 Gie ye till the LORD the gudeli-
heid o' his name; lout ye till the
LORD i' the lo'esomness o' haliheid!

♫ 2 Chron. 20,
21.

3 The sigh o' the LORD's atowre
the spates; ^c the God o' gudeliheid
gars thunner: the LORD *is* atowre
mony feck o' fludes.

♫ Job 37, 4, 5.

4 The sigh o' the LORD's wi' pith;
the sigh o' the LORD's wi' gloiry.

5 The sigh o' the LORD rives
cedars in twa; na, the LORD rives
cedars o' Lebanon till flinders.

* Ps. 114. 4.

* Deut. 3. 9.

† Heb. *sun*.‡ Atween
bleezes o'
light comes
a reel o'
thunner.§ Wi' fright,
or at pain-
time: leuk
Job 39. 1, 2, 3.‡ Sae stan's
the Hebrew,
an' wi' unco
pith it stan's.
Our Inglis
reads anither
gate, wi' but
little pith an'
less gram-
mar.

* Ps. 10. 16.

* Ps. 28. 8.

6 ^aAn' e'en gars them sten like a stirk; 'Lebanon an' Sirion, like some † cowte o' the unicorns.

7 The sigh o' the LORD synders the slaughts o' fyre. ‡

8 The sigh o' the LORD gars the wustlan' quauk; the LORD gars the wustlan' o' Kadesh dinne!

9 The sigh o' the LORD gars the staggies cling; § an' it dreels aff the leaf o' the forests. Bot *it's* intil his ain halie howf, the † hail o' Himsel speaks gloiry.

10 The Lord sits heigh on the spates; aye, 'the LORD sits King for eiver.

11 ^bThe LORD will gie feck till his folk; wi' peace sal he blythe-bid his peopil!

PSALM XXX.

David's ain awelcome-hame till the bouss he biggit on Zioun.

Ane heigh-lilt, or sang at the * han-sellin o' the Houss o' David.

I MAUN lift ye, LORD, abune a' *the lave*, for ye hae uphaddin me: an' ill-willers o' mine ye ne'er hae thol'd till geck at mysel wi' glee.

2 O LORD, my God, I skreigh't till yerlane; an' ye hae healit me.

3 O LORD, ye brought up my saul frae the sheugh; ^a ye steer'd me till life, on my gate to the heugh.

4 ^bLilt loud to the LORD, ye sants o' his; an' gie laud, at the thought o' his haliness.

5 'For intil his wuth's but a gliff; ^clee-lang life's in his likans: sabbins may thole for a night; 'but a sang wi' the mornin' *waukens*!

6 ^fAn' quo' I till mylane i' † the lown, I sal ne'er be steer'd ony mair.

7 O LORD, by yer nieborlie gree, ye set a' fu' stieve on my craig: ye happit yer face *but a wee*; forfoch'n was I fu' sair.

8 I hae skreigh't till yerlane, O LORD; till the LORD I made dule-some maen:—

9 What gude can come o' my bluid, an' I gang down till the sheugh? ^ewill the stoure gie laud till thee, or yet tell yer truth enough?

10 Hearken, LORD; an' be gude till me, LORD: ye maun e'en be a stoop till me.

11 ^bMy dule ye hae swappit for lightness o' fit; my lingle o' harn ye hae lowsit *it*, an' wi' gladness hae graithit me:

12 That *my* gloiry ‡ suld laud ye, an' ne'er gang wae; O LORD, my God, I maun laud ye for ay!

PSALM XXXI.

David's in dulesome dree, baith bouss an' ha'; bot the Lord, wi' a glint o' his ee, redds him but frae sic cumber a'.

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

I ^aHAE lippen'd yerlane, O LORD; I sal nane be affrontit for ay: ^bi' yer righteousness, redd me hame.

2 'Lout me yer lug fu' gleg; *fu' glegly* rax me outowre: be for rock o' refuge till me; for till saif me, a hainin-towir. †

3 ^dFor my craig an' my castel are ye; syne sae, 'for yer ain name's sake, O weise an' wear ye me.

4 Redd me frae the girns they hae happit for me; for yerlane are my stoop sae syth:

5 ^fI lippen my life i' yer han'; redd me hame, LORD God o' truth!

6 ^gI thole them nane, wha † mak lies their ain; bot I lippen a' on the LORD, mylane.

7 I maun fyke an' be fain i' yer ain gude-gree; wha thought on my dule, an' in stretts hae tentet me:

8 An' steekit me nane i' the han'

* Ps. 6. 5; 88. 11; 115. 17.

* 2 Sam. 6. 14. Isai. 61. 3.

‡ David countit maie on his *toe*; he nor his *crown*. Ps. 16. 9; 57. 8.

* Ps. 22. 5; 25. 2; 71. 1. Isai. 49. 23. * Ps. 143. 1.

* Ps. 71. 2.

† Heb. *for a hainin-towir*.

* Ps. 18. 1. * Ps. 23. 3; 25. 11.

* Luke 23. 46. Acts 7. 59.

* Jonah 2. 8. † Heb. *reared weel her o' lightness*.

* Deut. 20. 5. 2 Sam. 6. 20. A. C. 1042.

* Ps. 86. 13.

* 1 Chron.

16. 4.

* Ps. 97. 12.

* Ps. 103. 9.

Isai. 26. 20;

54. 7. 8.

2 Cor. 4. 17.

* Ps. 63. 3.

* Ps. 126. 5.

* Job 29. 18.

† Heb. *my lozon*.

^b Ps. 4, 1;
18, 19.

o' the fae; ^b bot my feet set stieve
in scowth.

^f Ps. 6, 7.

9 Be gude till me, LORD, for 'am
cumber'd yet: ⁱ my ee wears awa in
wuth; na, my †breath an' my bouk,
they flicher.

† Heb. *yeirs.*

^{*} Ps. 32, 3;
102, 3.

^f Ps. 41, 8.
Isai. 53, 4.

^m Job 19, 13.
Ps. 58, 11;
88, 8, 18.

ⁿ Ps. 64, 8.

^o Ps. 88, 4, 5.

10 For my life wears awa in dule,
an' my days† in sighan; my pith
gangs i' my pine, an' my ^kbanes are
s'waken.

11 'Till my ill-willers a' 'am a
geck, an' e'en till my ^mniebors sairly:
till my friens 'am a fearsome sight;
ⁿ wha see me therout, flee frae me.

12 'Am clean out o' min' as gane;
I thole like a dune bicker.

^p Jer. 20, 10.

^q Jer. 6, 25;
20, 3.
Lam. 2, 22.

13 ^p For I heard the clash o' a
when; ^q on ilka han' ^r was dread:
whan they gather'd again me like
ane, my life they ettled till sned.

14 Bot I lippen'd mylane till thee;
quo' I, O LORD, my ain God are ye.

15 My tides ^r are a' i' yer han';
redd me frae the han' o' my faes,
an' frae them wha gird at me.

^r Num. 6, 25.
26.

Ps. 4, 6; 67, 1.

^f Ps. 25, 2.

^f 1 Sam. 2, 9.

ⁿ Ps. 12, 3.

^s 1 Sam. 2, 3.
Ps. 94, 4.
Jude 15.

^r Isai. 64, 4.
1 Cor. 2, 9.

† Heb. *for-*
ness the sons
o' yird.

^z Ps. 27, 5;
32, 7.

† Heb. *haughty*
glow'r o' the
carl.

† Heb. *made*
his goodness
wonnerfu'.
Ps. 17, 7.

^a 1 Sam. 23, 7.

^b 1 Sam. 23, 26.
Ps. 116, 11.

16 'Wair a glint o' yer ee on yer
loon; saif me for yer gudeness' sake:

17 O LORD, 'lat me ne'er hing
down, for loud till yerlane I scaigh:
lat a' the ill hing down, 'an' steek
their gab i' the graif.

18 'Lat lean lips gang whush,
^{*} that carp at the righteous wi' scorn
an' glee.

19 'What walth o' yer gude ye
hain, for them wha hae dread o'
thee; ye hae ettled for them wha
lippen yerlane, tho' sons o' the yird
suld see.†

20 ^{*} Ye sal hap them hame i' the
lown o' yer leuk, frae the †glow'r
o' the haughty carl; ye sal hap them
frae sight in a canny neuk, frae the
canglin clash o' the *warl'*.

21 Prais'd be the LORD for his†
wonner o' gude, till me, in a brugh
weel-biggen.^a

22 For mysel, ^b quo' I i' my haste,

'Am sned-aff frae afore yer een:^c
nochtless, ye hearken'd my scaigh
o' dule, whan I sight fu' sair till
yerlane.

23 'Lo'e ye the LORD, a' sants o'
his ain: leal-folk the LORD fen's;
bot the warker o' pride he pays
hame.

24 'Be stieve, an' yer heart sal
thrive; a' ye, wha lippen the LORD
himlane.

^c Isai. 38, 11, 12.
Lam. 3, 54.
Jonah 2, 4.

^d Ps. 34, 9.

^e Ps. 27, 14.

PSALM XXXII.

*Better own fauts an' be forgien, an'
do weel; nor gang yer ain thravon
gate, till be schuten atowre frae
God wi' stang or bridle, like sense-
less, menseless brute beiss.*

^{*} Maschil o' David's.

^{*} Hendin, &c.

^a Ps. 85, 2.
Rom. 4, 6, 7, 8.

WEEL for them, ^r whase ^a ill's
forgien; ^r whase wrang-doen
's happit.

2 Weel for the wight the LORD
wytes wi' nae ill; an' in †breath o'
his ain ^r is nae double-dealin.^b

3 Held I my peace, my banes
thow'd awa; ^r or e'en gin I rowtit
the lee-lang day.

4 For day an' night, yer han' was
owre me a lade; my seep wrought
by till the drouth o' simmer: Selah.

5 My wrang-doen ^r syne I lat wit
till thee; an' the ill *that I kent*, I
did-na hap it. 'Quo' I, I'se mak
shrif o' my sins till the LORD; an'
ye freely pat-by the ill o' my doen:
Selah.

† Heb. *ghast*
or spreit.

^b John 1, 47.

^c Prov. 28, 13.
Isai. 65, 24.
1 John 1, 9.

6 Wharthro', ^d till yersel sal ilk
likely ane pray, whan he lights on
a faut† *till men'*. Whan spates
o'ergang o' watirs thrang, till him
they sal ne'er win ben.

7 'Yersel *hae been* howt till me;
in stretts ye hae stoopit me; ye hae
graihet me roun wi' sangs o' gaen-
free: Selah.

^d Isai. 55, 6.
John 7, 34.

† Heb. *light-*
ness, or faut,
o' his ain,
that 'll thole
menden. Our
Ingis taks a'
this clean
anither gate.

^e Ps. 9, 9; 27,
5; 31, 20;
119, 114.

8 I sal weise ye, *quo' God*; I sal

wear ye the gate ye maun gae, I
sal tent ye fu' gleg wi' my ee.

9 [†]Be-na ye like naig or like mule,
that gang wi' nae thought o' their ain;
whase chowks maun be chackit wi'
branks an' kewl, § in case be they
yoke on yerlane.

10 [†]Fu' mony a stoun's till the
ill-doen loon; bot wha lippens the
LORD, gude gree sal graith him
roun.

11 [†]Be blythe i' the LORD, an' fu'
fain, a' ye †that do the right *pairt*;
an' lilt fu' loud for joye, a' ye *that*
are straucht o' heart.

PSALM XXXIII.

*The righteous maun daur till sing:
The Lord that made a', an' that's
owre a', is their ain heal-ha'din.*
[By wha's no said.]

SING sangs till the LORD, ^a ye
rightous; ^b sic liltin sets-weel
the aefauld.

2 Gie laud till the LORD on the
harp; 'on the lut *wi'* the tensome
thairms, lilt loud till him:

3 ^a Sing ye till himsel a new sang;
play weel, wi' ane awsome sugh:

4 For right *is* the LORD's ain
word; an' ilk wark o' his ain's intil
truth.

5 ^c The right he lo'es, an' right-
rechtin a'; § the gude o' the LORD
the yirth fu'fills.

6 ^d By the word o' the LORD the
lifts war made; ^e an' their plenishin
a', by the 'breath o' his mouthe.

7 ^f He sweel'd like a bing the
bouk o' the spates; he hairstit in
barns the laigest fludes.

8 Fear the LORD, the hail yirth;
quauk afore him, a' ye that won i'
the world.

9 ^g For himsel spak, an' it was;
he bad, an' it stude fu' sikker.

10 ^h The will o' the folk the LORD

lats gang; the thoughts o' the peopil
he dings till naething.

11 ⁱ The 'will o' the LORD for ay
sal stan'; the thoughts o' his heart,
frae ae †kith-gettin till anither.

12 ^j Weel for the folk, whase God
is the LORD; the folk *that* he waled
for his ain hame-ha'din.

13 ^k The LORD frae the lift couth
raik wi' his een; the bairns o' yird,
he sees ilk ane o'.

14 Frae the bit whar he sits, he
tents ilk dwaller on yirth.

15 He schupes their hearts like
ane; ^l he minds upon a' their doens.

16 ^m Nae king's made right by the
feck o' ane host; nae † mighty man
redd by his mighty pingle:

17 ⁿ A horse for heal-ha'din's no
till tryst; wi' his strenth an' a', he
canna redd-single.

18 ^o Bot, the ee o' the LORD's on
"wha fear himsel, on wha lippen a'
till his likan:

19 Till redd out their saul frae
dian-dune; || ^p an' in dearth, till
haud them thrivan.

20 ^q Our life's but a tryst on the
LORD; ^r our stoop an' our schild
is he.

21 For our heart in himsel sal be
fain; † on his name sae halie traist
we.

22 Lat yer luv be atowre us,
LORD, sae lang's we lippen till thee.

PSALM XXXIV.

*A sang for the feckless an' forfain;
till lippen to the Lord, an' mak the
maist o' their ain fecklessness.*

David's, whan he alter'd his gate
afore ^s Abimelech; an' he drave
him but, an' he gaed his wa'.

ILK tide o' my life I'se ^t blythe-
bid the LORD; his praise i' my
mouthe *sal be* plene:

[†] Job 23, 13.
Prov. 19, 21.
Isai. 46, 10.
[‡] Heb. *till*
kith-gettin
an' kith-
gettin.
[§] Ps. 65, 4;
144, 15.

[¶] 2 Chron. 16, 9.
Job 28, 24.
Ps. 11, 4; 14, 2.

[¶] Job 34, 21.
Jer. 32, 19.

[¶] Ps. 44, 6.
[†] Heb. *mighty*
man is nane
redd.

[†] Ps. 147, 10.
Prov. 21, 31.

[†] Job 36, 7.
Ps. 34, 15.
[†] 1 Peter 3, 12.
[¶] Ps. 147, 11.

^{or, frae}
^{dead.}
[¶] Job 5, 20.
Ps. 37, 19.
[¶] Ps. 62, 1, 5.
130, 6.
[¶] Ps. 115, 9.
10, 11.

[†] Heb. *for,*
twice owre.

A.C. 1062.

[¶] Ca'd *Achish*.
1 Sam. 21, 13.

[¶] 1 Thes. 5, 18.
2 Thes. 1, 3.

* Ps. 119, 74;
142, 7.

2 I' the LORD sal my saul be liltin-
blythe; ^bthe feckless sal hear, an'
be fain.

3 Mak might o' the LORD wi'
me; an' his name we'se uphaud
thegither:

4 I sought the LORD, an' he
hearken'd me hame; syne redd me
frae a' my fluther.

5 Folk leuk ay till Him, an' ||are
brighten'd a'; nae gluff o' shame
hae their faces: ||

6 This puir-body skreigh't, an'
the LORD couth hear; syne heal'd
him frae ^dhis fashes.

7 Na, 'the LORD's erran-rinner
himself ^dbides about; till rax them
atowre that are fley'd o' him:

8 'Pree ye, an' ken gin the LORD
be-na gude; ^fblythe *be* the wight
can bide on him.

9 'Fear ye the LORD, ye sants o'
his; for nae want 's till them that
fear him:

10 ^aThe lyoun's whalps may
hungir an' thole; bot, wha seek the
LORD, [†]want o' nae gude sal steer
them.

11 Here awa, §bairns, an' hearken
till me; the fear o' the LORD I sal
hint ye:

12 'What wight *is he that's* fain
o' life; lo'es lang-days, till see gude-
rife?

13 Waird yer tongue frae *makin*
mischieff; an' yer lips frae liean,
tent ye.

14 ^aAwa frae ill, an' weel do ye;
[†]seek ay for the lown, an' win at it:

15 ^mFor the een o' the LORD *are*
on righteous folk; an' his lugs till
their bidden *are loutit*:

16 ⁿBot the leuk o' the LORD's
again doers o' wrang; min' o' them
frae the yirth, till rute *it.*

17 The *feckless* sigh, an' the LORD
can hear; an' frae a' their fash redds
them haillie

18 ^oThe LORD's fu' nar till heart-
broken folk; an' the wa'-gaen in
spreit he sets gailie.

19 ^pThe wrangs o' the righteous
fu' mony *be*; bot the LORD frae
them a' has him synder'd:

20 Ilka bane o' his *bouk* tak tent
o' sal he; 'no ane o' them a' sal be
flinder'd.

21 ^rThe ill-deedie man mischieff
sal fell; wha ill-will the righteous,
awa sal pine:

22 The breath [†]o' his servans the
LORD sal hae bak; an' wha lippen
till him, [†]no ane o' them a' sal
dwine.

PSALM XXXV.

*A sair plea wi' the Lord again liean
stouthbrief rievvers: the Lord maun
hearken an' uphaud David; an' the
Lord's ay as guid as his word.
Ane o' David's.*

FLYTE, ^aLORD, wi' them that
flyte wi' me; an' fecht ye wi'
them, that fecht again me.

2 Schild an' boukler, tak them
baith; [†]up, an' be stoop till hain me.

3 Syne out wi' the spear, an' kep
the gate on them that wad fain win
till me: say ye to my saul, *O God—*
Heal-ha'din mylane *I'se be* till ye.

4 ^bScham't an' throwither lat them
be, that hanker sae sair for my
breath; bak lat them gae, an' wae
lat them be, that ettle till wark my
skaith.

5 ^cLike caff afore the win' lat
them be; an' the LORD's ain rinner
ahin' *them*:

6 ^dMirk an' slidd'ry the gate they
gae; an' the LORD's erran-rinner
ding them.

7 For saikless for me they sheughit
their girn; saikless, they howkit my
life awa:

8 Mischieff, or he wit, sal owre-
gang him; 'the girn that he happit

* Ps. 51, 17;
Isai. 57, 15;
61, 1.

† Prov. 24, 16.

† John 19, 36.

† Ps. 94, 23.

† Tak it, wha
daur.

† Heb. *they*
sal a' no
dwine.

* Ps. 43, 1;
119, 154;
Lam. 3, 58.

† Heb. *an' up*
till stoop, or
hain me.

^b Verse 26.
Ps. 40, 14, 15;
70, 2, 3.

^c Job 21, 18.
Ps. 1, 4;
Isai. 29, 5.
Hos. 13, 3.

^d Ps. 73, 18.
Jer. 23, 12.

* Ps. 7, 15, 16;
57, 6; 141, 9.
Prov. 5, 22.

or, *distill un*
like rinnin
tealir.

or, *howk*.
an' *hing*
down their
heads, like
moudie-
warks. *sal*
they no.

^c Dan. 6, 22.

^d Gen. 32, 1-2.
2 Kings 6, 17;
Zech. 9, 8.

^e 1 Peter 2, 3.
† Ps. 2, 12.

* Ps. 31, 23.

* Job 4, 10, 11.

† Heb. *they*
sal nocht
wanta' gude.

§ Maun ettle
the puir
feckless folk.
siclike 's he
tholed him-
sel till be.

† 1 Peter 3, 10.

* Ps. 37, 27.
Isai. 1, 16, 17;
† Hebr. 12, 14.

^m Job 36, 7.
Ps. 33, 18.
1 Peter 3, 12.

ⁿ Lev. 17, 10.
Jer. 44, 11.
Amos 9, 4.

sal fang him, tharin, wi' a stoun',
sal he fa'.

9 Bot my saul sal be blythe i' the
LORD; an' loup for joye in his ain
heal-ha'din.

10 [†]Ilk bane i' my *bonk* may say,
Wha's like yersel, O LORD; the
puir frae [†]the pithy, reddin? aye,
the puir an' forfain, frae him that
wad rive him in twa!

11 Thar raise *among them* threep-
ers o' ill; they threepit again me, I
ken-na what:

12 [‡]Ill for guid they niffer'd wi'
me, [†]till herry my saul or *they quat*.

13 Bot me! [‡]whan they pined,
my cleedin *was* harn; my breath I
wastit wi' wantin; [†]till my bosom,
my bidden can hame.

14 Like [‡]*he war* a frien', like [‡]*he*
war a brither till me; [‡]*e'en sae*, gaed
I about: like as ane that was wae *for*
his mither, [‡]*e'en sae*, I loutit an' grat.

15 Bot at my [‡]down-fa' they war
fain; an' syne they wan a' thegither:
[†]or I wat, [†]the fusionless loons,
again me, like ane did gather: they
rave *me* syndry in bits; *they rave*, an'
they did-na whush:

16 Wi' [†]trokers o' lies at bousin-
bouts, again me their teeth they
grush't.^m

17 O LORD, [‡]how lang can ye
see siclikes? rax my saul frae their
wasterfu' thrang; [‡]an' [†]mysel frae
the lyoun's tykes.[†]

18 [‡]I maun laud yersel i' the gran'
deray; wi' the bouk o' the folk, I
maun lilt till thee.

19 Lat my ill-willers nane be sae
crouse wi' lies; [‡]wha hate me for
nought, [†]lat them steek the ee.

20 For o' nieborlie-gree they ne'er
speak a word; bot lies they can
flaucht thegither, again the lown
folk o' the yird.

21 Their mouthe they hae raxit

again me strought; an' quo' they,
[†]Hech! Hech! our ain ee saw't.

22 Ye hae seen't, O LORD; [†]be-
na whush, my Lord: tarry-na far
frae me.

23 [†]Wauken an' wait, for the right
that's mine: my God an' my Lord,
for my plea!

24 I' yer righteousness right me,
O LORD, my God; lat them nane
hae the gree owre me.

25 [‡]Lat nane o' them say i' their
hearts, Aha, [†]it's e'en's we wad
hae! nor yet, We hae glaum'd him
up! lat ane o' them *daur till* say.

26 [‡]Scham't an' gyte thegither
gang they, my ill that like till see:
[†]graithit in scham an' scorn be they,
wha set themselfs heigh owre me.

27 Lat them lilt an' be glaid, wha
are fain o' my right; [‡]an' ay lat
them say, The LORD be wight,
[‡]that lo'es lown life for his lealman.

28 An' that right o' thine my
tongue sal tell; an' ilka day lang,
sal gie laud till yersel.

PSALM XXXVI.

*The ill man can neither think, nor say,
nor do aught gude: God thinks an'
does a' gude: David may be weel
content, an' let the ill-doer dree.*

Till the sang-maister; *ane o' David's*,
thirlman to the LORD.

THE [†]claivers o' the godlowse
gang ben i' my heart: *thar's*
[‡]nae fear o' God afore his een.

2 [†]For he lies till himsel in his ain
sight, or his mischief be kent ayont
tholin.

3 The words o' his mouthe are
but nought an' a lie; till be wyss an'
do weel, he has quat al-utterlie.

4 [†]On his bed he can think but o'
nought; he gangs ay the gate o' nae
gude; mischief he can ne'er win by.

5 [‡]Bot thy gudeness, LORD, *is* i'

[†]Ps. 40, 15;
54, 7; 70, 3;
[†]Ps. 83, 1.

[†]Ps. 44, 23.

[‡]Ps. 70, 3.

[†]Heb, *our*
ain min.

[‡]Verso 4.
Ps. 40, 14.

[†]Ps. 100, 29;
132, 18.

[‡]Ps. 70, 4.

[‡]Ps. 149, 4.

[†]Ps. 51, 8.

[†]Heb, *pithier*
nor himsel, or
oure pithy
for him.

[‡]Ps. 38, 20;
109, 3, 5.

[†]Heb, *the*
herriment o'.

[‡]Job 30, 25.
Ps. 69, 10, 11.

[†]Matt. 10, 13.
Luke 10, 6.

[†]Ps. 38, 17.

[†]Heb, *an' i*
kent-na.

[†]Job 30, 1, 8.
12.

[†]Heb, *nich-*
erin liears.

[‡]Ps. 37, 12.
Lam. 2, 16.

[‡]Halb. 1, 13.
[‡]Ps. 22, 20.

[†]Heb, *a'*
that's o' me.

[†]Heb,
schalps.

[†]Ps. 22, 25,
31; 40, 9, 10;
111, 1.

[‡]Ps. 69, 4;
109, 3; 119,
161.

Lam. 3, 52.
John 15, 25.

[†]Our Inglis
taks this
anither gate.

Lat them
nane wink
wi' the ee; as
ye may hin.

Job 15, 12.
Prov. 6, 13;

10, 10.

[†]Heb, *gaen-*
acrang wi'
the tongue,
lowse talk.

[‡]Rom. 3, 18.
[‡]Deut. 29, 19.

Ps. 10, 3;
49, 18.

[‡]Prov. 4, 16.
Micah 2, 1.

[‡]Ps. 57, 10;
108, 4.

+ Heb. hills o' God.

* Job 11, 8.
Rom. 11, 33.
f Job 7, 22.

* Ruth 2, 12.
Ps. 17, 8;
91, 4.

or, sons o' man: bot ettles a' livin things on yirth.

* Ps. 65, 4.
† Heb. drucken, or drookit fou, wi' pleasur.
§ Siclike 's the dew.

† Siclike 's the rain.
Job 20, 17.
Ps. 16, 11.
Rev. 22, 1.
† Jer. 2, 13.

† Heb. o' pride.

* Ps. 1, 5.

the lift: thy truth-tryst even wi' the cluds.

6 Thy righteousness like the hills fu' heigh; † 'thy right-rechtins are ane unco flude: Baith beast an' body, LORD, thou hauds them heal.

7 What gear is i' yer gudeness, God! † Aneth the schadowe o' yer wings, † yird's bairns can betak them lown.

8 † They're † drookit-daft wi' the § seep o' thy dwellin; ye sloken them a', frae the † burn o' yer bliss.

9 † For wi' thee is the wa'-ee o' life; intil light o' thine, we see light itsel.

10 O rax out yer gudeness till them wha ken ye! an' yer righteousness ay till the single in heart.

11 May the clood o' the carl† ne'er gang my gate; nor the han' o' the ill-doer ding me by.

12 Thar gaed the warkers o' mischieff till the grun: they stacher'd, † an' they cou'd-na stan!

PSALM XXXVII.

Nae need till flee the lan', nor nae fore o' wrang-doen: the righteous sal ay fa' their ain, an' wrang-doers sal be sned aff for evir; bot a' that lippen till the Lord sal thrive.

Ane o' David's.

* Ps. 73, 3.
Prov. 23, 17;
24, 1, 19.

FASH ^a yersel nane for ill-doers, nor sigh for the warkers o' wrang:

2 For like gerss they'll be glegly snedden; an' like fother-blume they sal gang.

3 Lippen the LORD an' do weel; bide ay on the lan', an' thrive at will.

4 Be blythe i' the LORD, an' yer heart's content he sal wair on thee:

5 ^b Deval on the LORD yer gate; lippen him, an' do a' sal he:

* b Ps. 55, 22.
Prov. 16, 3.
Matt. 6, 25.
Luke 12, 22.
† Peter 5, 7.

6 † For yer right he sal clear like the light; an' like height o' the day, yer plea.

7 † Be lown wi' the LORD, † an' thole for him: fash nane for ill-doers' thrivan-gate; for the loon that can wark mischieffs.

8 Awa wi' angir, an' quat frae lowe; † fash yersel nane wi' the wrang.

9 † For warkers o' wrang sal be clean sned-awa; bot wha wait on the LORD, themlane the lan' sal fa'.

10 For syne, but a gliff, an' the ill-doer's dune: † tho' ye leuk for his place, thar's nae mair o' him.

11 † Bot lown-livin folk sal ay haud the lan'; an' be blythe wi' nae en' o' gude-nieboran!

12 The ill-man, he thinks on the righteous for ill; an' grushes again him his teeth: †

13 Bot the † Laird o' the lan' sal † laugh at him, for he kens his ain day sal be niest.

14 The warkers o' wrang, they lows'd the swurd, an' eke they stentit their bow; the feckless an' needy, till ding them baith, an' till fell the aefauld sae free.†

15 ^m Their swurd sal gang ben i' their ain heart then, an' their bows till finders sal flie.

16 † Ay better 's a nirl wi' the right, nor the rowth o' mae warkers o' wrang:

17 † For the arms o' wrang-doers sal bringe in bits; bot the righteous the LORD sal mak strang.

18 The LORD kens weel the days o' the leal; an' their heirskip sal stan' for evir:

19 They sal ne'er be down-cuisten in time o' ill; † an' in days o' hungir sal stegh their fill:

20 Bot the warkers o' wrang till naething sal gang; an' faes o' the

* Job 11, 17.

* Ps. 62, 1.
* Lam. 3, 26.

f Ps. 73, 3.
Eph. 4, 26.

f Job 27, 13, 14.

b Job 7, 10;
20, 9.
Verse 35.

† Matt. 5, 5.

* Ps. 35, 16.

† Anither word nor Jherovah.
Ps. 2, 4.
† Ps. 2, 4.

† Heb. even on, straight ganger.
* Micah 5, 6.

* 1 Tim. 6, 6.

* Job 38, 15.
Ps. 10, 15.
Ezek. 39, 21,
&c.

* Job 5, 20.
Ps. 33, 19.

† Ps. 102, 3.

† Heb. *they sal
thowve i' the
reek, they sal
thowve; or,
they sal
thowve i' the
reek, the hail
o' them.*

* Ps. 112, 5, 9.

† Prov. 3, 35.

† Prov. 16, 9.

† Heb. *gates,
or out-gate,
on the high
road; or firm
roddins.*

* Ps. 34, 19, 20;

91, 12.

Prov. 24, 16.

2 Cor. 4, 9.

* Job 15, 23.

Ps. 59, 15;

109, 10.

† Ps. 112, 5, 9.

* Ps. 34, 14.

* Ps. 21, 10.

Isai. 14, 20.

* Prov. 2, 21.

* Deut. 6, 6.

Ps. 40, 8;

119, 98.

Isai. 51, 7.

† Heb. *his
gangins.*

* Ps. 91, 8.

LORD, like the creesh o' lams, sal
thowe i' the *reek* thegither!†

21 The ill-doer taks, an' he ne'er
brings hame; * bot the righteous will
len' an' lat lye:

22 'Syne, whasae he bids sal ay
bide the lan'; them he bans, *they*
sal e'en be shot-by.

23 'Frae the LORD, the †wide
yett o' the mighty man's set; an'
he fuhres on his gate fu' blythe:

24 "Tho' he stacher *a wee*, he sal
nane down gae; for the LORD hauds
his han' fu' stythe.

25 A wean I hae been, an' an
auld man am e'en; bot the righteous
for-ried, *or his bairns seekin bread,
I ne'er saw:

26 'Ilk day he cou'd gie or cou'd
len'; an' his outcome *was* blythe
an' a'.

27 Syne, *awa frae mischieff, an'
do weel; an' bide evir mair *wobar*
ye min':

28 'For the LORD, he lo'es right-
rechtin weel, an' will ne'er lea' his
ain till pine: for evir an' ay sal they
be stay; bot the stok o' ill-doers
sal dwine.^a

29 The righteous sal fa' the yird;
an' sal bide on't, the lenth o' lang-
syne.^b

30 The mouthe o' the righteous, it
sets-furth sense; an' his tongue o'
right-rechtin can tell:

31 'His God's ain law *is* weel ben
i' his heart; an' his gate,† it sal
ne'er swak itsel.

32 The ill-man, he glaums at the
rightous; an' fain wad be his dead:

33 The LORD winna lea' him intil
his han'; nor at rightin, gie him
nae remede.

34 Bide ye on the LORD, an' haud
weel by his gate; till fa' the lan' he
sal heize ye yet: wi' wrang-doers
sned-aff, ye sal see 't.^d

35 'I hae seen the wrang-doer
thrive; an' braid like the braw
green-tree: §

36 He gae'd, an' he was-na; I
sought him belyve, bot funden he
cou'd-na be.

37 Tak tent till the aefauld, an'
leuk till the straught; for the en'
o' siclike *is* the lown:

38 Bot owre-gangers sal whamle
thegither themlane; an' the en' o'
wrang-doers gae dune.

39 Bot right folks' heal-ha'din, it
comes frae the LORD; their strenth
i' the time o' strett:

40 An' the LORD sal stoop them,
an' redd them out; frae wrang-
doers' *han's*, he sal redd them but:
an' them, for they lippen till him,
fu' sikker an' soun' he sal set.

PSALM XXXVIII.

*David, in pitifu' plight, baith saul an'
body, cries uncolie till the Lord till
be gude till him an' help him.*

Ane heigh-lilt o' David's, till keep
the Lord in min'.*

WYTE me na, LORD, i' yer
lowan wuth;^a ding me na
by i' yer bleezan torne:

2 'For deep intil me yer flanes
hae taen grip; an' sair ontill me is
yer han' down-borne.

3 Nae feck i' my flesche, fornent
yer angir; 'nae †rest i' my banes,
fornent my sin.

4 'For my ain misdeeds hae gane
owre my head; like some weary
weight, they're ill till carrie.†

5 My dulesome dints gang foich
i' my folly:

6 Twafauld am I, an' cruppen till
naething; 'a' day lang, I gang dark
an' drearie.^f

7 For my lisk it's pang'd wi' some
fusionless ill; an' nae soun'ness ava
is left i' my body.

8 Feckless am I, an' forfochten

* Job 5, 3.

§ Wi plenty
o' skowth,
but nae
haudin,
growe whar
he likes.* Headin o'
Ps. 70.

* Ps. 6, 1.

* Job 6, 4.

* Ps. 6, 2.
† Heb. *loven.*† Ezra 9, 6.
Ps. 40, 12.† Heb. *owre-
heavy for
myel.** Ps. 35, 14.
† Job 30, 28.
Ps. 42, 9;
43, 2.

† Job 34, 24.
Isai. 59, 11.
|| or, for till
rose my heart.

† Ps. 6, 7;
88, 9.
† Heb. it's
nae mair twi'
nie.
† Ps. 31, 11.
† Luke 10, 31,
32.
† Heb. kins-
folk, or
niebors.

† 2 Sam. 16, 10.
David tholed
weel.
† Ps. 39, 2, 9.

§ David's ain
natural turn
was heigh
eneugh; he
tholed scorn
ay, waur nor
a clour wi'
the sword.

|| or, my ill-
willers
are livin', an'
livin like.

† Ps. 35, 12.

† 1 John 3, 12.
Peter takis
anither
thought o't.
† Peter 3, 13.

sairly; † I sigh wi' a || sab frae the heart i' my bosom.

9 O LORD, afore thee is a' my yirn; an' my sighan, frae thee it has ne'er been happit.

10 My heart dwaums, my pith bides-na wi' me; na, † the light o' my een, † it's gane clean frae me.

11 'My joes an' my frien's † stan' atowre frae my breinge; an' my † blude themselfs haud far frae me.

12 Wha seek for my life hae girns till lay; wha ettle me ill speak a' mischieff, an' pingle on lies the hail day.

13 Bot I, † like the deaf man, hearken'd nane; † an' e'en like the dum, wha ne'er raxes his mouthe:

14 I was e'en as the man wha hears-na a sugh; an' ben i' whase gab are nae gainsayans.

15 For a' till yerlane I hae lippen'd, O LORD; ye maun speak till me lown, Lord God o' my ain.

16 For quo' I, Gin they're fain till see me fa'; gin they haud themselfs heigh an my fit slider! §

17 For likan till gang am I ay; an' my dule, it's afore me evir.

18 For my sin I hae weel setten furth; on the wrang I hae dune, I tak thought wi' a swither.

19 Bot || ill-willers on live, are a' fu' stark; an' mony are they, wha mislike me saikless:

20 "Wha pay me wi' ill, for gude till themselfs; † wha seek me wi' wrang, for my ain weel-doen.

21 Dinna lea' me, O LORD, thou God o' my ain; nor bide frae me far, as the lave are bydan.

22 Fy, haste ye till help me, O LORD, my heal-ha'din!

PSALM XXXIX.

David maun be whush afore the Lord: man's but a fain an' a feckless creatur, frae the day that he cam, till the day he maun gang: David, like the lave, maun win hame.

Till the sang-maister, till Jeduthun:* ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

QUO' I, I maun waired my gate, in case be I slip wi' my tongue: I maun steek my mouthe fu' stieve; † sae lang's the ill-doer's afore me.

2 † I keepit sair sugh i' the lown; I wheeshit me, even frae gude; bot my dule, it wauken'd the waur, ay.

3 My heart was het i' my breast; † wi' my thought, the lowe kenn'd: syne spak I right out wi' my tongue,

4 † Lat me wit, O LORD, o' my en; an' the meath o' my days, what it's a': how bruckle † am syne, I sal ken.

5 Alake! but some han'-breid ye made my days; an' † my time's like naething afore ye. † The stievest man on yird can stan', † ilk aye o' them's weak as Abel: Selah.

6 Man daikers, atweel, in a gloam; na, they fash themselfs a' for nought: † he harls gear thegither; bot kens-na, the same wha sal aught.

7 Bot now, what leuk I for, LORD; my thoughts they are a' on yerlane:

8 Frae my wrang-gangins a' redd me out; the geck o' the gowk mak me nane.

9 † I was whush; I ne'er open'd my mouthe; for I wat yerlane did it.

10 † Haud aff me a wee, wi' yer weight: † am dune, wi' the dirl o' yer han'.

11 Whan ye ding the brawest wi' blauds for sin; † ye wear his pith awa like a moth: † Sure ilk man's weak as Abel: Selah.

12 Hearken my bidden, O LORD; an' eke till my schraigh gie heed; be-na ye whush at my taivers: † for † am but a gangrel wight wi' thee, † hameless, like a' my faithers.

13 † Haud aff me, LORD, or I gather pith; afore I gang by, an' nae mair o' me.

* 1 Chron. 16, 41; 25, 1.
Ps. 62 an' 77.
Headins.

† Heb. twi'
branks.

† Ps. 38, 13.

† Heb. i' my
inside

† Ps. 90, 12.
119, 84.

† Ps. 90, 4.
d Verse 11.
Ps. 62, 9:

144, 4.

† Heb. weak
as weakness
like man:

whilk word
is Abel;

Gen. 4, 2.

† Job 27, 17.
Eccles. 2, 18.
21, 26: 5, 14

† Job 40, 4, 5.
Ps. 38, 13.

† Job 9, 34:
13, 21.

† Job 4, 19:
13, 28.

Isai. 50, 9.
Hos. 5, 12.

† Verse 5.

† Heb. my
tear.

† Lev. 25, 23.
1 Chron. 29,
15.

Ps. 119, 19.
2 Cor. 5, 6.

Hebr. 11, 13.
† 1 Peter 1, 17:

2, 11.

† Gen. 47, 9.
† Job 10, 20,
21; 14, 5, 6

PSALM XL.

David, intil dreigh baud, leuks lang for the Lord, an' the Lord redd's him out; he preaches syne a' that's gude till the lave. Bot a heigher far nor David's ettled here, an' a rightousness mair nor his ain.
Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

LANG leukit I for the LORD;^a an' he loutit till me, an' he heard my skreigh.

2 An' he raxit me up frae ane awsome heugh,^b frae the till sae teugh; an' he stude my feet on a craig; my roddins fu' sikker made he.

3 'An' a new sang pat he i' my mouthe, *nae less nor* laud till our God: 'mony sal see, an' fley'd sal they be; an' sal lippen a' syne till the LORD.

4 Blythe be the wight, wha ettles the LORD for his tryste; wha wair-na a leuk on the proud, nor on them wha gang eftir a lie.

5 'Fu' mony, O LORD my God, hae ye made yer warks o' wonner! *an' yer thoughts o' gude till oursels, thar' nae reddin up till thee.* Gin I suld owretell an' wair words on them, they're mae nor a buik *wad be.*

6 'O' slachtir an' hansel, ye ne'er thought weel. My lugs ye hae dreel'd: brunt-offran hail, an' hansel for sin, ye wad nane o'.

7 Syne, Leuk, quo' I; mysel maun be! I the braid o' the Buik, *it's* written o' me:

8 'Till wark yer will, O my God, but 'am fain; 'an' that bidden o' thine 's i' my bosom.[†]

9 'Right-rechtin I cried till the feck o' the folk; my lips I ne'er steekit, O LORD, ye wot:

10 Yer rightousness happit I ne'er i' my heart; yer troth an' yer heal-

ha'din tell'd I baith; yer rewth an' yer trewth I ne'er hade, frae the thrang forgather.

11 Steek ye na, LORD, yer pitie frae me: 'yer rewth an' yer trewth, lat them waird me weel.

12 For ills ayont tellin hae graith'd me about; ^mmy ain ill-deeds hae fang't me sae fast, I canna leuk up: thranger are they, nor the hairs o' my head; ⁿan' my heart, it mislippens me sairly.

13 'Will ye, O LORD, but till rax me out; fy, haste ye, O LORD, till help me!

14 'Lat them a' be affrontit an' lowe i' the face, wha seek for my life till waste it. Bak lat them gae, an' be smoor'd wi' schame, wha like weel the ill that 'am trystit.

15 'Fu' lane lat them be, for the cost o' their scorn, Heh! Heh! wha can say till me.

16 'Lat them be blythe an' frolick in thee, a' wha seek eftir yersel: Lat them ay say, The LORD be hie! wha like yer heal-ha'din weel.

17 'Am[†] but forfain an' forlied; yet the LORD, he can rew on me: my strenth an' out-redder *are* ye yerlane; taigle na langer, my God, *frae me!*

PSALM XLI.

Wha's kind till the puir, the Lord sal be kind till him: David's auld plea wi' ill frien's: the Lord hauds him weel; lat them do their warst.

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

BLYTHE *be the* man, wha has min' o' the puir:^a *in his ain* day o' dule, the LORD sal free him.

2 The LORD sal weel waird him, an' haud him on live; fu' blythe sal he *fen* i' the lan'; an', till his ill-willers' will ye sal ne'er up-gie him.^b

¹Ps. 43. 3; 61. 7.

^mPs. 38. 4.

ⁿPs. 73. 26.

^aPs. 70. 1, &c.

^pPs. 35. 4, 26; 70. 3; 71. 13.

^qPs. 70. 3.

^rPs. 70. 4.

^sPs. 70. 5.
[†]Heb. *Bot am.*

^aProv. 14. 21.

^bPs. 27. 12.

¹Ps. 27. 14.

^aPs. 69. 2.

¹Ps. 35. 3.

¹Ps. 52. 6.

¹Joh. 3. 9. 10.
¹Ps. 71. 15; 92.
¹Isai. 6. 17.

¹Sam. 15. 22.
¹Ps. 50. 8;
51. 16.
¹Isai. 1. 11.
¹Hos. 6. 6.
¹Matt. 12. 7.
¹Hebr. 10. 5.

¹Ps. 119. 16.
24. 47; 92.
¹Rom. 7. 22.
¹Ps. 37. 31.
¹Jer. 31. 33.
¹2 Cor. 3. 3.
[†]Heb. *ben i' my inside.*
¹Ps. 22. 22;
35. 18.

or, his bed,
or his
dowen-lyin.

3 The LORD sal prap him on his dowie bed; ye sal turn || whar he lyes, whan he's a' forfoch'en.

4 Quo' I, O LORD, be gude till me; heal ye my saul, for 'am wrang wi' thee.

5 My ill-willers a', they crack ill at mysel: The dead sal he die, an' his name dwinnle.

† Heb. his
heart gathers
ill together
till himsel, or
till isel.

6 An he come for till see, he clauvers a lie; †nought but ill can his heart gather: but gangs he, an' he tells his niebor.

7 Thegither again me they clype fu' laigh; no ane o' them a' but wills me ill; again me mischieff they tak thought an' ettle:

† Heb. fash
frae Bellai.

8 Some †ill-man's dree's come

owre him *now*; an' syne that he lyes, he sal stan' nae langer.

9 'My ain lown frien', that I lippen'd till ay; ^dwha pree'd o' my bread, the heel he can gie me.†

10 Bot yersel, O LORD, be gude till me; an' heize me up, or I quat them even.

11 Sae weel sal I ken ye lo'e me dear, gin my ill-willer owre me bears-na the gree.

12 Bot mysel ye sal haud i' my ain leal-gate; an' set me fu' sikker afore ye for ay.

13 Prais'd be the LORD, o' Israel God; aye, frae ae langsyne till anither: Amen, an' Amen; [Sae be't, an' sae be!]

† Job 19, 19.
Ps. 55, 12, 13,
20.
Jer. 20, 10.
^d Obad. 7.
John 13, 18.
† Heb. lift up
heigh again
me.

Here
quats the
Ferst Buik o'
Psalms, as
the auld sett
stude. Leuk
what's said
till *ruha*
reads, p. 1.

[PAIRT TWA.]

PSALM XLII.

*David, i' the wustlan', far frae God,
's like till die o' drouth for his pre-
sence, an' tholes ill the givin o' his
fause frien's: he leuks till win
hame again.*

A.C. 1023.

* A Right-
rede:
Headins. &c.
1 Chron. 6, 33,
37; 25, 5.

Till the sang-maister: *Maschil for the sons o' Korah.

AS the hart for the wimplin watirs sighs; sae sighs for yerlane, my saul, O God.

^a Ps. 63, 1;
84, 2.
^b 1 Thess. 1, 9.

2 ^aSae tholes wi' drouth for God, for the livin God, my saul: How lang or I gang, an' win ben afore God?

^c Ps. 80, 5;
102, 9.
^d Verse 10.
Ps. 79, 10;
115, 2.

3 'Day an' night, my tear's been my bread; 'ilka day lang till me as it's said, O whar *is* that God o' thine?

† Job 30, 16.

4 I hae min' o' siclike, 'an' I toom out my life on mysel: for I gaed wi' the lave; 'I gaed till God's

/ Isai. 30, 29.

howff wi' the sugh o' a sang, an' o' praise, wi' the heigh-liltin thrang.

5 ^sWhatfor sae dowie, O my saul! sae sairly forfoch'en 'ithin me? Lippen till God, for I'll praise him yet; for ||the health o' his leuks *abune me!*

^s Ps. 43, 5.

6 My life, O my God, 's but a lade on mylane: I suld min' ye syne frae the Jordan lan', an' the Hermon folk; frae the height o' Mizar. ||

7 ^hAe dreid howe till anither sughs, at the rowte o' yer watir-spates: 'yer bringers a', an' yer rowin fludes, hae gaen owre me bremin.

8 ^hHis gudeness *yet* the LORD etties by day, 'an' a sang wi' mysel i' the night; *an'* my prayer till the God o' my life.

9 *An'* I'll say until God my rock,

|| or, thar's
health in his
leuks, &c.

|| or, the *twice*
hill; some laik
sma' hill
whar he
campit in
thae days o'
fash, lang
syne.
Ps. 133, 3.
^b Ezek. 7, 26.
^c Ps. 88, 7.
Jonah 2, 3.
^d Deut. 28, 8.
Ps. 133, 3.
^e Job 35, 10.
Ps. 63, 6;
149, 5.

^m Ps. 38, 6;
43, 2.
[§] Our Inglis
reads here
wi' a sword,
whar thar 's
nae *sword*.
ⁿ Verse 3.
Joel 2, 17.
Micah 7, 10.

Whatfor think ye nane on me?
^m whatfor down-dang maun I ay
gang, aneth the ill-willer's gree?

IO Wi' a §clour i' my banes, they
gibe me, thae ill-willers o' mine;
"ilk day as they yammir until me,
O whar *is* that God o' thine?

II Whatfor are ye dowie, my
saul? an' whatfor sae forfoch'en in
me? Lippen till God, for I'll laud
him or lang: the health o' my leuks,
an' my God, *is he!*

PSALM XLIII.

*Leuks unco like some-to-fa' till what
gangs afore.*

[By wha 's no said.]

R IGH T me, O God, an' redd
my plea, frae a pitiless na-
tion: frae the wily an' the wicked
carl, † O wark ye my salvatioun!

2 For yerlane *are* the God o' my
strenth; whatfor hae ye schot me
awa?^a Whatfor sae blate, maun I
bide the gate, aneth the ill-willer's
law?

3 ^bO but wi' yer light an' yer
truth! They sal weise me on, they
sal wear me ben, till yer halie height
an' yer ain lown dwellins.

4 Syne sal I win till God's offran-
stane; till God, my ain †joye an'
rejoicin: syne wi' the harp, O God
my God, I sal lilt till yersel wi'
loisinn.†

5 ^cWhatfor are ye dowie, my
saul? an' whatfor sae forfoch'en in
me? Lippen till God, for I'll laud
him or lang: the health o' my leuks,
an' my God, *is he!*

PSALM XLIV.

*Israel's by-gane days hae been gran',
whan the Lord was wi' them: The
Lord, sen syne, hauds atowre: the
sang-makar fleeches wi' him sair,
till come hame till his folk, an' help.*

Till the sang-maister: *Maschil,
|| for the sons o' Korah.

O GOD, wi' our lugs we hae
learn'd; our forebears hae
tell'd oursels, *what* wark ye wrought
i' their days; i' the days lang afore
our ain.

2 ^aHow ye dang out the folk wi'
yer han'; an' ye plantit themsels an'
a': ye wrought sair wark on the
folk; an' eke, ye drave them awa.

3 ^bFor nane by their sword coft
they the lan'; nor their arm wrought
them salvatioun: bot yer ain right
han', an' that arm o' thine; an' the
light o' yer leuks, for ye lo'ed them.^c

4 ^dYersel, O God, are that king
o' my ain: heal-ha'din sen' ye till
Jakob!

5 Wi' yerlane, we sal †dush our
faes: i' yer name, we sal ding till
the yird a' that can stan' again us.

6 ^fFor nane on my bow sal I bide;
an' my sword, it sal ne'er mak me
sikker:

7 Bot yersel frae our faes can redd
us atowre; an' our ill-willers *a'*, ye
can sluther.

8 A' day lang, we hae liltit till
God; an' yer name, ever mair sal
laud it: Selah.

9 ^gBot now ye hae dang us atowre;
an' affrontit oursels fu' sairly: nae
mair wi' our hosts, gang ye furth
till the stour.

IO Oursels ye gar turn frae the
face o' the fae; an' our ill-willers
rive at their pleasur:

11 ^hYe hae gien us like fe, till
feed *the lave*; an' hae sperfl't us *a'*
mang the hethen:

12 ⁱYe hae troket yer folk for
nought; an' are nane the mair o'
their win:

13 ^kYe hae made us a geck till
our niebors; a snirt an' a sneer, till
wha round us fen':

*Headins, &c.
|| or, of the
sons.

^a Exod. 15.
17.
Ps. 78, 55;
80, 8.

^b Deut. 8, 17.
Josh. 24, 12.

^c Deut. 4, 37.

^d Ps. 74, 12.

† Heb. *sal ding*
wi' the head
like a tup.

^e Dan. 8, 4.

^f Ps. 33, 16.

^g Ps. 60, 1, 10;
74, 1: 89;
38; 108, 11.

^h Ver. 22.
Rom. 8, 36.

ⁱ Isai. 52, 3-4.
Jer. 15, 13.

^k Deut. 28,
37.
Ps. 79, 4;
80, 6.

† Jer. 24. 9.
* 2 Kings
19. 21.
Ps. 24. 7.

14 'Ye hae made us a swatch till
the folk; * a cave o' the head amang
a' their kin.

15 A' day lang *is* my schame afore
me; an' the lowe o' my face, it haps
me owre:

* Job 16. 4.
Ps. 8. 2.

16 For the jeer o' the scorner an'
speaker o' ill; for the ill-willer's
glow'r; * an' for him, wha taks
right till himsel.

17 Siclike comes a' our ain gate;
yet we ne'er hae forgotten yersel,
nor yet broken tryst wi' thee.

† Heb. *our
gate fa'n
avae frae yer
reddin.*

18 Our heart, it has ne'er gane bak;
nor our stap fa'n awa frae yer lead: †

* Isai. 34. 13:
35. 7.

19 Tho' ye dang us in bits amang
ethir-holes; * an' happit us owre wi'
the gloam o' dead!

† Job 11. 13.
Ps. 68. 31.

20 Gin we e'er forgot the name o'
our God; or braidit our loov's till
some unco god: †

† Job 31. 14.

21 'Wad-na God himsel hae
sought out the like? for himlane
kens the neuks o' the heart.

† Ver. 11.
Rom. 8. 36.

22 'For yer sake, an' a', ilk day
are we dang till dead; we're countit
but sheep for the slachtir.

† Ps. 7. 6; 35.
23; 59. 4.
5; 78. 65.

23 'Wauken, O Lord; whatfor
can ye sleep? Thole awee yet;
ding-na clean by for evir.

† Ps. 13. 1.

24 'Whatfor hap ye yer face?
Hae ye nae mair min', o' our poor-
tith an' cumber?

* Ps. 119. 25.

25 For our *saul's dang down
till the stoure; our wame till the
grun is cruppen.

26 Up, till do weel for us, Lord:
an' redd us a' hame; for that gude-
ness o' thine, *we ay lippen!*

PSALM XLV.

*An the Chryst himsel be here, as nae
doubt be maun be; Solomon, wha
figured him, comes foremaist.*

Till the sang-maister on Shoshan-
nim: * for the sons o' Korah;
Maschil: * A Lilt o' Loves.

☞ This
weel-kent
love lilt,
sensefou an'
a' as it is, is
cramp
enough i' its
ain Hebrew.
Our Inglis
taks a hantle
o't anither
gate: an'
mae turnins
nor ane may
be weel
tholed o'
mony words.
* *Headinr., &c.*

MY heart, it's dinnlin owre wi'
a sang *that's* unco braw:
I maun tell o' what I've made, fore-
nenst the king an' a': my tongue
sal be the pen, o' ane that gleg can
draw.

2 Brawer are ye *yerlane*, nor a'
the bairns o' yird! *Intil thae lips
o' thine, what-na losfiheid's been
wair'd! Sae weel as God has liket
ye, langsyne.

* Luke 4. 22.

3 ^b Dicht yer swurd ontill *yer* thie;
|| mighty mak yer losfiheid an' gree: †

† Isai. 49. 2.
Hebr. 4. 12.
Rev. 1. 16;
19. 15.

4 ^d An' i' yer gree, || ride furth wi'
gloir; for truth's sake, an' for right-
ousness, till dree: an' warks o'
wonner sair, sal thy right han'
schaw till thee!

|| or, *O thou
mighty.*

† Isai. 9. 6.

† Rev. 6. 2.

|| or *stent yer
bow: that
niebors weel
wi' ver. 5.*

5 Sae snell's yer shafts hae been!
The *vera* folk aneth thee fa', i' *their*
heart that ill-will the king.

† Ps. 93. 2.
Hebr. 1. 8.

6 'That thron o' thine, O God,
is for evir an' for ay; an' o' right-
ousness a gad, *is* the king's-gad o'
yer sway.

† Ps. 33. 5.

|| or, *the thing.*

† Isai. 61. 1.

7 ^f The *man* || that's guid ye like;
an' the ill ye winna fa': e'en sae
hath God himsel, † God o' thine,
wi' the oyle o' joye owre-chrystit
thee, abune yer niebors a'.^h

† 1 Kings 1,
39. 40.
Ps. 21. 6.

8 Myrrh an' alqes on yer claes,
|| war strinkl'd *syne*; whan frae the
ivor pailis ye cam but, they made
ye fine.ⁱ

|| or, *cassia*,
sae ca'd for
it was ay
strinkl'd.

ⁱ Sang 1. 3.

9 Kings' dochtirs, i' yer brawest
gear, || war snod: the queen at thy
right han', i' the gowd o' Ophir
stude.^k

|| or, *amang
yer brawest
women.*

^k Leuk 1
Kings 2, 19.

10 Dochtir, hearken ye an' leuk,
an' lout yer lug; an' forget ye a'
yer ain folk, an' eke yer faither's
blude: †

ⁱ Deut. 21. 13.

† Heb. *houis*.

11 Syne yer leuks sal like the king;
an' for he *is* your Lord, ye maun
lout fu' laigh till him.^m

^m Ps. 95. 6.
Isai. 54. 5.

12 "An' the dochtir out o' Tyre
sal be till ye wi' a gift; the best o' a'
† the lan', till pleasur thee, sal shift.

ⁿ Ps. 72. 10.
Isai. 49. 23.

† Heb. *folk*.

* Rev. 19, 7, 8.

13 °Gin the dochtr o' the king
be-na braw, baith out an' in! Frae
wabster's wark o' gowd, her cleedin
wrought has been.

† Sang 1, 4.

14 °In pearlins eke sal scho be
brought until the king: her lasses,
like hersel, sal syne be airtit ben.†

* Heb. *till
thee; uhar
yeare, that is.*

15 Wi' blytheheid an' wi' glee, sal
they be fushen in; an' they sal a' gang
hame, till the pailis o' the king.

§ 1 Pet. 2, 9.
Rev. 1, 6; 5,
10; 20, 6.

16 Forneist yer faithers syne, yer
bairnies that sal be; an' intil a' the
lan', ye may mak them princes hie.†

† Heb. *fraeae
kithgettin till
anither kith-
gettin.*

17 Yer name I'se mak weel ken'd,
till a' kiths that come an' gang;†
syne sae sal folk gie laud till thee,
†for evir, wi' a sang!

† Heb. *evir
an' ay.*

PSALM XLVI.

*God's stiever ay nor castel-craigs, an'
heigher nor the hills; whar He bides,
sal ne'er be steerit.*

" or, of.

* *Headins,
&c.*

1 Chron. 15,

20.

Ps. 48; 66.

* Deut. 4, 7.

Ps. 145, 18.

Till the sang-maister: || for the sons
o' Korah; a lilt on Alamothe.*

GOD for oursels *is* tryste an'
stoopin; help in stretts, right
nar is *he*.^a

2 Nane syne sal we fear, tho' the
yirth suld steer; or hills be flang
owre 'i the heart o' the sea.

3 Its watirs warsl'd, *its watirs*
flang; the hills they war steer'd, as
it brem'd alang:^b Selah.

* Ps. 93, 3, 4.
Jer. 5, 22.
Mat. 7, 25.

4 Bot a watir rins, whase wimplin
wins till glad the brugh o' God;
the halie bit o' dwallins, *it*; the
Heighest, *his abode*.

5 God bides in her bosom, nane
sal scho fey; God sal betyde her
or blink o' day. §

§ Leuk Exod.
14, 24 27.
2 Chron. 20,
20.

Ps. 30, 5;

143, 8.

* Ps. 2, 1.

† Josh. 2, 9.

24.

* Ver. 11.

/ Ps. 66, 5.

6 °The folk, they warsl'd; the
kingdoms, they fash'd: He gied
but a sigh, the yirth swakket.^d

7 The LORD o' mony-might 's a'
on our side; our ain heigh-ha'din 's
the God o' Jakob: Selah.^e

8 †Here-awa syne, see the warks

o' the LORD; wha maks a' fu' lown
i' the heart o' the yird.

* Isai. 2, 4.

* Ps. 76, 3.

9 °Wha quiats the steer, till the
neuks o' the lan': ^hhe finders the
bow, an' sneds the spear; he scow-
thers in lowe the sleds o' weir.ⁱ

† Ezek. 39, 9.

10 Be whush, an' ken that 'am
God mylane: heigh owre the he-
then, heigh owre the yirth, sal I
win hame.

* Ver. 7.

11 °The LORD o' mony-might 's a'
on our side; our ain heigh-ha'din 's
Jakob's God: Selah.

PSALM XLVII.

*The God that 's King intil Zioun, he 's
King o' the hail yirth.*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-
lilt || for the sons o' Korah.

|| or, of.

DING wi' the loof.^a O a' ye
folk! Lilt ye till God wi' the
sugh o' a sang!

* Isai. 55, 12.

2 For the LORD owre a' *is himlane*
till be fear'd; ^batowre the hail yirth,
a king fu' gran'.

* Mal. 1, 14.

3 He sal thring down the folk
aneth us; an' the natiouns aneth our
feet: ^c

* Ps. 18, 47.

4 He sal wale out our hame-ha'din
for us; †the riggin o' Jakob sae
meet: Selah.

† Heb. *the
height o'
Jakob that he
liket ruvel.*

5 ^dGod has gane up wi' a sugh;
the LORD wi' the tout o' a swesch.

* Ps. 68, 24 25.

6 Sing ye till God, sing a sang:
sing a sang till our King, sing ye.

7 °For God *himlane*, o' the hail
yirth is King; || fu' wyssly till him
sing ye!^f

* Zech. 14, 9.

|| or, the *royss
anes.*† 1 Cor. 14,
15, 16.

8 God owre the hethen is king;
God sits on his thron, sae weel
shiftit.[†]

† Heb. *o' his
ain setten-by;
frae a' ither
neuks o' the
lan' till
Mount
Zioun.*

9 Fu' blythely the folk thegither
did win; ^go' Abraham's God, the
folk that war kin: ^hfor the schilds
o' the yirth, till God sal be *gien*; §
an' himlane sal be uncolie liftit.

* Rom. 4, 11.

* Ps. 89, 13
to 19.§ They sal a'
be laid down
at Zioun, in
fewte till
God a' King.

PSALM XLVIII.

*Nae town like Zioun, wakar God himsel
can bide; an the Kirk war ay like
Zioun, God's folk wad hae bravu
loun-tide.*

A kirk-sang: ane heigh-lilt || for the
sons o' Korah.

FU' mighty 's the LORD, an' fu'
loud till be laudit ay;^a in the
brugh o' our ain gude God, the hill
o' his ain setten-by.†

2 §^b Sae braw, as it stan's, 'pride
o' a' the yirth; ^a frae the airts o' the
north, is Mount Zioun; 'the town-
o' the King sae gran'.

3 God in her biggins sae braw,
is weel-kent for his heigh heal-
ha'din.

4 For, saw ye? The kings cam
thegither; thegither, they hirpled
awa:

5 They leukit, an' syne they war
daiver'd; feckless an' gyte, they
gaed a'.

6 A dwaum, it cam owre them
thar; ^s a stoun' like the bearin-pang:

7 § Wi' a blirt frae the blaudin
east, *whan* the § cobles o' Tarshish
ye dang!

8 E'en sae as we heard, we hae
seen, i' the brugh o' the LORD o'
hosts; ^b in our ain God's town:
God sal haud her fu' soun'; an'
that, †sae lang 's time sal last:
Selah.

9 We hae thought on yer gude-
ness, God; i' the midds o' yer halie
howff.

10 Siclike 's yer name, O God,
siclike yer praise *maun* be: owre a'
the ends o' the yirth, your right-
han' o' right hauds the gree.†

11 Lat Zioun height be blythe,
lat the dochters o' Judah be fain;
for thae right-rechtsins a', o' thine.

12 Gang ye roun Zioun, turn ilk
neuk; count ye her castels a'.

13 Min' ye her strenths, †haud
heigh her towirs; the niest-come
kin till schaw:

14 For this same God is our ain
God, for evir an' for ay: Himlane
sal weise us nieborlie, †owre Death
himsel *till* stay.

PSALM XLIX.

*Walth an' worry, poortith an' pine,
gang a' till the graiff thegither:
wha't comes o' them syne?*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-
lilt || for the sons o' Korah.

HEARKEN till this, O a' ye
folk: tak tent, a' that won i'
the warl':

2 ^a Baith sons o' the cotter,† an'
sons o' the carl; the bein and the
bare thegither:

3 My mouthe, it sal gie yo wyss
rede; an' the thought o' my heart
sal be worth yer swither.†

4 ^b I sal lout my ain lug, for a
canny word; *syne* but on the harp
my snell sayan tang. §

5 Whatfor suld I dread, i' the day
o' misdeed; *whan* the ill o' my heels
is about me thrang?

6 *Whan* folk that weigh their ain
weight,† an' that rowe in walth,
are fraisan *thegither*:

7 No a carl *amang them* can down
wi' a plack, or swap wi' God, till
saif his brither.

8 ^a A bode for their breath 's owre
heigh *for them*; an' *gang whar it will*,
it gangs for evir:

9 Yet *fain* wad he ay livè on, 'an'
ne'er see the sheugh *neither*.

10 ^s For ane sees *how* the wyss
maun die, wi' the gowk an' the doit
thegither: they dwinnle awa, an'
the feck o' their fa', they pairt wi' t'
a' till anither. §

11 Their benmaist thought 's their

† Heb. *ma-
stere*, wi'
stane as weel
as in story,
till stan' for
ay. See Mat.
syne, 24, 12.

† Heb. *owre
or ayont*.
Our Inglis
reads ill here.
David leukis
far ayont
death, for
himsel an'
his folk, in
God's keep-
in. The him-
maist ill-
willer God
sal ding is
Death him-
sel; an wha
sees-na that
David kent
it? 1 Cor. 15,
26, &c.

† Heb. *sons o'*
the yird:
Leuk what's
said *till wha
reads*, p. 2.

† Heb. *canny
thoughts*.

† Heb. *sons o'*
the yird:
Leuk what's
said *till wha
reads*, p. 2.

§ He heark-
ens weel
himself or he
speaks.

† Heb. *lippen
till their
might*.

† Heb. *lippen
till their
might*.

† Heb. *lippen
till their
might*.

† Heb. *lippen
till their
might*.

† Heb. *lippen
till their
might*.

† Heb. *lippen
till their
might*.

† or, of.

† Ps. 87, 3.

† Ps. 47, ver.
§, ettles the
same.

§ Some read,
*a braw young
quean, flow'r
o' a' the lan'.*

† Ps. 50, 2.
Jer. 3, 19.
Lam. 2, 15.
Dan. 8, 9;
11, 16.

† Ezek. 20, 6.

† Isai. 14, 13.

† Mat. 5, 35.

† Hos. 13, 13.

§ Ezek. 27, 26.

§ Some lang
shawl boats
they drave
wi' oars, an'
that cou'd na
bide the
win'. The
kings war
dang like a
when
cobles lang
syne i' the
sea.

† Heb. *on, ay
on; evir ay.*

† Heb. *on, ay
on; evir ay.*

† Heb. *on, ay
on; evir ay.*

† Heb. *on, ay
on; evir ay.*

† Heb. *on, ay
on; evir ay.*

† Heb. *on, ay
on; evir ay.*

† Heb. *on, ay
on; evir ay.*

† Heb. *on, ay
on; evir ay.*

† Heb. *on, ay
on; evir ay.*

† Heb. *on, ay
on; evir ay.*

† Heb. *on, ay
on; evir ay.*

† Heb. *on, ay
on; evir ay.*

† Heb. *on, ay
on; evir ay.*

† Heb. *on, ay
on; evir ay.*

† Heb. *on, ay
on; evir ay.*

† Heb. *on, ay
on; evir ay.*

† Heb. *on, ay
on; evir ay.*

† Heb. *on, ay
on; evir ay.*

† Heb. *on, ay
on; evir ay.*

† Heb. *on, ay
on; evir ay.*

† Heb. *till kithgettin an' kithgettin.*

† Heb. *gang tchuhsh, or awa.*

8 Verse 20. Ps. 82, 7.

|| or, *sal feed on them.*

† Dan. 7, 22. Mal. 4, 3. Luke 22, 30. 1 Cor. 6, 2. Rev. 2, 26; 20, 4.

† Heb. *an' their strength, or their beauty.*

† Job 4, 21. Ps. 39, 11.

† Job 27, 19.

|| or, *he made blythe.*

Deut. 29, 19.

Luke 12, 19. † Heb. *she, i.e. the saul sal gang.*

8 Verse 12.

9 Eccles. 3, 19.

† Heb. *gang tchuhsh, or awa, wi' nae crack o' their ain gloiry.*

|| or, *for Asaph.* 1 Chron. 15, 17; 25, 2. 2 Chron. 29, 30.

ain houses for ay: their howffs suld stan', whiles folk come an' gang; † an' till lan's o' *their ain*, their ain names gie they.

12 Bot man in *sic* gree, jimp tholes a night: like the brutes is he, that gang out o' sight.†^h

13 Sic gate o' their ain 's but a *swatsh* o' their haivers; yet wha come eftir them, roose their clai-vers: Selah.

14 Like sheep they lye a' i' the sheugh; Death himsel ||sal be herd till them *syne*: 'an' the righteous, at mornin, sal thring them eneugh: †a' help for them gangs by i' the heugh, *whan they flit* frae their dwellin fine.^k

15 Bot my life God sal saif, frae the grip o' the graiff; for himsel sal rax haud o' me *then*: Selah.

16 Hae ye nae dread, tho' some carl suld speed; tho' the gear o' his houss suld be boukit:

17 For ne'er, 'whan he dies, sal he harl a haet; nor ahint him, his gloiry be sheught.

18 Tho' his saul, it was blythe, ||^m whan he fuhred on live: an' folk gie ye laud, whan ye min' yer *ain*:

19 †It sal gang till the lave o' his forebears belyve; no ane o' them a' sal see light again.

20 ⁿMan in *sic* gree, an' wha kens-na right; ^olike the brutes is he, that gang out o' sight.†

PSALM L.

The Lord hauds a plea wi' his folk: nae offran, but o' righteousness an' truth, will ser' him.

Ane heigh-lilt o' Asaph's. ||

GOD o' Gods, the LORD hath spoken, an' the yirth has cry'd upon: frae the sun's up-gaen *at brightnin*, till his hame-gaen *i' the gloam*.

2 Frae Zioun-Hill, the ^aheight o' gloiry; God has skancit cleare,^b himsel.

3 Our God sal come, an' nane sal wheesh him; 'fire afore him, a' sal reist *them*; round him, it sal blaw fu' snell!

4 ^aTill the lift he 'll skreigh, athort it; syne till yirth, his folk to redden, *he sal ca'*:

5 ^cA' my sants till me be sortit; ^fwha wi' me my tryst hae snedden, as by law.†

6 ^eSyne the hevins his ain right-rechtin, furth sal tell; ^hfor wha sal right *the world* at rechtin, 's God himsel: Selah.

7 ⁱHear, my folk, for I maun tell *yo*: Israel, an' I 'se threep wi' thee; ^kGod am I, yer God *till be*.

8 ^lNo for yer slachtir'd *beiss* I'se wyte *yo*; ^mnor yer offrans ay afore me, perfyte *a'*:

9 ⁿStirk I 'se ne'er tak frae yer biggen, *nor* nae buck frae faulds o' thine:

10 For woodlan'-dier a' 's my belangin; knowte on a thousan hills *are mine*:

11 I ken ilk bird that flies abune *yo*; an' the field-gaen brute 's my ain:†

12 Gin I suld thole a dwaum o' hungir, no till thee wad I mak maen;† for till me the world 's a *ba'din*, an' a' the gear its bouk can hain.^o

13 Think ye I 'se live on flesh o' beeve, or sloke my drouth on' bluid o' hin'?†

14 ^pGie ye till God a lift o' laud; ^qtill Wha 's owre a', yer ain trysts pay ye:

15 ^rSyne cry till me, i' the day o' dule; I sal rax *yo* but, an' gie me the gree.

16 Bot quo' God till the doer o'

^a Ps. 48, 2.

^b Deut. 33, 2. Ps. 80, 1.

^c Ps. 97, 3. Dan. 7, 10.

^d Deut. 4, 26; 31, 28; 32, 1. Isai. 1, 2. Mic. 6, 1, 2.

^e Deut. 33, 3.

^f Exod. 24, 7.

† Heb. *hae snedden, or cuttit wi' me my tryst, by slachtir, as the law was:—* Rom. 10, 8.

^g Ps. 97, 6.

^h Ps. 75, 7.

ⁱ Ps. 81, 8.

^k Exod. 20, 2.

^l Isai. 1, 11.

^m Hos. 6, 6.

ⁿ Mic. 6, 6. Acts 17, 25.

† Heb. *alang wi' mysel.*

or Heb. *speak, or yammir* o't.

^o Exod. 19, 5. Deut. 10, 14. Job 41, 11. Ps. 24, 1. 1 Cor. 10, 26, 28.

† Heb. *gaits, bucks, ima' horn'd beiss.*

^p Hos. 14, 2.

Hebr. 13, 15.

^q Deut. 23, 21.

Job 22, 27.

Ps. 76, 11.

Eccles. 5, 4, 5.

^r Ps. 91, 15; 107, 6, 13, 19, 28.

+ Heb. *till count, or tell, or gang thro'.*

¹ Rom. 2, 21, 22.

+ Heb. *ad-vou-l'ers.*

+ Heb. *sent furth.*

¹ Ps. 52, 2.

^u Eccles. 8, 11, 12.
Isai. 26, 10;
57, 11.

^x Rom. 2, 4.

|| or, *ye thought I was a' like yeriel.*

^y Ps. 90, 8.

^z Ps. 27, 6.
Rom. 12, 1.

† Heb. *slachtir o' praise;*
unco stoor:
siclike ver.
14.

‡ Our Inglis an' mae tak this anither gate, an' a wrang gate, wantin ae word *wei*, that stan's plene i' the Hebrew; an' airtin anither in, that's no thar.

A.C. 1034.

^{* 2} Sam. 11, 2, 4; 12, 1, &c.

^a Verse 9,
Isai. 43, 25;
44, 22.
Col. 2, 14.

^b Hebr. 9, 14.
^r John 1, 7.
Rev. 1, 5.

wrang, What hae ye wi' my bidden till do,† or my tryst in yer mouthe till fang;

17 'Sen ye wad ne'er thole a re-bute; an' my bidden ahint yo ye flang?

18 An ye saw the thief-loon at his wark, syne ye hanker'd *till gang* wi' him; an' wha † wrangit their niebor's bed, ye ay be till troke wi' them:

19 Yer mouthe ye hae † fee'd till mischieff; 'an' yer tongue it has flaucht it a lie:

20 Ye sat, an' ye skaithe'd yer brither; on yer mither's son ye pat schamous gree:

21 Siclike ye hae dune, "an' I was whush: ^x ye thought the ill-thought I was like yerlane. || *Bot* I 'se threep wi' yo yet; ^y an' afore yer een, I sal raik yer *wrang-doens* ilk ane.

22 I rede yo, tak thought o' this; a' ye wha think nane o' God: in case be I rive yo in bits, an' nane *be* till redd the road.

23 ^z Wha offers a † lift o' laud, is *the man* that maks meikle o' me: an' ay whar he airts his gate, wi' God's help I sal gar him see. ‡

PSALM LI.

David maens sair an unco sair faut, nane but the Lord an' himsel wats o': He owns a'; he wins by wi' a sair pingle; his ain heart, syne, sal be the slachtir-gift.

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-lilt o' David's; * whan Nathan, God's-seer, gaed till him, an' he had gaen anowre till Bathsheba.

BE gude till me, God, as yer gudeness can be; ^a i' the feck o' yer rewth, dicht out my wrang: 2 ^b Reinge me fu' weel, frae my ill-dune deed; an' sine me fu' soun' frae the sin I belang:

3 For my wrang I ken brawly

mysel; an' my sin, *it 's fu' sikker* afore me.

4 ^c Till yerlane, till yerlane, I 'dune a' the skaith; ^d an' sic ill I hae wrought i' yer een: 'that ye may be rightit, ay whan ye breath; clean-quat i' the rightin ye 'gien.

5 ^f Ye ken, I was schupen in sin; ^g an' in wrang, my ain mither she † coft me:

6 ^h Bot truth ye like weel within; i' the benmaist neuk, ye hae taught me.

7 ⁱ Reinge me wi' hysope, an' syne I 'se be braw: wash me, an' syne I 'se be brighter nor snaw.^k

8 Gar me hearken *ance mair* till blythe-heid an' glee; the banes ye hae broken, mak liltin-free.

9 Yer sight frae my sins, hap atowre; 'an' a' my ill-doens dicht by: 10 Mak a clean heart, O God, for me; an' † trew breath i' my body, perfy^l.

11 Thring me na but frae yer sight; nor that spreit o' yer ain sae halie, tak ye *ony mair* frae me:

12 The joye o' yer heal-ha'din wair on me yet; an' stoop me *forby wi'* the ghaist that's fit. †

13 Wrang-gangers *syne* I sal airt yer ain gate; an' wrang-doers a' sal win bak till thee.

14 Redd me frae bluid, O God, thou God o' my ain heal-ha'din; an' my tongue it sal lilt o' yer rightin sae leal.

15 Unsteek ye my lips, O LORD; an' my mouthe yer ain praise sal tell. 16 For, o' slachtir ye ne'er thought weel:^m tho' I suld gie altar-lades, || siclike ye wad ne'er envy.

17 ⁿ God's slachtir-tryst 's a birset ghaist; a birset heart an' a tholin *breast*, O God, ye will ne'er leuk by!

18 Be gude till Zioun, yer ain kin' gate; Jerusalem's wa's big ye:

^c Gen. 20, 6;
39, 9.
Lev. 5, 19;
6, 2.

^d Luke 15, 21.

^e Rom. 3, 4.

^f Job 14, 4.

^g Ps. 58, 3.

^h John 3, 6.

ⁱ Rom. 5, 12.

^j Eph. 2, 3.

^k Job 14, 4.

† Heb. *happit me twarn.*

^b Job 38, 36.

ⁱ Lev. 14, 4.

^g 49.

^h Num. 19, 18.

^k Hebr. 9, 19.

^l Isai. 1, 18.

ⁱ Verse 1.

† Heb. *right-gaen spreit i' my inside*

† Heb. *willin, or ready, to do what's right.*

^m Num. 15, 27, 30.

ⁿ Ps. 40, 6; 50, 8.

^o Isai. 1, 11.

^p Jer. 7, 22.

^q Hos. 6, 6.

|| or, *ans I road gie:*
Our Inglis reads here anither gate.

^r Ps. 34, 18.
Isai. 57, 15;
66, 2.

|| or, *slachtirs*
o' *rightous-*
ness, or *right*.
° Ps. 4. 5.
Mal. 3. 3.

19 Syne fair-fa' yer ain || meet
slachtir-gifts: ° the offran an' hail
bleezan lifts: syne knowte on yer
cairn they sal gie!

PSALM LII.

*The lean tongue's like a gleg razor, bot
the Lord can sned it in twa.*

Till the sang-maister: *Maschil o'
David's, whan Doeg the Edomite
gaed ben an' tell't Saul, an' said
till him, David has gaen up till
the houss o' Abimelech?

WHATFOR be sae crouse i'
° mischieff, ye † haughty carl?
the gudeness o' God *tholes* ilka day
lang.

2 ° Yer tongue ettles ill, like the
razor fu' snell; † sneddin sae canny
nane can tell.°

3 Ill mair nor guid ye wad fain;
a lie, nor till say the right: Selah.

4 A' frettin words ye wad fain,
tongue that sae fause can gang. ||

5 Syne sal God ding ye for ay:
he sal birse thee an' harl thee but,
frae *that* howff ° *yer ain*; an' sal rute
thee out, frae the lan' o' the livin
warl': Selah.

6 The righteous themsels sal glow'r
an' grew; ° an' sneer at him *syne* sal
they: °

7 Aye, this was the carl, tak a
leuk *at him*, wha ne'er made God
his stay; ° bot lippen'd alane till his
gear anew, an' stoopit him ay on
his wrang.

8 ° Bot 'am in the houss o' God,
like the olive that braids fu' braw; †
my tryste, for evir an' ay, I hae set
in God's gudeness a'.

9 I sal lilt evir mair till thee, for
yersel *sic rebute* hae wrought; an'
sal bide by yer name, for afore
yer sants, it's weel that siclike *be*
thought.^h

PSALM LIII.

Another draught o' the godlouse gowk:

*they'veen rife in David's day; an'
are ay till the fore sen-syne.*
Till the sang-maister on Mahalath:
*Maschil o' David's.

QUO' ° the gowk till himsel,
Thar's nae God ava': far-
gaen are they a'; they 'dune waur
nor ill: ° no ane o' them a' does
weel.

2 God frae the lift leukit owre,
abune the bairns o' the clod; till
see gin ony war wyss, *or ane* that
spier'd eftir God.

3 They had a' gane bak *thegither*; ||
thegither they wrought at wrang:
no ane wrought weel *by anither*; no,
an' it war-na ane. ||

4 Will they ne'er be wyss [*quo'*
God], thae warkers o' *sic* mischieff?
wha eat up my folk, *as* folk eat
bread; an' spier nevir a word for
God?

5 ° Syne yonder they † sheuk wi'
dread, whar dread might nevir be:
for God himlane has sperf't the
banes, o' *him* wha camps at thee.
Ye baisit *them syne*, for God himsel
shot them by wi' schamous gree. §

6 O wha sal rax yont frae Zioun
heal-ha'din till Israel a'? Whan
God sal fesh hame *the lave*, o' his
folk *that's been* ay in haud; Jakob
sal lilt wi' pleasur, Israel *syne* sal be
glaid!

PSALM LIV.

*David, uncolie worried an' herried,
flings the weight o' a' ontill God.*

Till the sang-maister on Neginoth:
*Maschil o' David's, whan the
Ziphims gaed, an' quo' they till
Saul, Does-na David hide himsel
wi' us?

SAIFF me, O God, by yer name;
an' right-recht me i' yer might.

* A Right-
rede:
Headins, &c.
° Ps. 10. 4;
14. 1.

° Rom. 3. 10.

|| or, *he*, or *it*
'was a' gane
bak.

|| or, *no*, *no*
even ane.

° Lev. 26. 17,
36.
Prov. 28. 1.
† Heb. *dree'd*
an unco
dread.

§ This ae
verse, an'
mae o' the
same Psalm,
might be
read mony
gates: the
Hebrew's
cramp, an'
jimp clear.

A.C. 1061-60.

* Anither
Right-rede:
Headins, &c.
David maun
ay clear
himself, an'
kens brawly
how.
1 Sam. 23. 19;
26. 1.

* Ps. 86, 14.

† Heb. *for-*
nennit them.

* Ps. 118, 7.

† Heb. *the*
Laird o' the
lan's; pack
wi' a', or
among a'
that uphaud
my life.| or, *he sal*
ren'.

* Ps. 52, 9.

* Ps. 59, 10;
92, 11.† Heb. *mine*
ec, it sal leuk
on mine
emie. Our
Ingils reads
see his desire,
wi' nae leave
frae the
Hebrew.

A.C. 1023.

* Hinmaist
Right-rede
o' David's
but ane, Ps.
142: Snell
an' a' as it is,
ane o' his ain
best makin.* 2 Sam. 16,
7, &† Heb. *my*
inside.

2 Hearken, O God, till my bidden; lout yer lug till the words o' my mouthe.

3 For *a*frem-folk again me win up; an' stoor folk spier eftir my saul; wha ne'er set a God i' their gate: † Selah.

4 Bot oh, ginna God *be* my stoop! *a*n' wi' a' that uphaud my saul, the Laird o' the lan' *'s in tret.*†

5 Mischieff ||sal come hame on my ill-willers *a'*: i' yer truth, O God, sned them aff!

6 Fu' blythely I *'se* offer till thee: till yer name I *'se* gie laud; O LORD, for *it 's* gude:

7 For frae ilka sair strett, he has set me free; *a*n' my sight, it sal light on mineemie! †

PSALM LV.

David, as right is, pleans mair o' fause frein's nor o' foul faes: he bans them till the vera sheugh in God's name; whar a' siclike suld gang, an' himsel weel quat o' them.

Till the sang-maister on Neginoth:
* Maschil o' David's.

HEARKEN my bidden, O God; hide yersel nane frae my prayer:

2 Tak tent till mysel, an' speak hame till me; I sigh i' my thought, an' I mourn fu' sair:

3 *What* wi' the sugh o' the fae, *what* wi' the ill-man's fang; *a*for they claiver again me mischieff, an' in wuth they would fain do me wrang.

4 My heart, it *'s* dang down i' my †breast; an' the dules o' dead hae come owre me:

5 Dread an' a grue win up on me *now*; an' ane awesome scunner 'll smoor me.

6 An' quo' I—Oh, wha 'll gie me wings like the doo? *syne* wad I flie an' be lown;

7 Aye, *syne* wad I slichter far aff, *an'* bide by mylane i' the moorlan': Selah!

8 *Syne* frae the blirt *an'* the blaudin blast, I wad rax me awa an' gang.||

9 Ding, O LORD, *an'* synder their tongues; *b*for riev an' ragin, I 'seen i' the citie.

10 Day an' night, they gang roun,† on her dykes; canker an' kiaugh *are rise* intil her:

11 Mischieff mony feck *'s* inside o' her *yetts*; guile an' a lie ne'er quat frae her causey.

12 *'For it ne'er was* a fae *that* scorn'd me, or I cou'd hae tho'd it *a'*; nae ill-willer geckit atowre me, or frae him I had slippet awa.

13 Bot yersel, a man like my niebor; *a* captain, an' ken'd till me:

14 Sae kindly we thought gethiger; an' gaed till God's hous w' glee.||

15 Death *like* a vice come abune them; till the sheugh lat them gang as they stan': † for ill *'s* i' the mids o' their dwellins; *ill 's* i' the mids o' their ban'.

16 Mylane, till God I can skreigh; an' the LORD, he sal haud me saif.

17 *'Glintin an' gloamin an' height* o' the day, I sal pingle an' pray; an' *God*, he sal hearken my scraigh.

18 He sal redd hame my life i' the lown, frae sic stour as I dree *this while*: for in droves they been ay again me.||

19 God sal hearken an' ding them, *f*wha bides frae langsyne himlane: Selah. Nae flittins *hae they* among them; syne o' God they think little or nane.

20 He rax't out his han' on his ain lown frien's; §he suddled the tryst he made:

21 *'His* lips pairtit sweeter nor butter, bot his heart it ettled a raid;

|| or, *I wad leuk for an outgate, or a frien' till free me.*

* Jer. 6, 7.

† Heb. *roun heriel, abune her dykes.*

* Ps. 41, 9.

* 2 Sam. 16, 23. Ps. 41, 9.

|| or, *wi' a loud sang among the lave.*† Heb. *livin.*

* Dan. 6, 10. Acts 3, 1; 10, 3; 9, 30.

|| or, *a' when hae been on my ain side.*

* Deut. 33, 27.

§ The ill-heartit frien' it was, wha did a' siclike.

* Ps. 28, 3; 57, 4; 62, 4; 64, 3; Prov. 5, 3, 4.

finer nor oyle *gaed* his clavers, an' yet they *war* nakit blades!

22 ^h Fling a' yer ||care on the LORD, an' himlane sal haud ye straught; ⁱ he sal ne'er thole sittin for ay, till *faeb* the man that does right.

23 Bot yersel sal thring them down, O God, till the wame o' the sheugh! ^k Carls o' bluid an' a lie, ^l sal ne'er live half their days: bot mysel I sal lippen till thee, O God, an' *be loun enugh*.

PSALM LVI.

David, i' the Carl's han', wi' a stieve heart an' a bauld tongue, tholes the warst o't.

Till the sang-maister on *Jonath-
elem-rechokim: *Michtam o'
David's; whan the Philistins had
haud o' him in Gath.

BE gude till me, ^a God, or the
carl 'll glaum me up; ilka day
lang, fechtan thrang, he hauds me
in feidom fell:

2 Ilka day lang, my ill-willers
glaum a grip; for mony *are they*,
an' ||heigh forby, that warsle on me
mysel.

3 The day that I dree, I maun
lippen till thee.

4 ^b In God, I sal laud his word:
till God I maun lippen me a': 'nane
sal I dread, what flesh an' *bluid* can
wark me o' ill ava'.||

5 Ilka day lang, my words they
wrang; a' their thoughts *are* for ill
to me.

6 ^d They taigle an' jouk, my rod-
dins they leuk, as my life they wad
lang till *bae*:

7 They lippen till ill, to win by
wi' 't still: bot, in angir, O God,
ding *sic* folk to the grun for ay.

8 My weary turns ye hae tell'd:

my tears, i' yer caup† kep ye; *f*i'
yer buik sal they no gang ben?

9 My ill-willers yet sal slak their
fit, i' the day *whan* I skreigh till
thee: siclike for a truth I ken;† for
God himsel's wi me.

10 ^g In God I sal praise *his* word;
his word I sal praise, in the LORD.

11 I lippen mylane till God: nane
sal I dread, what son o' the yird can
wark o' *mischieff* till me.

12 Yer ain trysts *are* atowre me,
O God; an' praise I suld swap wi'
thee.

13 ^h Sen my life ye redd out frae
the dead, will ye no keep my feet
frae slidin? till airt me right, in
God's ain sight; ⁱ i' the light o' the
lave that are livin?

PSALM LVII.

*David, wi' a spang, wins atowre frae
Saul hidlins, an' syne gies till God
himsel a' the gloiry an' the gree o'
his out-gang.*

Till the sang-maister: *Al-Tas-
chith: *Michtam o' David's,
whan he slippet frae forenenst
Saul i' the cove.

BE gude till me, God, ^a be gude
till me; for my life lippens a'
till yerlane: ^b i' the sconce o' yer
wings I sal bide a-wee, till a' *thir*
mischieffs are gane.

2 Till the God that's fu' heigh,
I sal skreigh; 'till God that rights
a' for mysel:

3 ^d He sal rax frae the lift, an' sal
redd me free, frae the haughty carl
that wad glaum at me: || Selah.
His rewth an' his trewth God can
sen' far enugh, *himsel*.

4 My life's amang lyouns *its lane*;
I lye amang bleezan bran's: sons o'
the yird, / their teeth pikes an' flanes;
an' their tongue, a swurd sae snell.^e

5 O God, be thou liftit abune the
lift; ^h thy gloiry, owre / yirth itsel!

† Heb. *leather*
caup, or
crusic.

^f Mal. 3, 16.

† Heb. *I ken*
weel.

^g Ver. 4.

^h Ps. 116, 8.

ⁱ Job 33, 30.

A. C. 1062.

*Headin., &c.
1 Sam. 22, 1;
24, 3.
Ps. 142, head-
in.

^a Ps. 56, 1.

^b Ps. 17, 8;
63, 7.

^c Ps. 138, 8.

^d Ps. 144, 5, 7.

^e or, *he sal*
shame him
that *wad*
glaum at me.

^f Ps. 40, 11;
43, 3; 61, 7.

^g Prov. 30, 14.
8 Ps. 55, 21;
64, 3.

^h Ver. 11.
Ps. 108, 5.
† Heb. *hail*
yirth.

^b Ps. 37, 5.
Mat. 6, 25.
Luke 12, 22.
1 Pet. 5, 7.
ⁱ or *hansel*.
^j Ps. 37, 24.

^k Ps. 5, 6.

^l Prov. 10, 27.
Eccles. 7, 17.

A. C. 1062.

*Headin., &c.
An David
war the for-
fa'h'en doo
amang for-
aff folk him-
sel, he was a
stoor ane.
1 Sam. 21, 11.
Ps. 34, 52.
^a Ps. 57, 1.

|| or, *frae a*
heigh place;
frae abune;
or, O Thou
sae Heigh.

^b Ver. 10, 11.

^c Ps. 118, 6.
Isai. 31, 3.
Hebr. 13, 6.

|| or, *what*
can flesh an'
bluid wark
till me?

^d Ps. 59, 3;
140, 2.

^e Ps. 71, 10.

¹ Ps. 7, 15, 16;
9, 15

6 ¹A net they set for my feet, *wan* my life sae laigh was laid; a sheugh they howkit afore my face; i' the heart o't, *themsels* they slade: Selah.

² Ps. 108, 1,
&c.

7 ²My heart, it 's set, O God; my heart, it 's set fu' stieve; *till thee* I maun lilt an' sing:

³ Ps. 16, 9; 30,
12; 108, 1, 2

8 ³Wauken, my gloiry, wauken heigh; langspiel an' harp, *fy haste ye, baith*: mysel I maun wauken or morning.

⁴ Ps. 108, 3-

[or, *nations*,
on the
mither's
side.

⁵ Ps. 36, 5;
71, 19; 103,
11; 108, 4.

⁶ Ver. 5.

9 ⁴I sal lilt till ye, Lord, amang a' the folk; I sal lilt till yersel, amang a' their kin: ||

10 ⁵For heigh till the hevins *is* that rewth o' thine; an' abune the cluds your trewth *can win*.

11 ⁶O God, be thou liftit abune the lift; owre a' the yirth, thy gloiry *seen*.

PSALM LVIII.

David pleas wi' the ill-hearted, ill-deedie folk; an' wytes them at will, i' the name o' God, baith righters an' righted.

⁷ Headins, &c.
Ps. 57.

Till the sang-maister: * Al-Taschith: * Michtam o' David's.

SAY ye ay the right, *wan* ye thrang thegither? Haud ye by the straught, ye sons o' the lan'?

⁸ Ps. 94, 20.
Isai. 10, 1.

2 At heart, ye can ettle mischief without swither; ⁸on yirth, ye hae weigh'd the weight o' yer han's.

⁹ Ps. 51, 5.

3 ⁹Wrang frae the outcome, are a' the wicket; tellin lies, frae the wame they gang gley'd wi' a shog:

¹⁰ Ps. 140, 3;
Eccles. 10, 11.

¹¹ Heb. *as*
like 's can
leuk.

4 ¹⁰Their poisonous 's tas fell as the feim o' an ethir; like the || worm that hears nane, *an'* that steeks its lug; ¹¹

¹² Ps. 140, 3-
Jer. 8, 17.

¹³ Heb. *keepin*
their trokin
bautr, till
waur the
worm, *fu'*
wytsly.

5 That 'll hearken nane till the sugr o' the spaefolk, timin their trokins nevir sae trig. †

¹⁴ Job 4, 10.

6 ¹⁴Dirl their teeth, O God, i' the gab o' them; grush the lang teeth o' the lyouns, O LORD:

7 ¹⁵*E'en sae* lat them thowe, lat them gang like the watirs; || his bolt come abune them, an' sae they be clour'd.

8 Ilk ane o' *them* gang, like the slug that 's ay thowan; ¹⁶like woman's lost fraucht, lat them ne'er see the sun.

9 Or yer pats *on the fire* hae got word o' the †lowan; sae, a' livin-like, sae bleezan in wuth, †he sal whirl them dune.

10 The gude sal be blythe, wan he ¹⁷sees sic right-rackin; ¹⁸his feet i' the bluid o' the wicket he'll sine:

11 An' the carl sal say—Aye, *thar 's* a †hairst for the rightous: Aye, thar 's a God, out o' doubt, that right-rechts i' the lan'!

¹⁹ Josh. 7, 5.
|| or, *his bolts*
he sal send:
twa Hebrew
readins here.

²⁰ Job 3 16;
Eccles. 6, 3.

²¹ Heb. *thorns*,
for lightin
the fire: †i.e.
he sal tak
awa the folk,
faster nor
pats frae
bleezan
thorns.

²² Ps. 52, 6;
64, 10.

²³ Ps. 68, 23.

²⁴ Heb. *fruite*.

PSALM LIX.

David, sair fash'd wi' a wbeen ill-heartit sornin loons that ettle his skaith, lays a' afore God.

A. C. 1063.

Till the sang-maister: * Al-Taschith: Michtam o' David's; whan Saul gied word, an' they wairdit the houss to fell him.

²⁵ Headins, &c.
1 Sam. 19, 11.

RAX me, O God, frae my faes; ²⁶abune my gainstan'ers heize me:

²⁷ Ps. 18, 43.

2 Redd me frae them that wad wark *me* ill; an' frae bluidy carls weise me.

3 For leuk, they tak thought for my life; ²⁸they gather again me, the mighty; *for* nae ill o' my ain, O LORD; nae faut o' mine, *they can wyte me*.

²⁹ Ps. 56, 6.

4 Saikless, for ill, they rin an' they redd; ³⁰wauken †till meet me, an' see *me saif*:

³¹ Ps. 44, 23-

³² Heb. *till cry*
to me, as ane
does whan
he rins till
meet an-
ther.

5 Aye, yersel, O LORD, God o' hosts; God o' Israel, wauken an' wait; till wair *their ain wyte* on the hethen a': pitie nane that †hae pleasur in skaith: Selah.

³³ Heb. *wan*
ettle skaith
quickly, *wi'*
a twill.

³⁴ Heb. *they*
come bak.

6 †They come wi' the gloamin;

^dVerse 14. they gowl like the dog; an' syne they gang roun the brugh:^d

^ePs. 57, 4. Prov. 12, 18. 7 Tak tent, what a gurl's i' their gab; 'swards *are* atween their lips: bot wha can hearken the sugh?

^f1 Sam. 19, 16; Ps. 2, 4. 8 Bot *syerlane* sal mak light o' them, LORD; ye sal laugh at the hethen a':

[†]Heb. *his help*. ^gVerse 17. 9 For *†*sic help, on yerlane I sal bide, *g* for it 's God, that 's my ain heigh-ha'.

^hPs. 54, 7; 92, 11. 10 God, his gude-will wins afore me; ^h God, he sal gar me leuk *down*, on them that wad warsle an' waur me.

ⁱGen. 4, 12, 15. 11 'Ding them na dead outright, or the folk 'll forget it sune; *bot* sperfie them sair i' yer might: O LORD, our schild, ding them down!

^kProv. 12, 13; 18, 7. 12 'The faut o' their mouthe, the gab o' their lips; they sal *a'* be taen i' their pride: for threepin a lie, an' trokin a lie, they count on *naething beside*.

^lPs. 7, 9. 13 'Waste ye in wuth; waste ye, an' ding them awa till nought: ^m syne sal they ken thar 's a God can fen', till yirth's outmaist en', *†* in Jakob: Selah.

ⁿPs. 83, 18. [†]Heb. *ends o' the lan'*, or *yirih*.

ⁿVerse 6.

^oJoh 15, 23. Ps. 109, 10. 14 Lat them come wi' the gloamin syne; lat them gowl like a dog, an' gang roun the citie:ⁿ

^oVerse 10. 15 ^o Lat them harl about for meat till eat; an' *†*thole the hail night, an they're needie.

^pVerse 9, 10. 16 Bot I sal lilt loud o' yer strenth; an' sal tell yer gude-will i' the mornin: for ye 'been a stoop till me; an' a bield to mysel, i' the day o' *sic* dulefu' sornin.

17 O my strenth, I shall lilt till thee: ^q for God is my ain heigh-ha'din; God is my ain gude-gree!

PSALM LX.

A C. 140.

An the Lord help-na, man may quat fechtin: an the Lord help weel,

brughs maun jouk, an' heigh-towirs trimmle.

Till the sang-maister on Shushan-Eduth: *Michtam o' David's, till wit; whan he tuilzied wi' the *†*Syrians *atween* the watirs, an' wi' the Syrians *forrenst* Zobah: an' Joab, i' the hame-comin, dang Edom in the howe o' Saut, *awwa* by twal thousan.

O GOD, ^a ye *ance* schot us at-owre, ye dang us a' syndry in bits; ye gied uncolie way till wuth; come hame till us now, it 's *blawn owre*.

2 The yirth ye gar'd reel fu' sair; ye hae riv'n her amaist in twa: heal ye *a'* her skelvy scaurs; for scho jouks an' dinnles *an' a' g*.

3 ^b Yer folk ye gar'd see rough wark; 'e ye sloken'd oursels wi' the wine o' wonner:

4 ^d Yet ye'gien till wha fear thee, a flag; afore the truth, till haud heigh *like* a banner.

5 'That the folk ye loe weel may win hame out o' thril, help *wi'* yer right han', an' hear me!

6 Quo' God, *†* whar he bides by himlane, I maun up: Shechem I 'll synder in twa, an' redd out the howe o' Succoth.

7 Gilode, it 's mine ain, mine eke sal Manasseh *be*: *†* Ephraim as weel, my head sal hain; *g an'* Judah gie laws for me.

8 Moab's but my sinin-cog; ^h owre Edom I'll sling my shoe: gin ye daur me, *†* Philistia, *now!*

9 Wha sal airt me the heigh-bigget brugh? wha sal weise me in owre till Edom?

10 Winna ye, yerlane, O God, wha ance schot us a' atowre? *†* winna *†* ye gang furth, O God, along wi' our hosts till the stour?

^{*}Headins, &c. Ps. 80.

[†]Heb. *Aram-Naharaim*, an' *Aram-Zobah*. 2 Sam. 8, 3, 13. 1 Chron. 18, 3, 12.

^aPs. 44, 9.

^gTho' we hear na mair word o't, thar's been some unco sweian an' rivan o' the lan' afore this, that frightit the folk—some yirth-quauk.

^bPs. 71, 20.

^cIsal. 51, 17, 22. Jer. 25, 15.

^dPs. 20, 5.

^ePs. 108, 6, an' on till the end. David has haen twice word frae God, anent haudin his ain wi' the Syrians.

† or, *ben i' his haliness.*

^fDeut. 33, 17.

^gGen. 49, 19

^hPs. 108, 9.

† or, *geck ye for, or owre me*; as our Inglis taks't, bot wi' nae pith.

ⁱPs. 44, 9; 108, 11.

† or, *an' ye didna.*

For, in Man;
a canny jouk
o' David's on
the twa
words, that
are grundit
baith on
Ed'm or
Ed'm.

*Ps. 146, 3.
Num. 24, 18.
1 Chron. 19,
15.

† Heb. a' our
facer.

*Headins, &c.

11 An ye gie us help frae stretts,
what signifies strenth in Edom? ||
12 *Wi' God himsel, we 'se do
unco weel; for himlane sal down-
tread our hail fae-dom! †

PSALM LXI.

*The braw hership o' them wha lippen
till the Lord.*

Till the sang-maister on Neginoth: *
ane o' David's.

HEARKEN, O God, till my
skreigh; tak tent till my
bidden.

2 Frae the yonder-maist neuk o'
the lan', I sal cry till yersel, whan
my heart mislappens: Till the craig
owre heigh for mylane, ye maun
weise me sikker.

3 For ye 'been a stoop till me;
an' a hainin-towir frae the face o'
ill-willer.

4 *I maun taigle ay i' that howff
o' thine: † I maun lippen me a' in
the sconce o' yer feddirs: †. Selah.

5 For yerlane, O God, hae hear-
ken'd my trysts; o' wha fear thy
name, the gear-gift ye hae gien me.

6 Mony a lang day † hae ye wair'd
on the king; † towmonds o' his are
like hail kith-gettins.

7 He sal bide evir mair afore God
himsel: † rewth an' trewth ye maun
sen, for till haud him sikker.^d

8 Syne sae sal I lilt evir mair till
yer name; an' pay ye my trysts, ae
day wi' anither.

PSALM LXII.

*A loun sugh wi' God, an' nae mis-
lipp'nin o' the langest tryst wi' him.*

Till the sang-maister, till Jeduthun: *
ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

SURELY wi' God *suld my saul
be loun? frae himlane *has been*
a' my heal-ha'din.

2 *Surely himlane's *been* my ha'din

an' † health; my heigh ha'din-up, † I
sal nane mislappen.

3 How lang will ye ettle mischief
for a man? ye sal e'en be dead-
schuten, the hail o' ye: † like some
out-schotten dyke, like some ill-
thrawn wa', ye *sal gang*.

4 They tak thought for nought
but till ding him laigh: leasin's
their life; † wi' their mouthe they
wiss weel, i' their wame they wiss
ill, *till him*: Selah.

5 Surely *wi' God* † suld my saul be
loun? for *lang on* himlane I hae
weary't:

6 Surely himlane's *been* my ha'din
an' health: my heigh ha'din-up, I
sal nane be steerit.

7 On God's my heal-ha'din, an'
gloiry guid: my hainin-towir an' my
tryste's in God.

8 Lippen ye till himsel ever mair,
ye folk; † toom out yer hearts afore
him: God, for oursels, *is* a to-flight:
Selah.

9 *Surely sons o' the cotter *are*
naught; an' sons o' the carl *are* but
leasin? till weigh them on bawks
the twa; *are* they *no* baith lighter
nor naething?

10 Till stouthrief lippen ye nane,
an' o' herriment ne'er mak a bost:
† on gear, tho' it growes itslane, ye
suld ne'er lat yer heart hae trost.

11 † Ance quo' God *himsel*; twice
hae I heard the same: That might
until God *effeirs*.

12 *An' nieborlie-will, O Lord,
effeirs forby till thee; for till ilka
man will ye pay hame, as his ain
han's-wark sal be.

PSALM LXIII.

*God's gree better till his ain folk, nor
wa's o' watir i' the wustlan'.*

Ane heigh-lilt o' David's; *whan
he taig't i' the wustlan' o' Judea.

† Heb. my
health.

*Ps. 37, 24.

† Isai. 30, 13.

*Ps. 28, 3.

|| or, my saul,
be loun; a
sma' differ
frae Verse 1:
may be nae
differ, for a'.

† 1 Sam. 1, 15.
Lam. 2, 19.

*Ps. 39, 5, 11.
Isai. 40, 15.
17.
Rom. 3, 4.

b Job 31, 25.
Luke 12, 15.
1 Tim. 6, 17.

† Job 33, 14.
* Job 34, 11.
Prov. 24, 12.

Jer. 32, 19.
Ezek. 7, 27;
33, 20.

Mat. 16, 27.
Rom. 2, 6.

1 Cor. 3, 8.
2 Cor. 5, 10.
Eph. 6, 8.
Col. 3, 25.

† 1 Peter 1, 17.
Rev. 22, 12.

A.C. 1062-3.

* 1 Sam. 22,
5; 23, 14,
15, 16.

*Ps. 27, 4.

*Ps. 17, 8; 57,
1; 91, 4.

† Heb. wings.

† Heb. days
abundant days.

*Ps. 21, 4.

† Heb. afore
God's ain
face.

*Ps. 40, 11.
Prov. 20, 28.

A. C. 1048.

*Headins, &c.
1 Chron. 25,
1, 3.

*Ps. 33, 20.

* Verse 6.

O GOD, ye are God o' my ain;
wi' the glintin I sought yersel:

^a my saul, it maun win till thee; my
bouk, it clings for yerlane; in a dry
drowthy lan', † whar nae watirs be:

2 † Till see ye again i' yer halie
howff; till leuk on yer might an'
yer gloiry *syne*.^b

3 ^c For yer gudeness *is* mair nor
life, my lips sal gie laud till thee:

4 Sae blythe maun I bid thee, ay
while I live; my loov's I maun lift
till that name o' thine.

5 As *wi'* creesh an' *wi'* talch, sal
my saul be sta't; an' wi' liltin lips
sal my mouthe gang free:

6 ^d Whan I think o' yersel on my
bed o' *dule*; † whan I wauken at
night, I sal mind on thee.

7 For ye've been a stoop till mysel;
† i' the § scaum o' yer wings I sal lilt
an' laud.

8 My saul, it hauds eftir ye close;
yer right han', till me it's a gad. †
9 Bot, my life wha wad herry
till dead, lat them gang till yirth's
laighest line:

10 Lat them ‖ stoit on the nieve
o' the swurd; an' be glaum for the
foxes *syne*.

11 Bot the king sal be blythe in
God; † a' that swear by him, fu'
blythe sal they be: sae the gab sal
be steekit for ay, o' them wha can
yammir a lie.

PSALM LXIV.

*The hame-come o' lies an' ill-willin, on
the lean ill-willer himsel.*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-
lilt o' David's.

HEARKEN, O God, till the
sugh o' my sighan; frae dread
o' the fae, haud atowre my life.

2 Hap me fu' lown frae the whush
o' ill-doers; frae the dinsome thrang
o' wha wark mischief:

3 ^a Wha whatt their tongues like

a swurd; *wha* ‖ straik out their bolts
o' canker'd crack:

4 Till hit the aefauld, in some
canny neuk; they hit him fu' snell,
an' they dread nae wrack.

5 ^b They stoop themselfs weel *wi'*
the word o' ill; they claiver o' set-
tin girns: ‖ Wha sal leuk for them
syne? they threep.

6 They ripe out mischief wi' a
will; † they ripe an' they ripe, till
they're dune. O gin the benmaist
neuk, an' heart o' ilk ane, be-na
deep!

7 ^c Bot God sal sen' them a shaft;
fu' snell sal their blaudin be:

8 Their ain tongue, they sal bring
on themselfs; ^d wha sees them, ilk
ane, they sal flee.

9 An' filk mither's-son sal dread,
an' God's ain wark they sal tell:
na, 'the wark o' his *han'* they sal
heed. §

10 Lat the righteous be blythe i'
the LORD, an' lippen fu' lang till
himself; an' lat a' that are single in
heart gie laud wi' a liltin-spell.^f

PSALM LXV.

*Nae liltin o' laud at Zioun an God be
na thar: naest till him, maun be
blythest; but his gude-will's at-
owre us a': the yirth hersel's fu'
faun at his comin.*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-
lilt an' sang o' David's.

THAR'S a whush for yersel,
O God, i' the liltin o' laud
at Zioun; till yersel sal the tryst
be made-guid:

2 Till yersel, wha can hearken
prayer, ^a a' flesh be till airt its road.

3 † Words wi' a faut, are owre
mony for me; our deeds wi' a
faut, ye sal dicht them by.

4 ^b Blythe *abune* a' maun he be, ye
wale an' tak hame wi' yersel; he
sal bide i' yer faulds sae fine: ^c bot

‖ or, *stent*,
for schutin.

^b Prov. 1, 11.

‖ or, *wha sal*
see them?

† Heb. *they*
mak an end
to ripe out,
wi' ripan.

^c Ps. 7, 12, 13.

^d Ps. 31, 11;
52, 6.

† Heb. *a' man*.

^e Ps. 40, 3.

§ That is,
they sal ken
brawly it's
his ain wark,
an' no ani-
ther's.

^f Ps. 32, 11;
58, 10.

^a Ps. 42, 2; 84,
2; 143, 6.

† Heb. *twant-*
in teatir.

† Heb. *that I*
might see ye,
&c.

^b 1 Sam. 4, 21.

1 Chron. 16,
11.

Ps. 78, 61.

^c Ps. 30, 5.

^d Ps. 42, 8;
119, 55;
149, 5.

† Heb. *in my*
scawkenins.

^e Ps. 61, 4.

§ Light shed
o' simmer
clouds, like
feddins on
the lift.

+ Heb. *it*
hauds me up,
like a staff.

‖ or, *gang till*
bits: ferst
till be sned
wi' the
swurd, *syne*
till be gien
to foxes.

^f Deut. 6, 13.
Isai. 45, 23;
65, 16.
Zeph. 1, 5.

^a Ps. 11, 2;
57, 4.

^a Isai. 66, 23.

+ Heb. *words*
o' wurang; or,
ill-set words.

^b Ps. 33, 12;

84, 4. Ane,
like the
Heigh Priest,
maun gang
ben; bot the
lave sal be
weel ser't.

^c Ps. 36, 8.

we sal be stegh't wi' the gude o' yer houss, that halie biggen o' thine.

5 Sair wonners, O God, our heal-ha'din, in right ye hae gar'd us ken; tryste till a' ends o' the yirth, an' till them owre the sea that fen:

6 Rightin the hills in his strenth, ^dgraith't wi' nae end o' might:

7 'Whushin the sugh o' the fludes, the sugh o' their waves, an' the peopil's sigh.^f

8 An' the dwellers on yonder-maist-yird, are fleyed at the trysts ye sen': the outgang o' mornin, *the hame-come* o' night, ye mak them *baith* liltin fain.[§]

9 Ye win till the yirth, ^ean' ye drook it; ye seep it fu' saft wi' the [†]spring-tide o' God: ye lucken their corn i' the growin, whan sae ye hae ready'd the road.

10 Her furs ye swak wi' a spate-fu'; ye sloken her rigs wi' showers; her braird ye bring blythely awa.

11 Sae the year ye hae crown'd wi' yer gudeness; an' yer roun-gaens dreep rowth as they gang:[§]

12 They dreep *on* the bawks i' the wustlan'; an' the knowes, they are graithit wi' sang:

13 The lea's, they are happit wi' [†]fleeshes; ^han' the howes, they are theekit wi' corn: they skreigh wi' content o' pleasance; na, wi' joye they're ^a liltin thrang.[‡]

PSALM LXVI.

A lilt i' the name o' Jakob's folk, an they kent weel how till lilt it.

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-lilt an' kirk-sang.

LILT wi' a sugh till God, O a' the yirth:

2 Lilt loud till his name the weight o' its fame; gie himsel a' the weight o' his gloiry.

3 Quo' ye until God, How aw-some in warks o' yer ain! 'I' the

feck o' yer might, sal ill-willers o' thine lout like liears afore ye.

4 ^bLout till yersel, sal a' the yirth: loud till yersel sal they lilt; they sal lilt *till* yer name fu' cheerie: Selah.

5 ^cHere-awa syne, see the warks o' God; sae dread a' he does till the bairns o' yird:

6 ^dHe swapit the sea for a bawk o' san'; ^eon fit, they gaed owre the tide: fu' blythe in himsel war we than.[†]

7 He hauds ay a heigh han' o' his ain; ^fhis een skance atowre on the hethen: lat-na thrawart-loons, that wad fain rebel, mak owre heigh o' themsel: Selah.

8 Blythe-bid our ain God, O a' ye folk, an' the sugh o' his praise lat them hearken:

9 Wha hauds ay our life in [†]livan rife; an' tholes-na our fit till stacher.

10 ^gFor ye kent us fu' brawlie, O God; ^hye tried us as siller is tried:

11 Ye fankit us roun wi' the net; ye pat graith on our lisk like a snude:[†]

12 ⁱCarls on our croun ye gar'd ride; ^kwe gaed e'en through the fire an' the flude: bot ye brought us till rowthe o' gude.[†]

13 ^lI sal ben till yer houss wi' bleezan gifts; ^mmy trysts I maun redd wi' thee:

14 What my lips they cam out wi', my ain mouthe spak, whan dule it was sair on me.

15 Hansels o' guid I sal heise, wi' the talch o' tups, till thee: o' [†]knowte an' o' gaits *till yersel*, sal I mak ane offran free: Selah.

16 ⁿHere-awa syne, an' hearken ye; I sal tell yo, ilk ane wha has dread o' God, what he for my saul has dune:

^b Ps. 67, 3.

^c Ps. 46, 8.

^d Exod. 14, 21.

^e Josh. 3, 14.

[†] Heb. *thar*

^f Ps. 11, 4.

[†] Heb. *in lives*.

^g Ps. 17, 3.
^h Isai. 48, 10.
^b Zech. 13, 9.

[†] Heb. *hard haudin graith*.

ⁱ Isai. 51, 23.

^k Isai. 43, 2.

[†] Heb. *till weel wa-hir'd, or fudit lan'*.

^l Ps. 100, 4.
^m Eccles. 5, 4.

[†] Heb. *knowte wi' gaits*.

ⁿ Ps. 34, 11.

^d Ps. 93, 1.

^e Ps. 89, 9;
107, 29.

^f Ps. 76, 10.
Isai. 17, 12, 13.

[§]Far-aff folk, baith east an' west, hae a visit frae God i' their turn.

^g Ps. 36, 8; 68, 9, 10; 104, 13.

[†] Heb. *rowwan watir zui a spate*:
Ps. 46, 4.

[§]That is, frae seed-time till hairst, an' frae winter till simmer, roun.

[†] Heb. *flocks o' fe*.

^b Isai. 55, 12.

[†] It maks ane fain, till think on't.

^a Ps. 18, 44.

¶ or, in place
o' my tongue.

° Prov. 28, 9.
Isai. 1, 15.
John 9, 31.
James 4, 3.

17 I cry't till himlane wi' my
mouthe; an' his gree was ¶aneth
my tongue.

18 °Gin I leuk like mischieff i' my
heart, the LORD wad ne'er hearken
ava':

19 Bot God surely hearken'd my-
sel; he tentit the sugh o' my ca'.

20 Blythe, blythe may God be;
wha †thol'd ay my bidden wi' him,
an' ne'er took his gude frae me!

PSALM LXVII.

*A lilt o' laud for nieborly folk, till the
God that bauds a' fu' nieborlie.*

Till the sang-maister on Neginoth:*
ane heigh-lilt an' kirk-sang.

a Ps. 4, 6.

GOD be gude till us; aye, an'
be kind till us; °glint his face
on us: Selah.

2 That yer gate may be kent on
the yirth; an' yer health amang a'
the hethen.

b Ps. 66, 4.

3 °Lat the folk gie ye laud, O
God; lat the folk gie ye laud, the
hail o' them.

c Ps. 96, 13.

4 Lat nieborly kins be blythe an'
lilt: 'for the folk ye sal right i' the
gate that's straight; an' the kins i'
the lan', ye sal niebor them: Selah.

5 Lat the folk gie ye laud, O God;
lat the folk gie ye laud, the hail o'
them.

d Ps. 85, 12.

6 °Her outcome the yirth sal mak
guid; an' God, our ain God, sal
blythe-bid us:

7 God, he sal blythe-bid oursels;
an' a' ends o' the yirth sal be fley'd
o' him!

PSALM LXVIII.

*The story o' Jakob's folk whan God
brought them out frae thral, wi'
mony a lilt o' laud for his wonner-
warks than: ettled, aiblins, for the
flittin o' the ark by David.*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-
lilt o' David's, an' a sang.

GOD °sal win up; his faes sal
be skail'd; an' his haters
†afore him sal flee.

2 °As the reek blows owre, ye sal
ding them by: °as wax i' the lowe
gaes awa'; sae fast, afore the face o'
God, the warkers o' wrang sal fa'.

3 °Bot the rightous sal ay be
blythe; they sal lowp afore him fu'
fain: na, wi' vera blythe-heid they
sal sten'.

4 °Sing ye till God, sing a sang
till his name: †uphaud wha rides
on the croun o' the lift, by that
name o' his ain, by JAH; be blythe
afore him an' a'.

5 °Faither o' faitherless folk, an'
righter o' widows forby, is God in
his ain halie howff.

6 °God gars the nieborless dwell
at hame; †he lowes the thirl out o'
ban'; †bot thrawart loons get leave
till bide, whar they are, in a drowthy
lan'.

7 O God, 'whan ye fuhred afore
yer folk; whan ye fuhred in the
wustlan': Selah.

8 °Yirth trimml't hersel; na, the
lifts afore God, they war skailin:
yon Sinai sheuk afore God, the God
o' Israel's wulin.

9 °Ye toom't out a gush o' gude-
will, O God; yer heritage syne, sae
uncolie gane, ye stoopit it ay frae
failin.

10 That thrang o' yer ain couth
fen i' the same; °frae yer gudeness,
O God, rowth ye made-guid till
the puirest.

11 The Laird |o' the warl' gied the
word; ane unco gath'ran †soundit.

12 °Kings o' companies fled out-
right, †an' the hame-keeper pairtit
the rievans.

13 Tho' ye had lien i' yer ain pat-

a Num. 10, 35.

† Heb. frae
his face.

b Isai. 9, 18.
Hos. 13, 3.

c Ps. 97, 5.
Mic. 1, 4.

d Ps. 32, 11.

e Ps. 66, 4.
/ Deut. 33, 26.
Verse 33.

f Ps. 10, 14,
18; 146, 9.

h 1 Sam. 2, 5.
Ps. 113, 9.

i Ps. 107, 10;
146, 7.

k Ps. 107, 34,
40.

l Judges 4, 14.

m Exod. 19,
16, 18.
Judg. 5, 4.
Isai. 64, 1, 3.

n Deut. 11,
11, 12.

o Ps. 74, 19.

¶ or, o' the
lan': see Ps.
2, 4.

† Heb. o' them
that soundit.

p Num. 31, 8,
9, 54.

† Heb. they
fled, they fled.

§ The gowden doo wi' siller wings, a battle flag. Tho' God's folk had ne'er steer'd frae the neuk, God an' the doo cou'd ding a' afore them; or, God dang kings that lippen'd till the doo, when his ain folk war hidin. Our Inglis wrangs the hail o' this.

¶ Num. 21, 3.

¶ Ps. 114, 4, 6.

¶ Ps. 87, 1;

132, 13, 14.

¶ Deut. 33, 2.

2 Kings 6, 16,

17. Dan. 7,

10. Rev. 9, 16.

¶ or, in the haliness; or,

halie place.

¶ Eph. 4, 8.

¶ Judg. 5, 12.

¶ or, third'd.

the hame-comers.

¶ Ps. 78, 60.

¶ Deut. 32, 39.

Rev. 1, 18;

20, 1.

¶ Ps. 110, 6.

Hab. 3, 13.

¶ Num. 21, 33.

¶ Exod. 14, 22.

¶ Ps. 58, 10.

¶ 1 Kings 21,

19.

¶ 1 Chron. 13,

8; 15, 16.

Ps. 47, 5.

¶ or, tangers.

† Heb. tim-

brellin; or,

tambourin.

neuk; § the wings o' the doo wi' siller dight, an' her feddiers wi' gowden sheen, *was enugh*:

14 ¶ Whan Almighty dang kings wi' her *wings*, scho was brighter nor snaw on Salmon.

15 The height o' God, it *was* Bashan height; a heigh among heights *was* Bashan.

16 ¶ Whatfor lowp ye, ye haughty hills? 'This *is* the hill it likes God still, till dwell in: na, the LORD himsel evir mair ettles it, for his hallan.

17 'God's sleds o' war twenty thousand are; thousands on thousands; the LORD, *as* on Sinai, || a' by himlane, among them.

18 'Ye hae skail'd the height; ¶ ye hae bun' the ban'; || ye taen hansels on man—aye, the rebel clan; *till haud God the LORD *among* them.

19 Blythe, blythe be the LORD, the day lang; wha wearies us ay *wi' his blessin*: a God like himsel *is* our ain heal-ha'din: Selah.

20 A God fu' mighty 's this God o' our ain; Salvatioun's God: 'an' wi' him that 's baith LORD *an'* Laird, are the outgates frae death *till his peopil*.

21 *Bot God sal ding his ill-willers' croun, an' the hairy scaup o' the man that gangs on, i' the *gate* o' his ain ill-doens.

22 Quo' the LORD, ¶ I maun fesh frae Bashan; ¶ frae the howes o' the sea, I'se fesh hame:

23 'That yer feet ye might weet, i' the blude o' yer faes; ¶ the tongue o' yer dogs, i' the same.

24 Yer gates, O God, they hae seen; the gates o' my God, o' my King, i' that howff o' his ain sae halie:

25 ¶ Ferst gaed the lilters, syne the ||sang-tilters; the lasses †wi' timbrels atween.

26 O bless ye God, i' the thrang o' the kirks; the LORD, a' ye *wha* ¶ frae Israel spring. ||

27 Thar *gaed* ¶ young Benjamin, laird o' their ain; princes o' Judah, their council †fine: princes o' Zabalun, princes o' Naphtali *syne*.

28 That God o' yer ain yer strenth sal hain; strenthen, O God, the wark ye hae wrought for ourlane.

29 For that howff o' yer ain, owre Jerusalem *till be*; ¶ kings o' the folk sal sen' gifts till thee.

30 Wyte the wild brute o' †the bogs; 'the thrang o' the knowte, wi' the stirks o' the clans; *till* they lout themselfs a' wi' siller-trokes: ding ye the folk that are fechtan-fain.

31 Gran' eneugh a' frae Ægypt sal come; ¶ Cush, until God, sal †sune rax her han's.

32 Lilt until God, ye kingryks o' yirth; lilt ye fu' loud till the Laird o' the lan': Selah.

33 'Till wha rides, frae langsyne, on the lift o' lifts: Hearken! ¶ he ettles a skreigh, wi' that †ca' o' his ain, sae gran'.

34 Gie the might till himsel, *that 's* God's. His ha'din 's owre Israel heigh; an' his might, *it 's* among the cluds.

35 ¶ Dreadfu' eneugh, O God, are ye frae yer howffs sae halie. Israel's God himlane, *is the* God that gies strenth, an' might mony feck, till his folk: Blessed be God, *ay!*

PSALM LXIX.

David, i' the sairrest dwaum about the biggen o' God's hous, wytit wi' rievian an' a' the rest o't, pleans uncolie to God: God sal rax him abune a' siclike, an' his ill-willers a' sal ding owre.

Till the sang-maister on *Shoshanim: *ane* o' David's.

¶ Deut. 33, 28. Isai. 48, 1.

¶ or, *qua't-head o' Israel*. ¶ 1 Sam. 9, 21.

† Heb. in purple, or cramoisie.

¶ 1 Kings 10, 10, 24, 25. 2 Chron. 32, 23.

Ps. 72, 10;

¶ 11.

Isai. 60, 16, 17.

† Heb. *reeds*:

ettles the

wild, outly-

ing folk o'

the wust-

lan', about

Babylon.

Jer. 51, 32,

33.

¶ Ps. 22, 12.

¶ Ps. 72, 9.

Isai. 45, 14.

Zeph. 3, 10.

† Heb. *rax*

hinnin.

¶ Ps. 18, 10;

104, 3.

Verse 4.

¶ Ps. 29, 3, &c.

† Heb. *voice*:

nae word but

ca' in Scots,

till niebor't.

¶ or, frae the

Italian, 's but

feckless.

¶ Ps. 45, 4.

*Headin', &c.

Ps. 45.

^a Verses 2, 14, 15.
Jonah 2, 5.
^b Ps. 40, 2.

^c Ps. 119, 82, 123.

^d John 15, 25.

§ David wad like ill, his ain wrangdoen suld thraw the biggen o' God's houss, he had sae sair at heart; an' has been wytit wi' stouthrief for the same.

^e Ps. 31, 11.
Isai. 53, 3.
John 7, 5.

^f Ps. 119, 139.
John 2, 17.
^g Ps. 89, 50, 51.
Rom. 15, 3.
^b Ps. 35, 13, 14.

+ Heb. *twi' wastin*.

ⁱ 1 Kings 9, 7.

^k Job 30, 9.
Ps. 35, 15, 16.
† Heb. *Neginoth*.

^l Isai. 49, 8; 55, 6.
2 Cor. 6, 2.

S AIF me, O God; ^a for the watirs win hame till the saul.

2 ^b 'Am lair't i' the clay sae deep, nae stanane hae I: I hae won till the neth-maist flude, an' the spate has gane owre me braid.

3 'Am forfairn wi' my skreighan; my hals, it's as dry: 'my een wear awa, as I wait on my God.

4 Thranger nor hairs on my head, ^d are the folk that ill-will me for nought; wha gird at me ay, are mighty; folk that ill-will me for nought: syne **sent I hame**, what I took-na awa. §

5 My folly, **O God, ye** ken weel yerlane; an' fauts o' my ain are no happit frae thee.

6 Bot lat nane, for my *faut*, hing their heads, wha think lang for yersel, O Lord, LORD o' hosts: Lat nane, O Israel's God, wha seek for yersel, gang gyte for the sake o' me.

7 For, for thee I hae tholed the scorn; schame, it has happit my face:

8 'Frem hae I been till my brether; no-kent till my ain mither's sons.

9 ^f For the kiaugh o' yer houss, it has glaum'd me up; ^g an' the jeers o' wha gibet yersel, they *e'en* cam a' down on me.

10 ^h Gin I grat, † an' wastit my life, siclike was a scorn o' my ain:

11 An I cled mysel owre wi' harn, syne I was a 'by-word till them:

12 They clavier'd again me, wha sat i' the yett; ^k wha sweel'd at the bicker, I *was* their sang. †

13 Bot me, O LORD, my bidden's yer ain ⁱ i' the likely time: O God, i' the feck o' yer gudeness, hearken me hame; i' the trewth o' heal-ha'din *that's* thine.

14 Rax me atowre frae the clay, an' let me nane sink *i' the troch*:

^m frae my ill-willers *a'* lat me gang, an' eke frae the howe o' the loch."

15 Lat-na the spate win atowre me; an' lat-na the watir-weight smoor me; nor the heugh steek her mouthe on me.

16 Harken me, LORD, for yer gudeness *is* gude; i' the rowth o' yer pitie, leuk owre till me.

17 ⁿ An' hap-na yer face frae yer loon *that's* in ban'; whan thar's strettis at my † yett, fy haste ye, till hear me.

18 Come in-owre till my saul, rax her out frae *sic thral*; for my ill-willers' sake, O wear me!

19 ^p My scorn ye ken weel, an' the schame that I *thole*, an' the wytin I *dree*; ilk fae that I hae, *they're* afore ye.

20 Sic scorn, it's riv'n my heart; an' ^q I weary'd an' pined for a frien' till 'plean, bot no ane: an' for folk till speak lown, but fand nane.

21 Poisoun pat they i' my meat; ^r an' i' my drowth, they gied me till drink draegs o' the canker'd wine.

22 'Lat their buird be a girn afore them; an' their trysts but a net i' their gate:

23 'Lat their een be smoor'd i' the mirk; an' their lisks, haud them ay quaukin:

24 ^s Toom out abune them yer wuth; an' the torne o' yer angir fang them:

25 ^t Wust lat their biggens lye; an' nae livin bide i' their shielins:

26 For they dang, ^u o' free will, wham yerlane was dingin; an' till the stoun o' yer ain woundit folk, they eke't the fash o' their talkin. †

27 Eke ye ill, till a' ill o' their ain; ^v an' ne'er lat them ben till yer rightin: †

28 ^w Lat them e'en be dicht out frae the Buik o' Life, ^b an' nane wi' the righteous be written.

^m Ps. 144, 7.
ⁿ Verses 1, 2, 15.

^o Ps. 27, 9; 102, 2.

† Heb. *mysel*.

^p Ps. 22, 6, 7.
Isai. 53, 3.

^q Ps. 142, 4.
Isai. 63, 5.

^r Rom. 11, 9, 10.

^s Isai. 6, 9, 10.
John 12, 39, 40.
Rom. 11, 10.

^t 1 Thess. 2, 16.

^u Acts 1, 20.

^v Isai. 53, 4.

† Heb. *they clavier on to the sair fash o' yer ain woundit anes*; or, *wha ye hae woundit*.

^w Isai. 26, 10.
Rom. 9, 31.

† Heb. *right-ounes*, or *right*.

^a Exod. 32, 32.
Rev. 13, 8.
^b Ezck. 13, 9.
Luke 10, 20.

29 Bot mylane, sae forfocht'n an' wae, yer heal-ha'din, O God, be my stoop.

30 I sal lilt till God's name wi' a sang; I sal heise him fu' heigh, wi' liltin o' laud:

31 'An' mair till the LORD sal it be, nor a stot, nor a stirk wi' baith horn an' cloot. §

32 'A' lown-livin folk, they sal see; wha spier ay for God, sal be blythe; 'an' the hearts o' ye a' sal thrive.

33 For the LORD he sal hearken the puir; an' his folk in sic thrall, he sal ne'er mislippen.

34 'Lilt till him syne sal the lift an' the lan'; 's the fludes, an' ilk haet that gangs wurblin thro' them.

35 For God sal haud Zioun fu' sikker, an' the towns o' Judah sal big: an' thar sal the folk mak their dwellin, an' sal haud their ain right i' the rig.

36 'An' his thirlfolk's ain outcome sal fa' the same; an' a' frien's o' his name, thar sal bide.

PSALM LXX.

A canny plea wi' God, again ill-doers.
Till the sang-maister: *ane o' David's;*
*till keep *God* in mind.

O GOD, till be skowth to me;
LORD, till be stoop to me,
haste ye *an' gang:* ^a

2 ^bBlate an' be-fule'd be they,
wha seek the life o' me; hame'ard
an' gyte gae they, wha wiss me
wrang.

3 'Wha cry Ha, ha! *till me*, fee
for their scorn *o' me*, turn'd bak lat
them be:

4 Bot fyke an' be fain in thee, a'
wha spier eftir thee: an' wha lo'e
that health o' thine, ay lat them cry
fu' fain, God be on hie!

5 'Bot puir an' forfairn am I; O

God, mak haste to me: strenth o'
mine, yett o' mine, ye *are* yerlane;
†LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, taigle ye
nane!

PSALM LXXI.

*David tells a' bow the Lord has guided
him; has lauded him loud lang-syne,
an' sal laud him ay till be die.*

[Wants the headin, altho' it be
David's.]

TILL yerlane, O LORD, 'I hae
lippen'd; lat me nane hing my
head for ay:

2 ^bIn yer *rightousness* redd me, an'
rax me atowre; lout me yer lug fu'
laigh, an' wair yer heal-ha'din on me.

3 'Be ye till mysel for a hainin-
towir, till win ben to fu' sikkerly
ay: ye hae ettled till haud me saif;
for my craig an' my castel *are* ye.

4 ^dMy God, lat me gang frae the
han' o' the wrang; frae the grip o'
the godlowse an' †bluidy carl:

5 For yerlane *are* my tryste, O
LORD, my lord; my tryste sen I cam
to the warl. †

6 'On yerlane, frae the wame was
I flang; frae my mither's bouk ye
wise'd me awa: § o' yersel, ay sen
syne, 's been my sang.

7 ^fLike some ferlie was I, till the
feck o' the folk; § bot yerlane war
my stoop o' strenth:

8 Lat my mouthe be ay filled *wi'*
yer laud; *wi'* yer loffiheid a' the
day lang.

9 ^gFling me na by i' the time o'
eld; whan my pith wins awa, dinna
lea' me till pine.

10 For my ill-willers claiver anent
me; wha leuk for my life, they tak
thought like ane.

11 God, quo' they, has forlied
him: thrang him an' fang him *now*;
for till redd *him* atowre thar's nane.

12 ^hBe-na far frae mysel, O God;
my God, fy haste ye till help me.

† Heb. *O thou
Jehovah.*

A.C. 1023.

§ Count
how often
David names
himself an'
God thegi-
ther, an' ken
gin he be-na
in earnest.

^a Ps. 25, 2, 3;
31, 1.

^b Ps. 31, 1.

^c Ps. 31, 2, 3.

^d Ps. 140, 1, 4.

† Heb. *twilfu'*
twicket.

† Heb. *sen my
young days,
or youth.*

^e Ps. 22, 9, 10.
Isai. 46, 3.

§ Think ye
David was
owre sune
born? It
leuks like;
mair nor
ance he
speaks o't.
God's a brow
nurse till his
ain.

^f Zech. 3, 8.

^g Verse 18.

^h Ps. 22, 11;
70, 1.

^c Ps. 50, 13,
14, 23.

§ Ettles a
braw young
beast, owre
bonie to feil.

^d Ps. 34, 2.

^e Ps. 22, 26.

^f Ps. 96, 11.
Isai. 44, 23.
49, 13.

^g Isai. 55, 12.

^h Ps. 102, 28.

* Ps. 38, head-
in. David
has pleas o'
the kind
mair nor
ance.

^a Ps. 40, 13;
71, 12.

^b Ps. 35, 4, 26;
71, 13.

^c Ps. 40, 15.

^d Ps. 40, 17.

¹ Verse 24.
Ps. 35, 4, 26;
40, 14; 70, 2.

13 'Schame'd *an'* a' glaum'd, be the faes o' my life; theekit wi' scorn *an'* wi' lowe o' the face, be they *a'* that wad ettle me ill.

14 Bot mysel, ay the mair-I sal bide on thee; an' till praise thee, can ne'er sing my fill.†

† Heb. *sal gang on my singin.*

15 Yer righteousness, a' the day lang, my mouthe it sal try till tell; that health o' yer ain, for the count o' the same, ¹*it* 's mair than I ken mysel.

* Ps. 40, 5;
139, 17, 18.

16 I sal fuhre i' the strenth o' the LORD, my ||Lord; an' yer righteousness, nane but yer ain, I sal ay haud in guid record.

† or, *Laird*, as ye read whiles.

17 Ye hae taught me, O God, frae my youth; an' yer warks o' wonner sen-syne, I hae made them weel-kent enugh.

¹ Verse 9.
This sang, as ye see, 's been made among the himmaist days o' David.

18 'An' now that 'am auld an' grey, O God, mislippen me nane; till yer might I hae tell'd, till the folk that are now; †*an'* yer pith, till a' sal come eftir-hen.

† Heb. *yer arm.*

19 ^mAn' yer righteousness, God sae hie, wha wonners hae wrought: O God, ⁿwhat-na *god* sal e'er kythe like thee!

^m Ps. 57, 10.

ⁿ Ps. 89, 6, 8.

^o Ps. 60, 3.

20 ^o*Yersel*, wha hae gar'd me see stretts mony feck an' sair; ye sal weise me till life †tho' I die; frae the dreadest howes o' yird, ye sal e'en †mak me risin-free: §

† Heb. *ye sal bring me hame, ye sal mak me live.*

† Heb. *sal bring me hame, sal mak me rise.*

§ *N.B.* O' this verse are twa Hebrew readings: the ane gies me, the ither *us*.

21 Ye sal double my might an' mair; ye sal graith me a' roun wi' gude-gree.

† Heb. *zui' sang-gear o' the harp.*

22 Syne sal I sing till yersel, †wi' a' that belangs till the quair; yer trewth, O my God, I sal tell: wi' the harp I sal lilt till thee, sae halie in Israel!

* Verse 13.
He 's haen an' unco sair dree a' his days, wi' ill-willers; bot Solomon sal come ahin' him, an' his heart 's fu' fain.

23 My lips sal be fain, whan I sing till thee; an' my life that ye fee'd frae the dead:

24 An' my tongue the hail day thy right-rechtin sal tell: ^pfor daiver't, for taiver't are they, wha ettle mischieff till mysel.

PSALM LXXII.

Nae en' o' wyyssheid, an' lofflikeid, an' gudlikeid, an' laud for Solomon: a fain-hearted faither's bidden for a braw son's ill to bound.

A. C. 1015.

Ane heigh-lilt: for Solomon.*

* *The Man o' Peace an' Quietness.*
Leuk Ps. 127 forby. 'The biggen o' God's hous' has been a lang thought till David.

WAIR yer rightins, O God, on the King; an' yer right on the King's ain son:

^a Isai. 11, 2, 3, 4.

2 ^aHe sal right-recht yer folk wi' right; an' yer puir anes wi' right-rechtin, *syne*.

3 ^bThe heights sal bring peace till the folk; an' the knowes intil righteousness, *than*:

^b ps. 85, 10.
Isai. 52, 7.

4 'He sal right *a'* the puir o' the folk, *an'* the sons o' the feckless sal fen'; bot the loon wi' the heavy han', he sal a' intil flinders sen'.

^c Isai. 11, 4.

5 'They sal fear thee ay, while the sun *sal shine*,^d or the mune †*schaw* her face; the folk that sal come an' gang.†

^d Verses 7, 17.
Ps. 89, 36, 37.

† Heb. *afore the face o' the mune.*

† Heb. *kith-gettin, till kithgettins.*

6 'He sal fa' like the rain on the swaith; like the saft dreepin showirs on the lan'.

^e 2 Sam. 23, 4.
Hos. 6, 3.

7 The righteous, fu' green in his days sal growe; ^fan' peace be enew, till the mune ⁱ*the lift* sal pine.† §

^f Isai. 2, 4.
Dan. 2, 44.
Luke 1, 33.

† Heb. *mune sal be nane.*

8 ^gFrae sea till sea sal he ring; an' eke frae the flude that rowes, till the yonder-maist neuks o' the lan'.

§ Growthy days an' lown nights sal he hae.

^h Exod. 23, 31.
1 Kings 4, 21,

24.

Ps. 2, 8.

ⁱ Ps. 74, 14.

^j Isai. 49, 23.

Mic. 7, 17.

^k 2 Chron. 9,

21.

Ps. 45, 12;

68, 29.

Isai. 49, 7;

60, 9.

^l Isai. 49, 22,

23.

9 ^hFolk that bide i' the drowth, afore his face sal cour; ⁱan' a' that wiss ill till him, they sal lick the vera stoure.

10 ^kKings frae Tarshish, an' the isles, till him sal a' hansel bring; kings out o' Sheba an' Seba, sal e'en hae a gift till han'.

11 ^lNo a king, but sal lout till him; a' the hethen sal thirl till him-lane:

^m Job. 29, 12

12 For the feckless that skreighs, he sal saif; ^man' the puir, and wha ne'er had a stoop o' his ain:

13 On the weak an' forfain he

* Ps. 116, 15.

§ The puir man i' the wustlan' sal live an' sal gie till Solomon, &c.; or, Solomon sal live, an' the puir man sal gie till him, &c.; guid political economy.

* 1 Kings, 4, 20.

† Corn sal prove synce i' the wustlan', an' folk sal thrive i' the towns; wys political economy.

sal lay fu' light; an' the lives o' the frienless sal hain.

14 Frae guile an' mischieff he sal redd their life; "an' their bluid sal be dear in his sight.

15 Live lang sal he syne, § an' sal gie till him o' the best o' Sheba's gowd; evir an' ay for him sal he pray, an' till him ilka day gie laud.

16 A nieffu' o' corn i' the lan' sal be, on the head o' the hills *sae toom*: like Lebanon's sel, its growthe sal swee; ° an' roun the town, like fothir on yird, they sal blume. ‡

17 ^b His name, it sal † stay for evir an' ay; his name, it sal † win ayont the sun: ¶ in him sal the folk be blythe, an' blythe sal they a' bid himsel.

18 'O blythe be the LORD *that* 's God, the God o' Israel; 'wha warks o' wonner himlane can do.

19 An' blythe be his name sae gran', a' time that 's to come, unto: his gloiry fill the hail yirth still; Amen, an' sae lat it be!

20 'The biddens o' David, Jesse's son, *wi' this lilt* they maun endit be. §

† Ps. 89, 36.

† Heb. *sal be*.* Heb. *sal breed ittel*.

¶ Gen. 12, 3;

22, 18.

Jer. 4, 2.

* 1 Chron. 29, 10.

† Ps. 136, 4.

§ This lilt maun hae been amang the himmaist, o' its ain prayerfu' kin', o' David's inakin.

[PAIRT THREE.]

PSALM LXXIII.

Ill-doers thrive, an' gang down: God's folk wi' Himsel are fu' lown.

Ane heigh-lilt || o' Asaph's.*

SURELY God till Israel's gude, till folk wi' a heart *that* 's clean:

2 Bot mysel, my feet maist gaed awa frae me; my gates, they war a' but gane.

3 ° For I grein'd wi' spite at the senseless, *whan* I saw the ill-doers thrive:

4 For nae ban's at their death *bae they*; an' their fusion 's ay gude be-lyve.

5 I' the care o' the carl they hae nae fash; nor they're ne'er i' the cotter's plight: §

6 Syne pride like a girth, it sweets them about; an' stouthrief, it cleeds them tight.

7 ^b Their een, they stan' out wi' creesh; they hae mair nor the thoughts o' the heart:

8 'They're lowse, ° an' they claiver o' schamous wrang; they claiver wi' heads fu' heigh:

9 They rax their mouthe till the lift; an' their tongue, it gangs yont the yird:

10 Syne his folk, they come hame as they gaed; an' watirs, the fu' o' a caup, are toom'd out till them *wi' a sigh*. §

11 An' quo' they, ° Can God ken ought? Is thar sense i' the Heighest ava?

12 Are-na thae the ill-doers that thrive; an' double their gear an' a'?

13 ° Than, for nought I hae clean'd my heart, ° an' in saiklessness sined my han's:

14 An' ilka day lang I 'been fash'd like a fule; an' thol'd ilka mornin' in ban's! .

15 Gin I said I wad say siclike, I suld wrang the hail kith o' yer kin:

16 ° Bot siclike whan I thought till ken, 'twas the sairest fash o' my een:

17 Till ance I wan ben till God's halie howff; I could think on their hinmaist, *syne*.

18 ^b Surely ye set them on slidd'ry

§ They greet mair nor a caup-fu', wi' angir.

° Job 22, 13.

Ps. 10, 11;

94, 7.

° Job 21, 15;

34, 9; 35, 3.

Mal. 3, 14.

† Ps. 26, 6.

° Eccles. 8, 17.

° Ps. 35, 6.

|| or, for Asaph.

* Ps. 50

° Job 21, 7.
Ps. 37, 1.
Jer. 12, 1

§ Ettles care o' the *high*, an' plight o' the *laigh*:
Ps. 49, 2.

^b Job 15, 27.
Ps. 17, 10;
119, 70.

° Hos. 7, 16.

gates; ye dang them aneth intil ruins:

19 Syne how are they *brought*, like a blink, till nought; *an'* fin' their ain end wi' sic grewins!

¹ Job 20, 8.
¹⁸ 90, 5.

20 'Like a dream i' the wauk'nin, O LORD; whan ye wauken, their wraith ye sal slight!

21 Sae, my heart it wrought unco sair; an' I thol'd a snell stoun' i' my lisk:

^{*} Ps. 92, 6.
^{Prov.} 30, 2.

22 ¹For mysel, I was senseless an' wantit wit; I was *ane* o' the beiss, i' yer sight.†

[†] Heb. *twi' thee*.

23 Bot ay, 'am mylane wi' thee; by my ain right han' ye hae held me:

24 Wi' counsel o' thine, ye sal wear me kin'; an' syne *intil* gloiriy help me.

25 O wha sal be mine i' the lift? an' ane by yerlane, upon yirth, I seek nevir:

¹ Ps. 84, 2;
119, 81.

26 'My bouk an' my heart may gae wa'; *bot* the† strenth o' my heart an' my ha', *is* ay God himlane for evir!^m

[†] Heb. *stieve craig*.

^m Ps. 16, 5.

27 For ye ken, they maun die wha bide far frae thee; wi' a clour ye can fell them a', wha gang till "play lowse frae yersel:

ⁿ Exod. 34, 15.
^{Num.} 15, 39.
^{James} 4, 4.

28 Bot mylane, till win hame to God *is* the feck o' a' gude till me: my tryste I hae set on the Lord *that's* LORD, that yer wonner-warks a' I might tell.

PSALM LXXIV.

A lilt o' dule for the waste o' the lan'; an' a plea wi' God, on a' he has thoed an' on a' he has dune, till win hame an' uphaud his ain.

^{*} Maschil o' Asaph's. ||

^{*} Headins, &c.
^{or, for}
^{Asaph.} Ps. 78.

WHATFOR, O God, hae ye dang *us* atowre? Maun yer wuth ay reek, "on the sheep o' yer lan' for evir?

^a Ps. 95, 7;
100, 3.

^b Deut. 9, 29.

^c Deut. 32, 9.
^{Jer.} 10, 16.

2 Hae min' o' yer kirk, ^bye coft lang-syne: 'the stok o' yer ha'din,

ye fee'd; Mount-Zioun hersel, whar ye bade.

3 O lift up yer feet on † the weary wust; a' the ill the ill-willer's dune, i' the halidom.

[†] Heb. *twain wi' nae end*.

4 ^aYer faes haud a sugh i' the mids o' yer kirks; 'trysts o' their ain, they mak trysts *for* God.

^d Lam. 2, 7.
^e Mat. 24, 24.
² Thess. 2, 9.

5 *A man* was kent, as he rax't fu' heigh † an aix on the tanglet tree:

[†] Heb. *aixer*,
^f 1 Kings 6,
18, 29, 32, 35.

6 ^fBot now a' her † bawks they ding till bits, at ance wi' mattocks an' mells.

[†] Heb. *open twarks*; bot no till Solomon's day.

7 They hae slang i' the lowe that howff o' yer ain; ^bthey hae filed wi' stoure on the yird, the neuk whar yer name suld bide.

^g 2 Kings 25, 9.

8 Quo' they to themsel, Lar's ding them a': they hae brunt a' God's kirks i' the lan'.

^b Ps. 89, 39.

9 Trysts o' our ain, we see nae mair; ⁱno a seer's till the fore; nor ane o' oursels that kens, *or can tell*, how lang!

ⁱ 1 Sam. 3, 1.
Amos 8, 11.

10 How lang, O God, sal the enemie sneer? that name o' yer ain, sal the ill-willer slight for evir?

11 ^kWhatfor haud ye bak yer han'? yer ain right han? Rax but frae aneth yer bosom!

^k Lam. 2, 3.

12 'For God *was* my King lang-syne; warkin heal-ha'din in mids o' the yirth.

^l Ps. 44, 4.

13 ^mYe synder'd the sea wi' yer might; ⁿye flinder'd the heads o' the || beiss i' the watirs:

^m Exod. 14, 21.

14 Yerlane dang leviathan's heads in bits; ^oye gied him for meat, till the folk i' the wustlan'.

ⁿ Isai 51, 9, 10.
^{Ezek.} 29, 3;
32, 2.

15 Yerlane ^popen'd fountain an' flude; ^qye slakket awa the strick-rowin watirs.

^o *or, whales*: crocodiles an' a' the lave, without doubt.

16 Yer ain *is* the day, an' yer ain *is* the night; 'the light an' † light-bringer, ye ettled them baith.

^q God dang the Egyptians, an' slang their bodies up on the shore.

^r Ps. 72, 9.

17 The bounds o' the yirth, ye hae settled them a'; 'simmer an' winter, ye made them.

^s Exod. 17, 5.
^{Num.} 20, 11.
^{Ps.} 105, 41.
^{Isai.} 48, 21.

^t Jos. 3, 13, &c.

^u Gen. 1, 14, &c.

[†] Heb. *the sun*.

^v Gen. 8, 22.

[†] Verse 22.
Rev. 16, 19.

[¶] Sang 2, 14.
[†] Heb. *the thrang.*

[¶] Ps. 68, 10.
[¶] Gen. 17, 7.
Jer. 33, 21.

[¶] Verse 18.
Ps. 89, 51.

[¶] Heading, &c.
Ps. 57.

[¶] or, for
Asaph.

[†] Heb. *kirk*,
or *fair*, or
stated gath-
ran.

[†] Heb. *dinna*
play the fule.

[¶] Zech. 1, 21.

[†] Heb. *frae*
the wastlan'.
[¶] Ps. 50, 6;
58, 11.

[¶] or, *lays ane*
laigh, an' sets
ane heigh.

18 'Hae min' how the ill-willer
jeers, O LORD; an' folk that are
fules, how they scorn yer name.

19 Gie nane to the *ill-deedie* thrang,
the life o' yer turtle-doo; † the feck
o' yer ain, sae forfain, forget-na for
evir an' ay.[¶]

20 *Hae min' o' the tryst *ye made*;
for the neuks o' the yirth sae mirk,
wi' the biggens o' stouthrief are fu'.

21 O send-na the feckless hame
wi' scorn; lat the puir an' the
faitherless laud yer name.

22 Fy up, O God, an' plea yer ain
plea; † hae min' how the witless loon
jeers at yersel, day an' daily.

23 Forget-na the sugh o' yer faes;
for the steer o' them that wad steer
again thee, it 'll rax owre *the lave o'*
us haillie.

PSALM LXXV.

A plea wi' fule-folk wastin God's
warl', till be wyss, an' they wad-na
thole wytin at his ain han'.

Till the sang-maister: *Al-Tas-
chith: ane heigh-lilt, or sang,
|| o' Asaph's.

THANKS, O God, gie we till
thee, thanks gie we *till yersel*;
for the warks o' wonner ye *wair on*
us, that yer name's comin hame they
tell.

2 An I tak the † thrang in han',
right-rechtsin mylane I sal gie.

3 The lan' an' her folk are thowan
awa; I maun steady her stoops my-
sel: Selah.

4 Quo' I till the fules, † Will ye no
be wyss? an' till warkers o' wrang,

*Rax-na the horn on hie:

5 O rax-na yer horn sae heigh
owre a'; an' speak-na wi' neck sae
stieve:

6 For neither frae east, nor frae
wast, nor † frae southe, *comes* right
till haud the gree:

7 ^b Bot God sal be richter; || him-

lane lays laigh, an' himlane 's *wka*
can set on hie.^c

8 For a caup 's 'i' the han' o' the
LORD; an' the wine it 's fu' red, an'
† it 's a' owre-hede: † he sal toom
frae the same; bot its shairins *syne*,
a' ill-doers on yirth, they sal pingle
them out, an' sal drink.

9 Bot mysel, I sal ay say on; I
sal lilt till Jakob's God.

10 ^f A' horns o' ill-doers I'll sned
forby: ^b bot the horns o' the right
sal stan' heigh.

PSALM LXXVI.

God, whan he gangs till the stour, can
do mair nor ane host o' weir.

Till the sang-maister on Neginoth: *
ane heigh-lilt o' Asaph's. ||

WHEEL-KENT intil Judah is
God; his name 's intil Israel
gran':^a

2 Intil Salem 's his howff forby;
an' on Zioun, his shielin *stan's*.

3 Yonder dang he † the lowan
flight-flanes: the schild, an' the
sward, an' the tuilzie: Selah.

4 O brighter *are* ye yerlane; † ster-
ker nor heights o' spulzie.

5 ^d The stieve in heart are herry'd
an' dune; † they sleepit their sleep
outright: no ane o' them a' their
han's cou'd fin', *that war* sic carls
o' might.

6 ^f At thy snell wytin, O Jakob's
God, baith heigh-sled an' horse war
smoor'd.

7 Yersel, yersel, *alane* maun be
fear'd; an' wha can thole afore yer
face, an' ance yer angir lowes?

8 ^f Frae the lift ye gar'd right be
heard; ^b the yirth, scho quaukit an'
whush'd:

9 † Whan ye raise till the rightin,
O God; till hain a' the lown on the
lan': Selah.

10 ⁱ Surely the angir o' man, *itsel*
sal gie laud till thee; the owrecome

^c 1 Sam. 2, 7.
Dan. 2, 21.

^d Job 21, 20.
Ps. 68, 3.
Jer. 25, 15.
Rev. 14, 10;
16, 19.

[†] Heb. *fu' o' a*
mixin; etles
drumir, or
drogt.

[¶] Prov. 23, 30.

^f Ps. 101, 8.
Jer. 48, 25.
^g Ps. 89, 17;
148, 14.

* *Headin', &c.*

[†] or, for
Asaph.

^a Ps. 48, 1, &c.

^b Ps. 46, 9.
Ezek. 39, 9
[†] Heb. *the can shafts*
o' the bow.

^c Ezek. 38, 12,
13; 39, 4.
^d Isai. 46, 12.

^e Ps. 13, 3.
Jer. 51, 39.

^f Exod. 15, 1,
21.
Ezek. 39, 20.
Nah. 2, 13.
Zech. 12, 4.

^g Ps. 53, 2, 5.
^h 2 Chron. 20,
29.


[†] Heb. *in the*
risin till
right, God.

ⁱ Exod. 9, 16;
18, 11.
Ps. 65, 7.

* Eccles. 5, 4.
5, 6.

† 2 Chron. 32,
22, 23.
Ps. 68, 29;
89, 7.
* Ps. 68, 35.


* Headins., &c.
Ps. 62.
|| or, for
Asaph.

 Agran',
low'n, eerie
sugh has this
sang o' As-
aph's—an' it
be his ain.
Mony a
far-raxin
thought
comes ben i'
the makar's
head, when
he lyes
waukin.

* Ps. 143, 5.
Isai. 51, 9.

† Ps. 4, 4.

† Heb. till
kith-gettin
an' lith-
gettin.

 § Lay
by the like o'
this in yer
mind: nae
truer
thought 's in
write.

o' wuth *like his ain*, ye sal e'en haud
it tight in ban'.

11 ^kTryst ye an' pay, till the LORD
your God; hansels till wha suld be
fear'd, 'fesh a' that about him be.

12 He steeks aff the breath o' the
foremaist: ^mdreid-eneugh, till kings
o' the yirth, *is he*.

PSALM LXXVII.

*Ane unco sair warsle wi' dule an' sor-
row; God's kindness canna be gane:
for his wonner-warks o' gude are
ayont the flude.*

Till the sang-maister; till Jedu-
thun: * ane heigh-lilt o' Asaph's. ||

I SKREIGH'T until God, till I
roopit; I skreigh't until God,
an' he hearken'd till me.

2 I' the day o' my fash, I sought
till the LORD; my han' rax't atowre
i' the night, an' it quat-na: my saul
wad thole nae remede.

3 I minded on God, an' I warsle'd;
I sightet fu' sair, an' my spreit was
dang throwither: Selah.

4 My een, ye haud them ay wau-
kin; 'am sae daiver'd, I speak-na ae
word.

5 ^aThen I thought on the days o'
lang-syne; the years o' sae mony
byganes:

6 I thought owre my sangs i' the
night; ^bI croon'd wi' my heart by
its lane; an' my spreit spierit uncolie
hame:

7 Will the LORD cast awa for evir?
an' ne'er rax his pitie mair?

8 Quat has his kindness for evir?
will *his* word wear awa, † whiles
folk are?

9 Has God nae mair thought o'
rewin? Has he steekit his pitie in
pine? Selah.

10 Syne quo' I, This is a' my
ain weakness; *no* the years o' the
Heighest's right han'! §

11 I suld think on the warks o'
the LORD; for I min' o' yer wonners
lang-syne:

12 Na, I sigh owre ilk wark o'
yer ain; an' I croon on yer deeds
wi' a sang.

13 ^cYer gate, O God, 's by its-
lane; ^dwhat-na God 's like *our ain*
God ava'?

14 Yerlane are the God a wonner
can do; yer strenth ye made kent
amang peopill a'.

15 ^eWi' an arm, ye brought hame
yer ain folk; the bairns o' Jakob
an' Joseph: Selah.

16 ^fThe watirs, they saw thee, O
God; the watirs, they saw thee an'
grue'd; they war steer'd, aye, *their*
laighst neuks.

17 The cluds, they toom'd owre
wi' a spate; the lift gied a sraigh
athort; an' thae flanes o' yer ain,
how they gaed!

18 The reel o' yer thunner *was*
† roun; ^gyer lightnins, they daizl'd
the warl'; the yirth, scho trimml't
an' sheuk.

19 ^hYer gate, it *was* ben i' the sea;
yer roddins in mony a flude; bot yer
fitsteds, they ne'er war knawn.

20 ⁱYe weisit yer folk like a flock,
by Moyses an' Aaron's han'.

PSALM LXXVIII.

*The story o' God's folk an' their bame-
comin; how they thraw'd, an' war
dang wi' God; their wastin an'
their walin: ane o' the grandest
sughs o' lang-syne.*

* Maschil o' Asaph's. ||

HEARKEN, my folk, *till* my
bidden; lout yer lugs till the
words o' my mouthe:

2 ^aMy mouthe I sal rax wi' wyss
redin; frae lang-syne, I sal tell yo
† the sugh:

3 ^bWhat we hae a' hearken'd, an'

† Ps. 73, 17.
* Exod. 15,
11.

† Exod. 6, 6.

† Exod. 14, 21.
Ps. 114, 3.
Hab. 3, 8, &c.

† Heb. in the
roun, or
circle o' the
lift, as thun-
ner oft nest
gangs.
§ Ps. 97, 4.

† Heb. 3, 1.
Exod. 14, 28.

† Ps. 78, 52.
Hos. 12, 13.

* Headins., &c.
|| or, for
Asaph. Ps. 74.

 Tak
tent how
wyssly the
sugh o' the
story gangs
on.

† Ps. 49, 4.
Mat. 13, 35.
† Heb. happi-
stories.

† Ps. 44, 1.

	ken'd o'; an' our faithers hae tell'd till oursel.	18 ^a An' they temptit God sair i' their hearts; for their life-sake, till cry for victual to han'.	^g Exod. 16, 2.
^c Deut. 4, 6. Joel 1, 3.	4 ^c An' we maun-na hide frae their bairns; tellin a' till the folk that 's to come, † the praise o' the LORD an' his strenth; an' the wonners he wrought himlane.	19 Na, ^c they yammir'd on God; an' quo' they, Will God man a buird i' the wust?	^f Num. 11, 14.
† Heb. <i>the praises.</i>	5 ^d For he ettled a bidden in Jakob, an' settled a tryst in Israel; whilk he gied our faithers in keepin, ^e siclike till their weans to tell:	20 ^e He dang the craig, as we ken, an' watirs cam rowin awa, an' spates they cam but wi' a bock: will he man till gie bread forbye? or ettles he flesch for his folk?	^f Exod. 17, 6. Num. 20, 11.
^d Ps. 147, 19.	6 ^f That the folk for till come they might ken <i>them</i> ; an' bairns to be born suld win up, an' tell <i>them</i> to bairns o' their ain:	21 Syne hearken'd the LORD, an' 'was fash't; syne wuth it was kenle'd on Jakob, an' lowe it wan up on Isra'l:	^f Num. 11, 1, 10.
^c Deut. 4, 9; 6, 7; 11, 19.	7 That their tryste <i>ay</i> on God they might lippen; an' forget-na the doens o' God, but waird weel his biddens <i>ilk ane</i> :	22 For they lippen'd them nane ontill God; nor trysted his ha'din sae heal:	
^f Ps. 102, 18.	8 An' be nane like their faithers, ^a a reistin an' thrawart kin; a kin never † right i' their heart, ^b nor aefauld wi' God i' their mind.	23 Tho' the cluds he had tell'd frae abune; "an' the yetts o' the lift he unsteekit:	^g Gen. 7, 11. Mal. 3, 10.
^g Exod. 32, 9; 33, 3; 34, 9. Deut. 9, 6, 13; 31, 27.	9 <i>Sic-like</i> war the lads o' Ephraim: weel dight an' a' † wi' <i>their</i> bows, they turn'd i' the day o' weir:	24 ^a An' toom'd down atowre them manna till eat; an' corn o' the lift till them streekit.	^a Exod. 16, 4, 14. Ps. 105, 40. John 6, 31. 1 Cor. 10, 3.
† Heb. <i>ready.</i> ^b Verse 37.	10 They bade-na the tryst o' God, nor thol'd in his bidden till steer. §	25 Bread o' the brightest ilk carl cou'd pree; he airtit their gate the fou o' <i>sic</i> victual.	^g or, <i>ilka ane cou'd eat bread o' the mighty anes.</i> Ps. 103, 20.
† Heb. <i>straight'nin out the bow.</i> § They gaed nane forrit, tho' God bad them: some faut o' theirs, we kent-na o' afore.	11 His doens an' a' they forgat, an' his wonners he loot them see:	26 <i>Syne</i> ^c he wauken'd the east win' aneth the lift; an' steer'd on the southe wi' his mighty ettle:	^f Num. 11, 31.
† Heb. <i>lan' o' Mizraim:</i> siclike a' through.	12 Siccan a wark, i' their faithers' sight, he wrought intil † Ægyp-lan', <i>an' eke</i> ⁱ ontill Zoan lea'.	27 An' toom'd out abune them flesche like stoure; an' like san' o' the sea, the feather'd-flie:	
ⁱ Num. 13, 22. Isai. 19, 11, 13. Ezek. 30, 14.	13 ^k He synder'd the sea, an' he fuhre'd them owre; ^h he dykit the fludes like a knowe:	28 An' drappit <i>it</i> laigh in mids o' their thrang; a' roun about, by the side o' their shielins.	
^k Exod. 14, 21.	14 ^m He airtit them ay wi' a clud by day; an' weise'd them at night wi' the light o' lowe.	29 ^a An' they ate an' they stegh't till rivan fu'; for he airtit their gate their ain heart's bidden.	^a Num. 11, 20.
ⁱ Exod. 15, 8. Ps. 33, 7.	15 ⁿ Rocks he rave i' the wust; an' sloken'd them weel, as frae dams owre-flowin:	30 Yet they quat-na † frae mair, ^a wi' their bite i' their mouthe.	† Heb. <i>frar seekin mair, whiles their bite, &c.</i>
^m Exod. 13, 21; 14, 24. Ps. 105, 39.	16 An' he airtit ^o spates frae the craig; an' gar'd watirs fa', like fludes that are rowin.	31 Syne cam abune them the lowe o' God's wuth; an' he dang clean dead the burst'n amang them; the bravest o' Israel syne, he † brought down wi' a sugh. §	^a Num. 11, 33. † Heb. <i>doubled down.</i>
ⁿ Exod. 17, 6. Num. 20, 11. Ps. 105, 41. 1 Cor. 10, 4.	17 Bot ay they gaed on, till mis-carrie wi' him; ^p till wear out the Highest, in that drowthy lan'.	32 Wi' a', ^b they miscarry'd ay waur; an' they lippened nane till his wonners.	§ Like enough: they killed themsel wi' sic schamous eatin. ^b Num. 14; 16; 17.
^p Ps. 95, 8.			

Num. 14, 29.

33 'Sae their days he wure by
intil want o' pith; an' their years
wi' nae end o' tholin.

Hos. 5, 15.

34 ^d Yet ay as he dang them, they
spier'd for himsel; an' wad turn, an'
win eftir God:

Deut. 32, 4.

35 An' mindit syne 'that God *was*
their Rock; an' God owre a', their
hame-bringer.

Ezek. 33, 31.

36 ^f Bot fair war they ay till him-
sel wi' their mouthe; an' fause wi'
their tongues until him.

Verse 8.

37 For their heart, ^g it was ne'er
that sikker wi' him; an' they ne'er
keepit true till his tryst.

Num. 14, 18.

38 ^h Bot sae kin' as he *was*, he wan
by *their* faut; an' dang *them* na clean:
ⁱ na, fu' of'en he airtit awa his wuth;

Isai. 48, 9.

1 Kings 21, 29.

^k an' wauken'd-na a' his angir.

Gen. 6, 3.

Ps. 103, 14, 16.

39 For 'he mindit that they *war*
but flesh; ^m a breath that gangs by,
an' again comes nevir!

Job. 7, 7, 16.

Ps. 90, 9, 10.

Isai. 7, 13.

Eph. 4, 30.

40 Sae aften 's ⁿ they thraw'd wi'
him thro' the wust; an' fash'd him
sair in that gateless grun'.

Num. 14, 22.

41 ^o An' ay they gaed bak, an'
they temptit God; an' they boundit
the Halie Ane o' Israel.

Ps. 105, 27, &c.

42 They thought nane on his han',
nor the day he rax't them out-owre
frae strett:

Exod. 7, 20.

Ps. 105, 29.

43 ^p Whan he lowse'd a' his won-
ners on *Ægypt-lan'*; an' his ferlies,
on Zoan strath:

Exod. 8, 24.

Ps. 105, 31.

44 ^q An' chaingit their watirs till
bluid; an' their burns, that they
daur-na drink.

Exod. 8, 6.

Heb. an' s'cho, i.e. the puddock,

scouraught, &c.

45 ^r He sent them † a slight, an' it
glau'm'd them up; an' the puddock,
† that wrought them sair:

Exod. 10, 13.

Ps. 105, 34.

Exod. 9, 23.

Ps. 105, 33.

46 ^s An' their braird wair'd he on
the kailworm; an' on the locust, the
feck o' their care.

Exod. 10, 13.

Ps. 105, 34.

47 ^t He dang down their vine-
stoks wi' hail-*stones*; an' their plane-
trees wi' shoggles o' ice. §

Exod. 9, 23.

Ps. 105, 32.

Heb. livin gear.

48 ^u An' he steekit their beiss to
the hail; an' their † stockin till
fiery floghts:

49 He airtit amang them the lowe
o' his wuth, slaughter, an' feime, an'
smoorin-drift, thae ill erran'-ridders
o' his.

50 He thought on a gate for his
angir; he hain'd-na their saul frae
dead; bot he steekit || their life to
the plague:

51 ^v An' he dang ilka first-born
in *Ægypt*; † the tapmaist pickle o'
streth in the howffs o' Ham! ^z

52 ^a Bot he fuhr'd his ain folk like
sheep; an' wise'd them awa, like
a flock in the desert:

53 An' he restit them thar i' the
lown; an' they fash'd themsel nane
wi' dread: ^b bot the sea, their ill-
willers it smoor'd:

54 Bot them he gar'd fuhre till
his halirude-side; that height o' *his*
ain, 'he coft wi' his ain richt han':

55 An' drave out afore them the
folk o' *the lan'*; ^d an' rightit their
haddin by line, an' gar'd dwell i' the
howffs o' the *betben* the clans o'
Israel's *wearns*.

56 Bot they temptit an' wearied the
God was abune; an' thae trysts o'
his ain, they ne'er keepit:

57 An' they thraw'd an' they lied,
like their faithers *lang-syne*; 'like a
† throwless bow, they slippit:

58 ^e An' they angir'd him sair wi'
their heights; an' wrought him till
lowe wi' their scoopit eidols.

59 God heard o' siclike, an' fu'
angrie was he; an' he turn'd him
atowre frae Isra'l:

60 ^f An' quat syne his dwallin in
Shiloh; the howff he had ettled wi'
man:

61 ^g An' his might he pat by intil
thirldom; an' his gree, in the ill-
willer's han'.

62 An' steekit his folk till the
sward; an' was stoor till his heri-
tage syne:

63 His ain youngsters, the lowe

|| or, a' that
was livin o'
their; beast
an' body.
Exod. 9, 3, 6.

* Exod. 12,

29.

Ps. 105, 36.

† Heb. the

vera head.

z Ps. 106, 22.

a Ps. 77, 20.

b Exod. 14,

27, 28; 15, 10.

c Ps. 44, 3.

d Josh. 13, 7.

Ps. 136, 21,

22.

e Hos. 7, 16.

† Heb. fause,

or wrong-

sel.

f Deut. 32,

16, 21.

g 1 Sam. 4, 11.

Jer. 7, 12, 14;

26, 6, 9.

h Judges 18,

30.

¹ Jer. 7, 34;
16, 9; 25, 10.

¹ Sam. 4, 11.

¹ Job 27, 15.
Ezek. 24, 23.

^m Ps. 44, 23.

ⁿ Isai. 42, 13.

^o 1 Sam. 5, 6,
12; 6, 4.

^p Ps. 87, 2.

§ Etiles the
highest an'
the highest;
the lift an'
the lan'.

^q 1 Sam. 16,
11.

² Sam. 7, 8.

† Heb. *yowes*
in lam' or in
milk: leuk
Gen. 33, 13.
Isai. 40, 11.

^r 2 Sam. 5, 2
1 Chron. 11, 2.

† Heb. *intil*
the lowen.

|| or, *for*
Asaph.

^a Ps. 74, 7.

^b Mic. 3, 12.

^c Jer. 7, 33.

† Heb. *yird*,
or *lan'*.

snacket up; ⁱan' his dochtirs war
thought o' nae mair:

64 ^kHis priests, they gaed down
wi' the sword; ^lan' his widows, they
grat-na a tear.

65 ^mSyne wauken'd the LORD, like
a sleeper; ⁿlike a wight, whan he
rowts wi' wine:

66 ^oAn' dang his ill-willers abune
the houghs; an' wair'd them nae
end o' schame.

67 An' awa wi' the shielin o'
Joseph; an' wad nane o' the bluid
o' Ephraim:

68 Bot he wale'd out the kin o'
Jehudah; Mount-Zioun, ^phe liked
the same.

69 An' he bigget his halie howff,
§ like the heighest *abune the lan'*;
§ like the yirth *bersel* he laid it, fu'
deep, evir mair *till stan'*.

70 ^qAn' he lightit on David his
thirlman, an' took him frae the faulds
o' sheep:

71 Frae gaen eftir † the milkers
he sent him, ^rin Jakob till gang wi'
his folk; an' in Israel, his hirsell *till*
keep:

72 An' he fed them as right's his
ain heart; an' wi' the canny turn
o' his han's, he weise'd them the
lownest airt. †

PSALM LXXIX.

*An unco sair' plaint on a' the ill that's
been wrought by ill-willers on Jeru-
salem: How lang can God thole the
like? Will be no come hame, an'
redd his folk frae sic berryment?*

Ane heigh-lilt o' Asaph's. ||

THE hethen, O God, hae won
ben till yer ha'din; ^athe howff
o' yer halidom filed hae they; ^bJeru-
s'lem, in bourocks they sweel'd.

2 ^cThey hae gien the dead-bouk
o' yer thirlfolk, *for* meat till the bird
i' the lift; the flesh o' yer sants, till
the brute o' the field. †

3 Jerus'lem round, their bluid they
hae toom'd, like watir; ^dan' nane
till yird *it* by.

4 ^eA geck are we till our niebors;
a snirt an' a sneer, till wha round
us fen.

5 ^fHow lang, O LORD? Will ye
kennle for ay? an' that angir o'
thine, maun it lowe like ony fire?

6 ^gToom out yer tene on the he-
then, *folk* that ne'er kent yersel; an'
ontil the kingryks *enew*, that ne'er
gied a scraigh till yer name:

7 For Jakob, they 'eten him up;
an' herried that hame o' his ain.

8 ^hWyte nae mair on oursels, || our
ain wrang-doen lang-syne: lat yer
reth win afore us, or lang; for
we're sairly down-cruppen *this while*.

9 Help us, O God, our heal-
ha'din, for the sake o' yer ain gude
name; an' rax us atowre, an' put
right on our wrang, an' a' for the
gude o' yer name.

10 ⁱWhatfor suld the hethen say,
What *is* this God o' theirs? Lat
him be kent till the hethen, an'
that in sight o' our een; whan the
bluid o' yer thirlfolk that skailit
was, *by them* sal hae answer'd been.

11 ^kLat the sigh o' the weary thirl
win ben afore yer sight; like that
mighty arm o' yer ain, redd the
bairns o' dead frae *sic plight*.

12 An' gie hame till our niebors
forby, ^lseven-fauld i' their bosom
ben, ^mthae jeers o' their ain, O
LORD, wi' the whilk they been jeer-
in yerlane.

13 ⁿBot oursels yer ain folk, an'
the flock o' yer lan', sal gie laud
evir mair till thee: frae ae kith-end
till anither, thy praises owre-tell
sal we.

PSALM LXXX.

*How God plantit a vine-stok, ca'd
Israel; how the beiss o' the woods*

^d Ps. 141, 7.
Jer. 14, 16;
16, 4.
Rev. 11, 9.

^e Ps. 44, 13;
80, 6.

^f Ps. 74, 1, 9,
10; 89, 46.

^g Jer. 10, 25.

^h Isai. 64, 9
|| or, *the*
wrang doens
o' our fore-
folks.

ⁱ Ps. 42, 10;
115, 2.

^k Ps. 102, 20

^l Gen. 4, 15.
Isai. 65, 6, 7.
Jer. 32, 18.
Luke 6, 38.
^m Ps. 74, 22.

ⁿ Ps. 95, 7;
100, 3.



GUIDE TILL THE MAP.

TREE-ROUTE: ~~Israel~~.

I. JUDAH.

1. CALEB: 2. BOAZ: 3. DAVID.
i. Hebron: ii. Debir.

II. REUBEN.

1. HANOKH: 2. CARMEL: 3. PALLU.
i. Shibmah.
* *Nebo*.

III. BENJAMIN.

1. BELA: 2. ACHIA: 3. EHUD:
4. SAUL: 5. AMOS.
i. Jericho: ii. Jerusalem.

IV. SIMEON.

1. JACHIN: 2. JAMIN.
i. Ziklag: ii. Barshebah:
* Gath—[out-lyin town.]

V. GAD.

1. JOEL.
i. Ramoth
— *Jabbok-Watir*.

VI. EPHRAIM.

1. JOSHUA: 2. JEROBOAM.
i. Samaria.
* *Ebal*: ** *Gerizim*.

VII. DAN.

1. SAMSON.
i. Ajalon, or Elon: ii. Jaffa, or Joppa.

VIII. MANASSEH—HALF.

1. ELISHA.
i. Tephua, or Tapuah: ii. Megiddo.

VIII. MANASSEH—HALF.

1. MACHIR: 2. JAIR.
i. Ashtoreth.
* *Herman*.

IX. ISSACHAR.

1. PHUA: 2. TOLA.
i. Jesreel.
* *Carmel*.

X. ZEBULON.

1. ALLON: 2. JONAH.
i. Dothain.
Height no named—*aiblins Tubar*, wrang
set down.

XI. NAPHTALI.

1. BARAK.
i. Dan—[a town.]

XII. ASHER.

1. JIMNA.
i. Acccho: ii. Tyre.
* *Lebanon*.

S E A S.

- * THE GRAN' SEA, or Mediterranean.
1. Watir o' Merom, or o' the Height.
2. Sea o' Cinnereth, or Genesareth.
3. Sea o' Saut, ca'd the Dead Sea.
= Jordan-Watir.
— Jabbok-Watir.

[Till the Auld Map are neither figures nor a guide: whar but ae Leaf's named till a
tribe, we put nae figure on't.]

Map, frae German Hebrew draught.
Halle-Magdeburg: 1741.

*Headins, &c.
Ps. 45; 69.
|| or, *for*
Ataph.
Ps. 45; 69.

^aPs. 77, 20.
^bExod. 25,
20.

1 Sam. 4, 4.
2 Sam. 6, 1.
Ps. 99, 1.

^cDeut. 33, 2.
Ps. 50, 2; 94, 1.
^dNum. 2,
18-23.

^eVer. 7, 19.
Lam. 5, 21.
†Heb. *an'*
gar.

^fPs. 4, 6.

^gPs. 42, 3;
102, 9.

†Heb. *three*
measurs.

^bPs. 44, 13;
79, 4.

ⁱVerse 3, 19.

†Heb. *an'*
gar.

^hIsai. 5, 1, 7.
Jer. 2, 21.
Ezek. 15, 6;
17, 6; 19, 10.
ⁱPs. 44, 2.

^mPs. 72, 8.

ⁿPs. 89, 40,
41.
Isai. 5, 5.
Nah. 2, 2.

*therout wastit it; how God maun
come hame, an' sort it.*

Till the sang-maister on Shoshan-
nim-Eduth; * ane heigh-lilt o'
Asaph's. ||

SHEEP-HERD o' Israel, heark-
en: weisin Joseph on ^alike a
flock; ^bsittin *ataween* the cherubs,
^cO will ye no glint furth!

2 ^dIn face o' Ephraim an' o' Ben-
jamin, an' *eke* o' Manasseh *himself*;
wauken that might o' yer ain, an'
steer for heal-ha'din till us.

3 ^eO weise us hame again, God;
†gar yer face ^fgie a glint, an' we're
saif'd.

4 How lang, LORD God o' hosts,
will ye reek at the pray'r o' yer
folk?

5 ^gBread o' tears ye hae gien them
till eat; an' wi' tears ye hae sloken'd
their drouth, †abune measur.

6 ^hTill our niebors, ye made us a
facht; an' our ill-willers laugh till
themsels.

7 ⁱWeise us hame again, O God
o' hosts; †gar yer face gie a glint,
an' we're saif'd.

8 ^kA vine-stok ye brought out o'
Ægypt; ^lye dang the hethen at-
owre, an' ye plantit her.

9 Rowth ye made a' fornenst her,
†an' rutit her weel i' the grun'; an'
syne scho couth fill the lan'.

10 The heights, they war scaum'd
wi' her shadowe; her beughs, *they*
war cedars o' God:

11 Till the sea, scho rax't yont
her suckers; ^mtill the watirs, her
fast-growin rods.

12 Whatfor hae ye ⁿdang down
her dykins; that ilka gate-ganger
can rive her awa?

13 The boar frae the frith, he can
stamp her; an' the beast o' the fell,
he can glaum her at will.

14 Hame again, O God o' hosts;

^otak a leuk frae the lift, an' see; an'
visit this vine:

15 An' the haddin yer right han'
has plantit; an' †the growthe ye
made stieve for yersel.

16 Wi' fire it ^sbeen kenned, an'
haggit; ^pat the glow'r o' yer face,
they dwine.

17 ^qO gin yer han' war atowre,
on the Man o' yer ain right han';
atowre on the *ae* son o' Adam, for
yer ain ye ettled till stan'.

18 Syne, frae thee, we suld ne'er
fa' awa; lat us live, an' we'll cry
on yer name.

19 ^rWeise us hame again, LORD
God o' hosts; gar yer face gie a
glint, an' we're hain'd.

PSALM LXXXI.

*What Israel suld ay hae dune, an' what
Israel might ay hae been, gin Israel
had but thoed wi' the guidin o' the
LORD their God.*

Till the sang-maister on Gittith; *
ane heigh-lilt o' Asaph's. ||

LILT loud until God, our strenth;
till the God o' Jakob sing:

2 Tak a lilt, an' rax owre the drum;
the cheerie harp, wi' the string. †

3 Tout loud on the horn at new
mune; at the tryst; on the day o'
our blythe ado.

4 ^aFor siclike *'s been* a statute in
Israel; a right wi' Jakob's God:

5 A bidden he made it till Joseph,
whan he fuhr'd atowre Ægypt-lan';
^ban' speech I kent nought o', I heard.

6 ^cHis shouter I lowse'd frae the
lade; ^dhis loofs, frae the caudron
they slakket.

7 ^eYe cry't i' the grip, an' I lowse'd
ye awa; ^fI spak hame till ye syne,
i' the thunn'ry neuk: ^gat the watirs
†o' Warsle, I try'd ye: Selah.

8 ^hHearken, my folk, for I 'se

^aIsai. 63, 15.

†Heb. *on the*
son; siclike
as in ver. 7.

^pPs. 76, 7.

^qPs. 89, 21.

^rVerses 3, 7.

*Headins, &c.
Ps. 8.
|| or, *for*
Ataph.

†Heb. *tangin*
gear.

^aLev. 23, 24.
Num. 10, 10.

^bPs. 114, 1.
^cIsai. 9, 4;
10, 27.

^dExod. 1, 14.
^eExod. 2, 23;
14, 10.
^fPs. 50, 15.

^gExod. 19,
19.

^hExod. 17,
6, 7.
Num. 20, 13.
†Heb. *Meri-*
bah.

ⁱPs. 50, 7.

threep wi' yersel; Isra'l, gin ye wad
but hearken till me:

9 Nane sal thar be, a frem god
wi' thee; nor till nae unco god sal
ye lout an' bid.

¹Exod. 20, 2.

10 'Mylane am the LORD, yer ain
God, wha brought ye frae Ægypt-
lan': rax open yer mouthe wi' a
will, an' syne I sal pang 't for thee. §

§ It was
whiles owre
weel fill'd:
Ps. 78, 30, 31.

11 Bot my folk wad hear nane
till my cry; an' Israel wad nane o'
mysel:

¹Acts 7, 42;
14, 16.
Rom. 1, 24.

12 ¹Sae I e'en gied them owre till
†their thrawnness o' heart; an' they
gaed, as they liket themsel.

† Heb.
thrawnness
o' their heart.

13 'O gin my folk had but heark-
en'd till me; gin Israel had fuhred
my ain gates:

¹Deut. 5, 29;
10, 12, 13.
Isai. 43, 18.

14 In a blink, their ill-willers I'd
brought till the grun'; and rax'd
roun my han' on their faes.

^mPs. 18, 44;
66, 3.

15 ^mWha misliket the LORD, suld
†hae loudit till him; bot for evir an'
ay, their ain time suld hae been.

† Heb. *loutit*
like liars.

16 ^mHe had †plenish'd them syne
wi' the best o' the wheat; ^man' e'en
|| frae the hinney-craig, I had steghit
thee!

† Heb. *gar'd*
them eat o'
the fat o'
wheat.

^mJob 29, 6.
¹or, *hinney*
frae the craig,
gien enough
till thee.

PSALM LXXXII.

*Right-rechtin in Israel has gaen sair
wrang; God himsel maun be her
right-rechter.*

Ane heigh-lilt o' Asaph's. ||

¹or, *for*
Asaph.

GOD ^astan's i' the thrang o' the
mighty; he rights amang a'
the gods.

^a2 Chron.
19, 6.
Eccles. 5, 8.

2 How lang will ye right wi' a
wrang; ^ban' the face o' ill-doers
up-haud? Selah.

^bDeut. 1, 17;
10, 17.
^cChron. 19, 7.

3 The feckless an' faitherless,
right; till the down-dang an' puir,
do nae wrang:

^cProv. 24, 11.

4 'The feckless an' frail, sen' them
canny hame; frae the ill-doers' han's
lat them gang.

5 They ken-na, and care-na ava';

i' the mirk, they gang stevlin on:
^aa' the founds o' the yirth are at
thraw.†

^dPs. 11, 3.
† Heb. *shoggit*.

6 'I said Ye *war* gods, mysel; an'
sons o' the Heighest, †ilk ane:

^cExod. 22, 9.
John 10, 34.
† Heb. *a' ye*.

7 Bot yet ye maun die, like the
†laighest loon; an' like ane o' the
foremaist, fa'.

⁺Heb. *man o'*
the yird.

8 Win up, O God; right-recht the
lan'; ^sfor yerlane, maun tak feof
o' the hethen a'.

^fPs. 49, 12.
Ezek. 31, 14.

^fPs. 2, 8.

PSALM LXXXIII.

*Some gath'ran o' the niebor folk till mak
awa wi' Israel; the Makar wytes
them i' the name o' God, till be a'
dang by like stoure.*

A sang an' ane heigh-lilt o' Asaph's. ||

¹or, *for*
Asaph.

O GOD, ^abe-na whush; be-na
quaiet; be-na lown, O God.

^aPs. 28, 1;
35, 22; 109, 1.

2 For leuk, yer ill-willers wauken
a din; an' yer haters rax up the
head:

3 Again yer ain folk, they 'taen
canny thought; ^ban' ettle mischieff
on wha lye i' that neuk o' thine.†

^bPs. 27, 5;
31, 20.

† Heb. *happit*
anes.

4 Quo' they, Come awa; 'lat 's
sned them by, frae amang the folk;
that the name o' Isra'l be nae langer
in mind!

^cJer. 11, 19;
31, 36.

5 For their heart they hae packit
thegither; again thee, they hae sned-
den a tryst:

6 ^dEdom's howffs an' the Ish-
ma'lites; Moab an' the Hagarenes:

^d2 Chron. 22,
1; 10, 11.

7 Gebal, an' Ammon, an' Amalek;
Philistins, wi' dwellers in Tyre:

8 Assy as weel, was in pack wi'
them; an' they †stoopit the bairns
o' Lot. Selah.

† Heb. *war*
an arm till.

9 Bot do ye until them, as till
^cMidian; ^fas till Sisera, as till Ja-
bin, awa by the Kison flude:

^cJudges 7,
22.

10 They war clean done awa at
En-dor; ^sthey war dang like dung
on the yird.

^fJudges 4, 15,
24; 5, 21.

11 Mak the best amang them,

^s2 Kings 9,
37.
Zeph. 1, 17.

^a Judges 7, 25.

[†] Judges 8, 12, 21.

[†] Heb. Ettles shielin an' sheel-lan' thegither.

^a Isai. 17, 13, 14.

[†] Heb. frightit ay on an' on.

[†] Ps. 59, 13.

A. C. 1023

*Headins, &c. Ps. 8, || or, of.

^a Ps. 42, 1, 2; 63, 1; 73, 20; 119, 20.

^b Ps. 65, 4. § The blythe birds sing till God, with-
outen dread, on the vera slachtir-
stane. They maunna be steer'd.

^a like Oreb, an' like Zeeb; ⁱ an' like Zebah, an' ^e en like Zalmunnah, their foremaist ilk ane.

12 Wha said, Lat us glaum for oursels, the [†] hirsell an' a' o' God.

13 ^a My God, mak them ^a like a trinle; like fothir afore the win'.

14 As lowe licks up the wood; an' a bleeze, as it kennles the hills:

15 Sae drive ye them wi' yer onding; an' wi' yer swirlin blast, gar them cling.

16 Fill-fu' their faces wi' scorn, or they seek for yer name, O LORD.

17 Scham'd lat them be, an' [†] lang frightit; an' daiver'd, an' whamm'l'd dune.

18 'Syne sal they ken that yersell, *wi'* that name o' yer ain, JEHOVAH, are heighest the hail yirth abune!

PSALM LXXXIV.

How loesome are the dwellins o' God: blythe the bit birds i' the biggen; bot blythe abune a' is man; an' blythe owre the lave, wha see God in Zioun.

Till the sang-maister on Gittith: * ane heigh-lilt || for the sons o' Korah.

HOW loesome thae howffs o' thine, LORD o' hosts!

2 ^a My life langs sair, an' wearies awa, || for the LORD's ain fauldins sae fine; my heart an' my bouk, they skreigh out fu' fain, *for* God, *for* the livin God!

3 The vera flight-flier, scho wales a bit houss; an' the swallow a nest for hersell, whar her birds scho may lippen fu' snod; yer ain slachtir-cairns, O LORD, my King an' my God.

4 ^b Blythe dwellers are *thae* i' that houss o' yer ain; they maun ay be liltin till thee: Selah. §

5 *Bot* blythe *abune a'* been man;

his strenth's i' yersell alane: i' their heart, are thae gates o' *thine*. †

6 Gaen thro' || ^a the dulesome dale, they ^e en mak the same a wa'l; || an' the dreepin rain itsell, cleeds *them wi'* blessins abune.

7 Frae strenth till strenth, they win on; they leuk till see God in Zioun.

8 Harken my bidden, LORD God o' hosts; hearken, thou God o' Jakob: Selah.

9 ^a Schild o' our ain, leuk hereawa, God; leuk atowre on the face o' yer Chrystit.

10 For better's ae day i' thae faulds o' thine, nor a thousan: fairer I'd jouk at the yett o' God's houss, nor be howf'd in ha's o' wrangdoen.

11 ^a For a sun an' a schild, 's the LORD God himlane; gree an' gloiry the LORD can len': ^a an' ought *that's* gude he winna hain, frae them that gang aefauld on.

12 ^a Blythe *be* the man, O LORD o' hosts, till yerlane that lippens himsell!

(1) Ane kens-na, amang sae mony readins, how till redd the gate. Our Inglis reads nae wysser nor the lave, an' they differ uncolic, ane frae anither. Baith here an' in verse 5, we hae ettled David, that was sae gran' a makar an' kent weel what he said, suld speak for himsell. Leuk again, an' see gin it be-na baith wyss an' wyss-like.

PSALM LXXXV.

A cheerie lilt for the hame-come o' God wi' gude-will: his folk maun be wyss eftirben.

Till the sang-maister: * ane heigh-lilt || for the sons o' Korah.

YE hae rew'd on yer lan', O LORD; ye hae [†] lowse'd the thirldom o' Jakob!

2 ^a Ye hae redd by the wrang o' yer folk; ye hae happit up a' their misdoens: Selah.

3 Ye hae swakket frae a' yer

† Cramp enough Hebrew. Leuks till ettle, that man's better an' blyther nor the birds wi' a'—as said Chryst, Mat. 6, 20.

|| or, the dale o' *Baca*, or o' *greelin*, or, o' *mulberry tree*.

^c 2 Sam. 5, 22, 23.

|| or, the *maister*, or the *learner*, *theek*, or *is theekit wi' blessins*; or, *the rain theek the dubs*, (1)

^d Gen. 15, 1.

^e Gen. 15, 1. Ps. 119, 114. Prov. 2, 7.

^f Ps. 34, 9, 10.

^g Ps. 2, 12.

* Ps. 42, headin || or, of.

† Heb. *brought hame*: leuk Ps. 68, 18.

^a Ps. 32, 1.

° Ps. 80, 7.

wuth; ye hae quat frae the lowe o' yer angir.

4 ^b Weise us hame again, God our heal-ha'din; an' hae dune wi' yer angir on us.

5 Will ye lowe on us ay, evir mair? Will ye rax yer ill-will, frae ae kith-gettin till anither?

6 Will ye ne'er come hame, *till* gie life till us? that yer folk may be blythe in thee!

7 O LORD, lat us see yer ain gude-ness; an' yer heal-ha'din, wair't on oursel!

° Zech. 9, 10.

8 I maun hearken what God the LORD will speak *syne*: °for peace he sal speak till his folk, till his sants an' a'; bot till folly, they maunna win hame.

° Zech. 2, 5.

9 Surely nar 's his heal-ha'din till wha fear himsel; ^dthat gloiry may bide in our lan'.

° Ps. 72, 3.
Isai. 32, 17.

10 Rewth an' trewth hae for-gather'd wi' ither; °the right an' the lown, they hae kiss'd, the twa.

/ Isai. 45, 8.

11 ^fTrewth schutes like the blade frae the grun'; an' the right, it leuks owre frae the lift.

° Ps. 84, 11.

12 °Synne the LORD, he sal gie *us* *what* 's gude; ^han' our lan' sal be guid wi' her gift.

° Ps. 67, 6.

° Ps. 89, 14.

13 ⁱThe right, it sal fuhre afore him; an' sal airt us the gate o' his feet.

PSALM LXXXVI.

Ane unco sair plea o' David's wi' the Lord, wha 's far abune a' ither gods, till win hame till him an' help him.

Ane heart's-bode o' David's.

LOUT laigh yer lug, O LORD; hearken ye till me, for puir an' forfainr *am* mysel.

2 Tak tent o' my life, for 'am a' yer ain: heal ye yer ain thirlman,

O my God, wha lippens himsel till yerlane.

3 Rew kindly on me, O LORD, for a' the day lang I hae skreigh't till yersel.

4 The saul o' yer servan' fu' blyth lat it be; °for till yerlane, O LORD, rax I up my saul:

5 ^bFor gude, O LORD, *are* ye a' yerlane, an' o' pitie fou; in rewth abune a', till wha cry on thee.

6 Hearken, O LORD, till my bidden; an' thole at the sraigh o' my pray'rs.

7 °In the day o' my fash, I maun cry till yersel; for yersel can speak hame till me fair.

8 ^dNane like yersel amang a' the gods; †nor nae warks like yer ain, O LORD: °

9 ^fA' kins ye hae made, they maun come, an' lout laigh afore thee, O LORD; an' maun e'en gie laud till yer name.

10 For gran' a' yerlane, *are* thou; °an' warks o' wonner, ye wrought yersel: ^hO God, ye are God alane!

11 ⁱWeise me, O LORD, yer ain gate; *syne* sal I fuhre i' yer trewth: an' my heart, till fear yer name, haud it weel thegither.

12 For wi' a' my heart I maun praise yersel, O LORD my God; an' gie laud till yer name for evir.

13 For yer rewth ontill me, it 's been wonner grit; an' ye redd out my saul frae the graiff aneth.

14 ¶A wheen haughty gods again me raise; ^kan' a thrang o' ill-doers sought eftir my life; an' ne'er set yersel afore them.

15 'Bot yerlane, O LORD, *are* a God fou o' pitie, an' kind; frae angir far, an' in rewth an' in trewth, abune mind.†

16 Leuk atowre till mysel, an' hae pitie on me; gie strenth o' yer ain till yer loon *that* 's in ban': ^man' saif ye the son o' yer maiden.

° Ps. 25, 1;
143, 8.° Verse 15.
Ps. 145, 9.
Joel 2, 13.

° Ps. 50, 15.

° Exod. 15,
11.
Ps. 89, 6.† Heb. *nane*
like yer ain
warks.

° Deut. 3, 24.

/ Ps. 22, 31;
102, 18.
Isai. 43, 7.° Ps. 72, 18;
77, 14.° Deut. 6, 4;
32, 39.
Isai. 37, 16;
44, 6.
Mark 12, 29.
1 Cor. 8, 4.
Eph. 4, 6.° Ps. 25, 4;
27, 11; 119,
33; 143, 8.¶ or, O God,
the haughty
anes *has*
risen.

° Ps. 54, 3.

° Exod. 34, 6.
Num. 14, 18.
Neh. 9, 17.
Verse 5.
Ps. 103, 8;
111, 4; 130,
4, 7; 145, 8.
Joel 2, 13.† Heb. *mony-*
fauld.

° Ps. 116, 16.

82° Intil
this Psalm,
ic 's whiles
LORD, an
whiles LAIRD;
in verses 1,
6, 11, 17, it
stans LORD,
intil the
lave LAIRD;
but ettles a'
ane.

17 Tryst me some ferlie for gude,
that my haters may see 't, an' be
scham'd: for yerlane, O LORD, hae
baith stoopit an' bield't me finely.

PSALM LXXXVII.

*God cares mair for Zioun, nor the lave
o' the world forby; a' that sal count
wi' him, maun count till be born
tharby.*

† or, of.

Ane heigh-lilt or sang || for the sons
o' Korah.

* Ps. 48, 1.

SAE sikker 's his found a on the
halie heights!

* Ps. 78, 67,
69.

2 ^bThe LORD loes the yetts o'
Zioun, mair nor Jakob's shielins a'.

3 Siccan ferlies are tell't o' thee,
brugh o' God's *walins*: Selah:

* Ps. 89, 10.

4 'Rahab an' Babel, I 'se name,
till wha ken ought o' me: thar 's
Philistie frem, an' thar 's Tyre; along
wi' *the lan' o' Cush*: †some loon, he
was born i' the same.

† Heb. *ony-
body*.

5 Bot till Zioun sal ay be said,
†Man eftir man was born in her:
an' Himsel, wha 's Heighest o' a',
he sal stablish her.

+ Heb. *mighty
man an'
mighty man*,
far abune a'
loons frae
Cush.

* Ps. 22, 30.

6 ^dThe LORD he sal count, whan
he jots the folk, that siclike was
born tharin: Selah.

§ Unco loud
an' clear, till
tell sic news.

7 An' the lilters *themsels* like fifers
sal be; § ilk- wa'll-spring o' mine 's
intil thee!

PSALM LXXXVIII.

*Heman lits in dule, an' the sairest
heart-threepin wi' God: neither
light nor likan awa'.*

† or, of.

Ane heigh-lilt or sang || for the sons
o' Korah; till the sang-maister
on *Mahalath Leannoth: *Mas-
chil o' Heman the Ezrahite.

* *Headins., &c.*
1 Kings 4, 31.
1 Chron. 2, 6.

LORD God o' my ain heal-
ha'din, a' day hae I sighet fu'
sair; an' a' night, afore thee.

2 Lat my bidden win ben till yer
presence; lout yer lug till my weary
cry.

3 For my saul it 's been steghit
wi' sorrows; an' my life wins awa
till the graiff.

4 'Am countit wi' them that gang
down till the heugh; a' am e'en like
some carl wi' nae mair o' pith: §

* Ps. 31, 12.
§ Able
enough
ance, bot
clean by
now.

5 Lowse'd frae my ban's wi' the
dead; like the slachtir'd, wha lye
for the yirdin; that yersel winna
mind ony mair, an' they're e'en sned
awa frae yer han'.

† Heb. *sheugh
o' the howes*

6 Ye hae slang me †aneth, i' the
sheugh; i' the mirkest gloams, i' the
laighest heughs.

7 Yer wuth, it dings owre me
abune; an' ^byer angir-spates a', ye
hae brusten on me: Selah.

* Ps. 42, 7.

8 'My friens, ye hae schuten them
far frae mysel; ye hae made me
their scunner: 'am steekit close ben,
an' sal ne'er win but.

* Job 19, 13.
Ps. 31, 11:
142, 4.

9 ^dMy ee wears awa wi' dule; I
hae skreigh't till yerlane, O LORD,
a' day; 'I hae braidet my looves,
fornest ye.

* Ps. 38, 10.

10 ^fWill ye wair wonner-warks
on the dead? sal ghaists win atowre
an' praise thee? Selah.

§ Ps. 6, 5;
30, 9; 115,
17; 118, 17
Isai. 38, 18

11 Sal yer rewth be tell't owre
i' the graiff? yer trewth, amang
wastry o' *mouls*?

12 ^sSal yer ferlies be kent i' the
mirk? ^bor yer right, i' the land o'
nae mind?

§ Job 10, 21.
Ps. 143, 3.

* Ps. 31, 12.

13 Bot mysel, I maun sraigh till
ye, LORD: 'an' i' the mornin ere,
sal my bidden win hame afore ye. §

* Ps. 5, 3.

14 Whatfor, O LORD, schute ye
by my saul? an' hap ye yer face
frae me?

§ Or God
waukens,
Heman's
bidden sal
be afore him.

15 Forfochten am I, an' 'am e'en
i' the dead-thraw; sen a callant *I*
was, I hae thol'd yer on-dings, ^kan'
kenna nae *langer* how till dree.

* Job 6, 4.

16 Yer angrie tornes hae travell'd
owre me; yer awesome dreids, they
hae sned me down:

17 They fankit me roun 'ilk day,

† or, a' the
day lang.

¹Ps 31, 11;
38, 11.

like watir; they wan up about me,
a' at ae tide.

18 'Jo an' frien' hae ye schuten
clean frae me; an' wha kent me
narest, in mirk *till bide*.

PSALM LXXXIX.

*What God has trystit till David, an'
till a' that are David's ain; an'
tho' David be uncold tried, how God
maun ay bide by his word. Blythe
may they a' be wha fen like David.*

*Maschil ||o' Ethan the Ezrahite.

THE rewtis o' the LORD evir
mair I maun sing; frae ae
†life's end till anither, thy trewth
I'se mak kent wi' my mouthe.

2 For rewth, quo' I, sal be bigget
for ay; ^athy trewth, i' the lifts ye
sal set.

3 ^bI hae snedden a tryst wi' my
walit; ^cI hae sworn until David,
my thirl:

4 ^dI sal stablish yer out-come for
evir; ^ean' frae ae kith end till an-
ither, that thron o' yer ain I sal big:
Selah.

5 ^fAn' the hevins sal gie laud till
yer wonner-warks, LORD; an' yer
trewth, i' the thrang o' the sants.

6 ^gFor wha i' the lift sal stan' wi'
the LORD? ^hor kythe wi' the LORD,
amang sons o' †the mighty?

7 ⁱA God fu' dread, i' the thrang
o' the gude; an' eke till be fear'd,
o' a' that forgather round him.

8 LORD God o' mony-might, wha
's like yersel, sic a mighty Lord? an'
yer truth, that wins a' about ye?

9 ^jYerlane, ye can swee owre the
height o' the sea; i' the heize o' its
waves, ye can lay them.

10 ||Rahab ye ^kdang, like a slach-
tir'd loon; wi' the arm o' yer might
ye drave yer ill-willers.

11 Yer ain ^lare 'the hevins, an' the
yirth ^mis yer ain; the warld an' its
walth, ye hae made them sikker.

12 The north an' the southe, ye
hae schuppen them baith: Tabor
an' Hermon sal lilt at yer name.

13 Yer ain ⁿis an arm wi' might
an' a'; sterk is yer han', an' fu'
heigh yer right han'.

14 ^oRight an' right-redden ^pare
skowth for yer thron; ^qrewth an'
trewth haud the gate afore ye.

15 Fu' blythe may the folk be,
wha ken the cheerie sang; ^ri' the
light o' thy ain face, O LORD, their
gate they ^say sal gang. §

16 I' that name o' thine, the lee-
lang day, sal they be liltin free;
an' in that righteousness o' thine, sal
they be hadden hie.

17 For the gudeliheid o' a' their
might, ^tare ye yersel ^ualane; ^van' intil
that gude-will o' thine, ye sal heize
our horn abune.

18 For till the LORD, our schild
^weffirs; an' till Israel's Halie Ane,
our King.

19 Syne spak ye, ^x†wi' the seer's
sight, till him was dear to thee; an'
help ontill a mighty ane I hae lip-
pened, quo' ye: a weel-waled ^ywight
frae 'mang the folk, I hae setten
him on hie.

20 ^zE'en David's sel, ^{aa}I fand him
out, my ain lealman ^{ab}till be; an' wi'
the oyle o' halieness, chrystit him-
sel hae I.

21 ^{ac}'An' sae my han', wi' him sal
stan'; an' my arm his stoop sal be.

22 ^{ad}'On him the fae nae fash sal
lay; nor mischief's son him wrang:

23 ^{ae}'Afore his face, I'll ding his
faes; an' cloure wha wiss him ill:

24 ^{af}'Bot my trewth an' my rewth,
they ^{ag}sal bide wi' himsel; an' his horn,
^{ah}in my name, sal be strang. †

25 ^{ai}'His han' I'll e'en set i' the
sea; an' his right han' in braid-
rowin fludes. ‡

26 Till mysel he sal cry, my

¹Ps 97, 2

²Ps 85, 13

³Num. 10, 10;
23, 21.

§ The gift o'
sang 's a
God's gift,
an' wysly
han'l'd, heals
the folk.

⁴Ver. 24.
Ps. 75, 10;
152, 17.

‡Sight comes
whiles wi'
sang; as till
David him-
sel it did.

⁵1 Sam. 16,
1, 12.

⁶Ps. 82, 17.

⁷2 Sam. 7, 10.

⁸2 Sam. 7, 9.

⁹Ps. 61, 7

¹⁰Ver. 17.

† Heb. *Heigh-
lit*.

¹¹Ps. 72, 8;
So. 11.

‡ His face
syne suld be
till the
north: Tak
a leuk o' the
map.

*Headins, &c
| or, for: an'
leuks unco
like David's
ain, tho' it
be sae gien
till Ethan:
some tak it
for ane o'
Jeremiah's,
an' the LXX.
read Ethan
the Israelite.
† Kings 4, 31.
† Chron. 2, 6.
† Heb. *kith-
gettin an'
kithgettin*.

¹Ps. 119, 59.

²1 Kings 8,
16.

³2 Sam. 7,
11, &c.

⁴d Verses 29,
36.

⁵c Siclike as
in verse 1.

⁶Ps 19, 1.

⁷Ps. 71, 19;
86, 8; 113, 5.

† Heb. *the
gods*.

⁸b Ps. 76, 11.

⁹Ps. 65, 7.

|| or, ye may
ca't *Ægypt*.

¹⁰Exod. 14,
26.

¹¹Ps. 87, 4.
Isal. 30, 7.

¹²1 Gen. 1, 1.
Ps. 24, 1; 50,
12.

	Faither <i>are</i> ye; my God, an' †my hainin rock.	40 A' his dykes ye hae wrakit till ruins; ^m his strenths ye hae wastit awa: †	^m Ps. 80, 12.
† Heb. <i>rock o' my heal-ha'din</i> .	27 Syne sae the auld son I sal mak him; ^a abune a' kings o' the lan':	41 A' that gang by the gate, they can rive him; he 's a geck till his niebors a':	† Heb. <i>settle them a' roust</i>
^a Ps. 2, 7.	28 ^a Evir mair my gude-will, for him I sal hain; an' my tryst, wi' himsel i' sal stan':	42 His ill-willers' right han' ye hae heizet; an' fu' blythe ye hae made a' his faes:	
^a Isai. 55, 3.	29 ^b His outcome for ay I sal e'en gar stay; ^c an' his thron, like the days o' the lift. ^d	43 Na, the face o' his swurd, ye hae cuisten; an' in tuiizie, ye stoop him nae mair:	
^b Ver. 4, 36.	30 ^c Gin his weans hae nae mind o' my law; an' gin they winna gang i' my right:	44 The skance o' his gloiry ye keppit; an' his thron ye brought down till the lair: †	
^c Isai. 9, 7.	31 Gin they saddle the trysts I made; an' nane by my biddens will haud:	45 The days o' his youth ye hae snedden; ye hae happit him owre wi' care: Selah.	† Heb. <i>yird o' grun</i> .
^d Jer. 33, 17.	32 ^f Their ain wrang-doens syne I sal snod wi' the rod; an' their folly, wi' mony a blaud.	46 ⁿ How lang, O LORD? will ye hide for evir? ^e yer wuth, maun it lowe like a fire?	ⁿ Ps. 79, 5.
^d Deut. 11, 21.	33 ^e Bot my kindness frae him I sal ne'er tak awa; nor mislippen my tryst o' truth:	47 ^b Hae min' o' mylane; †but a blink <i>I can hain</i> . Ilk bairn o' the yird, whatfor hae ye made him for nought?	^e Ps. 78, 63;
^e 2 Sam. 7, 14.	34 Lightly my tryst sal I nevir; nor steer what gaed but frae my mouthe. †	48 ^a Wha sae stieve can live, ^r an' dead shanna †prieve? wha can redd but his life, frae the grip o' the graiff? Selah.	^b Ps. 39, 5; 119, 84.
^f 2 Sam. 7, 15.	35 ^b Ance hae I sworn by my hali-ness; till David whatfor suld I lie?	49 O whar <i>are</i> yer thoughts, ance sae kind, O LORD? 'till David ye swure i' yer truth? ^f	^a Heb. <i>what-na blink</i> : the lave 's awantin.
^f 2 Sam. 7, 15.	36 ⁱ That his outcome †suld bide for evir; ^k an' his thron like the sun, afore me:	50 O LORD, hae min' o' yer thirl-folk's pine; ^u I bear 't i' my breast, frae the feck o' the hethen a':	^f Ps. 49, 9.
† Heb. <i>lips</i> .	37 Like the mune, evir mair suld be sikker; †an' what 's true, i' the lift sae hie: Selah.	51 ^a How yer ill-willers jeer, O LORD; how yer chrystit's ain gates they misca'!	^u Hebr. 11, 5.
^b Amos 4, 2.	38 Bot yersel, ye hae airtit awa, an' misguidit <i>us</i> sair hae ye; wi' yer chrystit, ye 'taen the ill thraw.	52 <i>Bot</i> blythe be the LORD, evir mair: Amen, an' sae lat i' fa'!	^f Heb. <i>see</i> .
ⁱ 2 Sam. 7, 16.	39 Yer ain lealman's tryst, ye dis-own'd it; 'his crown ye hae filed i' the stoure:		ⁱ 2 Sam. 7, 15.
^j Luke 1, 33.			^j Isai. 55, 3.
^k John 12, 34.			^k Ps. 54, 5.
^l Ver. 4, 29.			^u Ps. 69, 9.
† Heb. <i>suld be</i> .			^x Ps. 74, 22.
^l Heb. 72, 5, 17.			
† Heb. <i>an' the true teller</i> .			

[PAIRT FOUR.]

[*Until this an' the hinmaist Pairt, as ye sal see, are mony Psalms wi' nae headins o' their ain, an' by what makar 's no kent. The LXX., or Septuagint, as they're ca'd, hae gien headins till a wheen o' them; an' we tak sic help frae them [in braggets] as they can gie.*]

PSALM XC.

Man's like the grass, an' his days like a tide: he comes an' be gangs, bot be canna bide.

* Deut. 33. 1. * Ane heart's bode o' Moses, the ae Man o' God.

OUR ^ahame Ye 'been ay, yer-
lane, O LORD; †frae ae life's
end till anither.

2 ^bOr the heights war shot bot,
or the yirth an' the warld ye had
schuppen; na, frae ae langsyne till
anither, *hae* Ye *been* God.

3 Man ye fesh roun till naething;
aye, ye say 'Hame again, Sons o'
the yird!

4 ^dFor a thousan year i' yer sight,
are the gliff o' a bygane day; or
e'en as a steer i' the night.

5 'Ye hae drookit them a' in a
dwaum; ^fi' the mornin are they, as
the winnle-strae dwaffles:

6 ^gI' the mornin, it braids an' it
dwaffles; or night, it lies mawn an'
winn.

7 For in yer angir, we're a' for-
fochten; an' in yer wuth, are we
dang clean dune.

8 ^hOur fauts ye hae setten for-
nenst ye; ⁱour 'weel-happit *sins*, i'
the glint o' yer glow'r.

9 For ilk day o' our ain drees by
in yer angir; an' our years wear
aun, like †the sigh o' a sang.

10 The days o' our years, seeventy
year o' them ^a; or wi' meikle pith,
aughty year they may gang: bot a
weary warsle 's their feck wi' a';
for a gliff it gaes by, an' we slichter
hame.

11 Wha daur mean the weight o'
yer angir? e'en sae as ye're trystit,
yer angir maun *be*.†

12 ^kTill count our days, gar us
ken the better; an' airt *our* heart
the gate o' *sic* lear.

13 Hame again, LORD, how lang

sal ye swither? an' ay on yer thirl-
folk rew the mair:

14 Stegh us fu' ere wi' *rowth* o'
yer pitie; syne sal we lilt, an' be
blythe a' our days.

15 Mak us blythe, †for sae lang 's
ye hae dang us; an' the years we
hae seen bot ill: ‡

16 Lat yer wark be but seen on
yer thirlfolk; on their bairns, yer
gudelieid *still*:

17 'An' the will o' the LORD our
God be amang us; an' the wark o'
our han's, till oursels mak it guid:
O the wark o' our han's, mak it
guid till *oursel*.§

PSALM XCI.

*Nane sae sikker as wha bide wi' the
Lord: The ill-man himsel kens that
fu' weel.*

[By wha, 's no said: maist like by
David.]

WHA ^alyes i' the lown o' the
Heighest, he sal bide i' the
bield o' the Stievest:

2 ^bHe may say, || Wi' the LORD,
is my to-fa' an' craig; my God, I
maun lippen him liefest.

3 'For, frae the hunter's girn he
sal quat ye; *an'* e'en frae the sigh
o' a' ill: §

4 ^dHe sal hap ye atowre wi' his
feathers; an' ye'se lippen aneth his
wings: his truth sal be shaltir an'
schild.

5 'Nane sal ye dread, frae the
fright o' the night; nor, the flane,
as it flies the day thro':

6 Frae the ill that gangs i' the
gloamin; frae the †wastin, *whan*
noontide 's fou.

7 A thousan sal stacher aside ye;
an' ten thousan at thy right han';
bot it shanna win nar till thee.

8 ^fBut a glisk wi' yer een ye sal
wair †*on't*; an' the fairin o' ill folk
sal see.

† Heb. *for the day*—till wit, in Ægypt.

‡ 400 year: an' mae nor twice as mony they might hae been blythe, an they wad hae tholed guidin.

§ An' till nae Ægyptian riever.

* Ps. 27. 5

* Ps. 142. 5. | or, I'll say.

† Ps. 124. 7. § The hunter aiblins shue'd the birds in owre till his girn.

‡ Ps. 17. 8; 57. 1; 61. 4

§ Job 5. 19. &c. Ps. 121. 6. Prov. 3. 23. Lml. 43. 2

† Heb. *wastin* it *wastes*.

† Ps. 37. 34. + Heb. *sal jump*: or, *but only leuk wi' yer een*.

* Deut. 33. 27.

Ezek. 11. 16.

† Heb. *frae kirkgrin an' kirkgrin*.

* Prov. 5. 25.

* Gen. 3. 19.

Eccles. 12. 7.

* 2 Pet. 3. 8.

* Ps. 73. 20.

† Ps. 103. 15.

Lml. 40. 6.

* Ps. 92. 7.

* Ps. 50. 21.

§ A' that 's weak in our bodies.

* Ps. 19. 12.

† Heb. *though* fu' *cruel*.

† Heb. *lilt* *around*.

* Ps. 39. 4.

9 For ye made the LORD, my ain to-fa', 'an' the Heighest owre a', yer biel'd;
 10 Ill, it sal ne'er befa' ye, nor mischieff win nar till yer shiel.
 11 ^aFor his ain erran-rinners he'll weise ye; till tent ye, † whare'er ye gang:
 12 On their loov's, fu' heigh they sal heize ye, 'in case be ‖yer fit tak a stane.
 13 Ye sal gang owre the lyoun an' ethir; the lyoun's whalp an' grit ethir, ye sal thring them *baith* down yerlane.
 14 For ay in mysel he had pleaur, syne sae I sal redd him hame; heigh by himlane I sal set him, for weel has he kent my name.
 15 ^tHe sal cry till mysel, an' I'll tent him; mylane *sal be* wi' him in dree: I sal rax him atowre frae *cumber*, an' eke sal gie him the gree.
 16 Wi' nae en' o' days I sal stegh him; 'an' *a' that's* in my heal-ha'din, I sal *e'en* gar him leuk an' see.

PSALM XCII.

How ill-doers a' are sned by like the gerss, bot the righteous braid braw like the trees.

Ane heigh-lilt or sang, for the Quattin-Day. [By wha, 's no said.]

IT'S ^agude till gie laud to the LORD; an' till lilt to thy name, Thou Heighest:

2 Till tell yer gude-gree i' the mornin gray; an' yer truth, † whan the nights are *dreichest*:

3 On the lume wi' the tensome thairms, an' eke on the langspiel's sel; † wi' the lown-gaen sugh o' a sang, *alang* wi' the harp *sae snell*.

4 For sae blythe 's ye made me wi' yer wonner-wark, LORD; i' the warks o' yer hans, I sal roose mysel.

5 ^bHow mighty, O LORD, are yer

doens; 'unco deep, are thae thoughts o' thine!

6 ^dThe carl, *that's* a brute, canna ken *them*; the gowk, o' sic-like has nae min'.

7 ^eWhan ill-doers braid like the gerss; an' ^a that do wrang growe green: *it's* ay till be wastit are they.

8 ^fBot yerlane, O LORD, *are* fu' heigh for ay!

9 Syne sae, O LORD, yer ill-willers; syne sae, yer ill-willers sal gang: sperdit sal they be *thegither*, a' that are warkers o' wrang.

10 ^gBot my horn, like the reem's, ye sal straughten; my auld age, wi' oyle sal be green: ‖

11 ^hMy ee sal leuk owre my ill-willers; o' ill folk that steer up again me, my lugs they sal hearken the *mean*.

12 ⁱThe righteous sal blume like the palm-tree; like the cedar o' Lebanon, braid:

13 Wha are set i' the LORD's ain biggen; they sal blume i' the faulds o' our God:

14 Ay on till grey hairs, they sal carry; sappy an' green sal they be:

15 Till tell that **JEHOVAH** is ae-fauld: ^kmy rock, an' ^lwi' nae wrang intil him, *is* he.

PSALM XCIII.

The thron o' the Lord's abune fechtan folk, an' warslin watirs; Jehovah's gran', owre sea an' lan'.

[For the day afore the Quattin-Day, whan the yirth was founded: ane o' David's, quo' the LXX.]

JEHOVAH'S ^msel, ⁿhe's king: ^bwi' might he's cled, he's cled;

^cJEHOVAH 's graith'd wi' might: ^dthe warld forby, 's fu' sikker sted; atowre it winna swing.

2 ^eYer thron, sen-syne, 's fu' stieve; frae ayont lang-syne, yerlane.

3 The fludes hae rax't, O LORD;

^cIsai. 28, 29.
^{Rouh.} 11, 34.

^dPs. 94, 8.

^eJob 12, 6;
21, 7.
^fJer. 12, 1, 2.
^gMal. 3, 15.

^fPs. 56, 2.

^gPs. 89, 17, 24.

|| or, *I sal be drookit wi' green oyle.*

^hPs. 54, 7;
59, 10;
112, 8.

ⁱIsai. 65, 22.
^{Hos.} 14, 5.

^kDeut. 32, 4.
^lRom. 9, 14.

^aPs. 96, 10;
97, 1; 99, 1.
^{Isai.} 52, 7.

^bPs. 104, 1.

^cPs. 65, 6.

^dPs. 96, 10.

^ePs. 45, 6.
^{Prov.} 8, 22,
&c.

|| or, *reaver*.

the fludes hae rax't their din; the
fludes hae rax't their might : ||

4 Abune the din o' mony a watir-
breinge; abune the breinge o' seas,
the LORD 's fu' grand in height.

5 Yer trysts, they're unco sure;
an' halieness weel sets yer hous, O
LORD, nae end o' days till *fubre*.

PSALM XCIV.

*A lang plea wi' ill-doers, on what God
maun think an' do wi' them. Nae
thron o' mischieff, nor lawfu' wrang,
the warst o' a' wrangs, can be his.*

[By wha's no said: thought till be
by David.*]

GOD o' wrakin, O JEHOVAH;
a God o' wrakin, glint atowre:

2 ^bUp, yerlane, the 'yirth's right-
rechter; till the proud, gie double
owre.

3 How lang, O LORD, sal evil
warkers; how lang sal ill folk haud
the gree?

4 They clash an' claiver heartless
mischieff,[†] they crack fu' crouse,
a' that wark a lie.

5 Yer folk, LORD, they wear them
clean dune; an' yer haddin, they
waste it awa:

6 The widow an' wander'd, till
death they ding; an' the orphans,
†till dead they draw:

7 'An' the LORD; quo' they, sal
ne'er see *the like*; nor Jakob's God
ken ava'.

8 ^fTak tent, ye brutes amang folk;
an' ye cuifs, will ye ne'er be wyss?

9 ^gWha plantit the lug, sal he no
hear? wha shapit the ee, sal he tak
nae notice?

10 Wha schules the hethen, sal he
no fleech; wha insenses mankind
wi' thought?

11 ^h*Aye*, the LORD kens weel the
thought o' ilk chiel; that *the best o'*
them *a' are* but nought.

12 ⁱWeel for the wight ye hae
taught, O LORD; an' e'en frae yer
law gien him lear:

13 For lown till himsel, in the
days o' ill; or the sheugh for ill-
doers be bare.†

14 ^kFor the LORD winna tine his
ain folk; nor his haddin, he winna
forlie 't:

15 Bot rightin sal win back till
right; syne a' aefauld in heart, sal
be wi' t. §

16 Wha sal rise for mysel on
the wicked? wha sal help me, wi'
warkers o' wrang?

17 An the LORD *had-na been* my
up-ha'din; my life, maist a whush
it had lain:

18 Bot my fit, whan I said it had
slippet; yer gude-will, O LORD,
made me strang:

19 In the thrang o' my thoughts
within me, yer comforts, they made
me fu' fain.

20 'Sal the thron o' mischieff,^m
that ettles sic fash || on the law, be
wi' thee?

21 They rin on the life o' the
rightous; an' the bluid o' the saik-
less, they winna free.†

22 Bot the LORD till mylane is
heigh-ha'din; an' my God 's a stieve
craig till me:

23 ⁿAn' sal coup on themsels their
wrang-doen; an' †whan they sned,
sal sned them awa: *Aye*, JEHOVAH
that 's God o' our ain, a' *siclike* he
sal sned them in twa.

PSALM XCV.

*A lilt o' laud till the Lord, an' a word
o' gude guidin till Israel.*

[By wha's no said here.*]

HEREAWA folk, lat us lilt to
the LORD; ^afu' loud lat us

ⁱ 1 Cor. 11, 32.
Hebr. 12, 5,
&c.

† Heb. *horok-
it*, or *ready*.

^k 1 Sam. 12,
22.
Rom. 11, 1, 2.

§ Whan law
an' what's
right gang
thegither,
folk may be
weel con-
tent.

* Ca'd in the
LXX. for the
fourt day o'
the Sabbath.

^a Deut. 32, 35.
Nah. 1, 2.

^b Ps. 7, 6.

^c Gen. 18, 25.

^d Ps. 31, 18.
Jude 15.

† Heb. ettles
to fell like a
rieve.

^e Ps. 10, 11,
13.

^f Ps. 73, 22;
92, 6.

^g Exod. 4, 11.
Prov. 20, 12.

^h 1 Cor. 3, 20.

^m Amos 6, 3.
m Ps. 58, 2.
Isai. 10, 1.

|| or, *wi' the
law, or abune
the law.*

† Heb. *they
doom till
dead.*

ⁿ Ps. 7, 16.
† Heb. ettles
† *their ain
sneidin*, or
*clourin o'
ither folk*,
God sal sned
themsels
clean awa.

* Leuk Hebr.
4, 7.

^a Ps. 100, 1.

† Heb. *till the east o' his face.*

† Ps. 96, 4; 97, 9; 135, 5.

† Heb. *a' the ends.*

† Ps. 79, 13; 80, 1; 100, 3.

† Hebr. 3, 7; 4, 7.

† Exod. 17, 2, 7; Num. 14, 22; Deut. 6, 16; f Ps. 78, 18, 40, 56; 1 Cor. 10, 9.

§ Forty year gang till ae kithingettin. The Lord tholed sae lang, an' syne got weel quat o' them.

§ An' a braw lilt it is.

† Chron. 16, 23; Ps. 33, 3.

lilt to the craig o' our ain heal-ha'din.

2 Lat us †ben afore him wi' a lilt o' laud; wi' sangs fu' heigh, lat us lilt until him.

3 ^b For a God unco grand *is* the LORD; an' a king fu' gran', owre the †lave o' gods.

4 In that lan' o' his, *are* the howes o' the yirth; an' his ain are the heights o' the hills:

5 Whase ain *is* the sea, for he made it himsel; an' the dry *lan'*, his han's gied it shape.

6 O hereawa *syne*, lat us lout an' beck; lat us laigh on our knees, till the LORD our Makar.

7 For himlane, he *is* God o' our ain; 'an' oursels the folk o' his hirsell; an' eke the flock o' his han': ^d Gin his cry, but the day, ye wad hear till.

8 O haud-na yer hearts sae dour, 'as *ance* in the weary warsle; as *ance* in the day o' thraw, in that gateless grun', ye *daur'd* till:

9 ^f Whan yer faihthers they tempit, they tried me sair; an' my warks o' wonner they saw still.

10 Forty year lang I was fash'd wi' the kin: Syne quo' I, the folk gang agle, i' thae hearts o' their ain; an' gates o' mine, they ken nought o':

11 An' I swure in my wuth till them syne, my rest they suld ne'er win ben to. §

PSALM XCVI.

A sang o' laud, at the hame-comin o' the Lord till his ain halidom.

[Ane o' David's; whan his houss was bigger eftir captivity, quo' the LXX.]

SING ^a ye till the LORD a new sang; sing ye till the LORD, the hail yirth:

2 Sing ye till the LORD, blythe-bid his name; tell ye his heal-ha'din, frae day till day.

3 Tell owre amang the folk the weight o' his gree; amang a' the folk, his warks o' wonner.

4 ^b For grand 's the LORD, 'an' fu' gran'ly lauded: ^d himlane till be fear'd abune a' the gods.

5 'For a' gods o' the hethen *are* gods o' nought; ^f bot the LORD *himlane*, it *was*, wrought the hevins.

6 Gloiry an' gree *are* thegither afore him; might an' what 's braw, in his halie howff.

7 Gie ye till the LORD, ye out-come o' the folk; gie ye till the LORD, gndeliheid an' might:

8 ^s Gie ye till the LORD, the gloiry † beha'din his name; tak a hansel, an' ben till his chaumers:

9 Lout laigh till the LORD, ^h in braws o' the best; † quak ye afore him, the hail yirth:

10 Quo' ye amang the folk, ⁱ The LORD he 's king; the warld eke fu' sikker is, that it suld ne'er be steerit: the folk ^k he sal guide *himself*, wi' his ain righteous guidins.

11 ⁱ The lifts, lat them laugh; an' the yirth, lat it blythen: ^m the sea, lat it rant, an' its plenishin a':

12 The field lat it fling, an' ilk haet that 's inside o't; aye! ilk stok o' the wood, lat it lilt *an'* sing:

13 Afore the LORD, for he comin is; for he 's comin till right the lan': ⁿ he sal right-recht the warld intil righteousness, an' the folk intil truth *that 's* his ain.

PSALM XCVII.

Another heigh-lilt at the Lord's hame-comin: Zioun, abune a', suld be glad.
[For David; whan the lan' was lip-pened till himself, quo' the LXX.]

^b Ps. 145, 3.

^c Ps. 18, 3.

^d Ps. 95, 3.

^e See Jer. 10, 11, 12.

^f Ps. 115, 15.

^g Ps. 29, 1, 2.

† Heb. *o' his name.*

^b Ps. 29, 2; 110, 3.

† Heb. *weel setten by, or o' haliness, or o' the halie-howuff.*

ⁱ Ps. 93, 1; 97, 1.

^k Ps. 98, 9.

^l Ps. 69, 34.

^m Ps. 98, 7; &c.

ⁿ Ps. 67, 4. Rev. 19, 11

* Ps. 96. 12.

THE LORD, 'he 's King, lat the yirth be blythe; *an'* the feck o' the isles be fain.

* 1 Kings 6. 12.

* Ps. 78. 11.

* Ps. 69. 14.

* Dan. 7. 10.

* Ps. 77. 18; 104. 32.

* Judge. 5. 5.

* Mic. 1. 4.

* Hab. 1. 5.

* Ps. 19. 1; 52. 6.

* Exod. 22. 4.

* Lev. 26. 1.

* Deut. 5. 8.

* Heb. 1. 6.

2 'Cluds an' mirk, they gather round him; 'right an' 'right-rechtin stoop his thron.

3 'Lowe afore him gangs, an' kennles his ill-willers room' about:

4 'His lightmins lighten did the world; *syne* the yirth, it saw an' shenk.

5 Frae afore the LORD the heights, like wax 'they thow'd awa; frae afore the face o' *him*, *that 's* Laird o' the yirth an' a'.

6 'The lifts, they lat wit o' his right; his glory, a' folk can see:

7 'Be scham'd a' wha jouk till ane eidol; wha crack sae crouselly o' gods o' nought: 'hout laigh till himsel, a' gods *that be*.

8 Zioun hearken'd, an' *syne* was fu' fain: fu' blythe war the dochters o' Judah, for thae right-rechtins, LORD, o' thine.

9 For heigh abune a' the yirth, are ye, O LORD, yerlane: 'an' uncolie heigh till be ha'din, a' ither gods abune.

* Ps. 95. 3; 96. 4.

* Ps. 34. 14; 107. 3.

* Amos 5. 15.

* Rom. 12. 9.

* Ps. 112. 4.

* Ps. 33. 1.

* Ps. 37. 4.

[or, *haleess*.]

§ The moir fitin at Zioun, the better they wad mind God's honn.

10 Wha loe the LORD, 'ye mann thole nae ill: the sanls o' his sanctit anes wairds he weel; frae the han' o' ill-doers he redds them.

11 'Thar 're a seed-time o' light for the righteous; an' joie for the aefand in heart:

12 'Be blythe in the LORD, ye righteous; 'an' lilt, till keep mind o' his |halie pairt. §

PSALM XCVIII.

Another lilt o' laud to the Lord, fu' heigh an' gran', by a' sea an' lan'.
Ane heigh-lilt. [By wha, 's no said.]

* Ps. 33. 3; 36. 1.

* Isai. 42. 10.

* Isai. 59. 16; 63. 5.

SING: 'ye till the LORD a new sang; for warks o' wonner himlane has dune: 'his ain right

han', an' his halie arm, it wrought him salvation.

2 'In sight o' the hethen folk, the LORD lat his health be kent; an' that right o' his ain, he made plene.

3 He had mind o' his rewth an' his trewth, till Israel's hous *forby*; a' neuks o' the lan' the heal-ha'din, o' *him* *that 's* our God, they hae seen.

* Isai. 52. 10.

4 Wanken a din till the LORD, O a' the yirth: skreigh, an' lowp, an' lilt *ye afore him*.

5 Lilt till the LORD wi' the harp; wi' the harp, an' the sugh o' a psalm:

6 Wi' horns, an' the tout o' a swesch; mak a din afore the LORD, the King.

7 'The sea lat it rant, an' its plenishin a'; the world, an' a' that won tharin: †

8 Lat the rowin fludes ding *their* looves thegither; § the craigs fu' heigh, lat them lilt an' croon:

9 Afore the LORD; 'for he 's comin till right the lan': he sal right-recht the world intil righteousness, an' the folk wi' the †straught o' his han'!

* Ps. 96. 11.

† The Mediterranean Sea, an' the outside world.

§ The Tigris an' Euphrates ran close till ane another: wi' Hermon an' Tabor aween them an' the sea.

* Ps. 96. 10, 13.

† Heb. *twi* 'straught deatins.

PSALM XCIX.

Gal 's heigh owre a'; haith gude an' ill sudd fear him.

[Ane o' David's, quo' the LXX.]

THE LORD 'he 's King, the folk they mann gee; 'he sits *in* the cherubs, the yirth it maun swee:

* Ps. 93. 1.

* Exod. 25. 22.

* Ps. 18. 10; 80. 1.

2 The LORD intil Zioun, he 's grand an' a'; an' atowre a' the hethen, he 's his:

3 Yer name they maun land, sae mighty it is; an' sae dread, by |its-lane setten by.

[or, *himlane* setten by; or, *halie*.]

4 'An' the King, his ain might 's ay fain o' the right; yerlane ye hae ettled the straught *an'* the right; § an' righteousness sel, ye hae wrought it out, in Jakob.

* Job 36. 5.

§ God's might 's ay right.

^a Verse 9.

^c 1 Chron. 28, 2.

^f Jer. 15, 1.

[†] Heb. cry'd out his name.

^g Exod. 33, 9.

^b Num. 14, 28.

Jer. 46, 28.

Zeph. 3, 7.

^e Leuk. till Exod. 32, 2.

^a c. Num. 20, 12.

24.

Deut. 9, 26.

^a Verse 5.

5 ^d The LORD our God, ye maun heize him hie; 'an' laigh at his fit-brod, lout maun ye; ^f for he 's halie.

6 ^f Moyses an' Aaron, wi' priests o' his; an' Samuel, wi' them [†] his name wha did reeze: they cry't till the LORD, and he spak till them.

7 ^g In the rack o' the clud, he spak till themlane; his bidden they bade, an' the tryst he gied them.

8 O LORD our God, ye spak till them hame; ^a a God ye war ay that tholed wi' themlane; [†] bot their ill-etttled thoughts, ye cam down on.

9 The LORD our God, ^a ye maun heize him hie; an' laigh at his halie hill lout ye: for the LORD our God, he 's halie.

PSALM C.

We're a' but the sheep o' God's lan', an' the flock o' God's han': a' livin folk, they suld laud him.

A lilt o' laud.* [Ane o' David's, quo' the LXX.]

^a Ps. 145. Headin.

^a Ps. 95, 1.

SKREIGH ^a till the LORD, the hail yirth, maun ye:

2 Beck till the LORD wi' blytheheid an' a'; ben afore him, wi' a sang o' glee.

3 Ken ye fu' weel, the LORD he 's God: ^b himlane, *it was*, made us; ousel *made-na* we: 'his folk are we *syne*, an' eke o' his hirsle the fe.

4 ^d Ben till his yetts wi' laud; till his faulds, wi' a lilt sae hie: lilt ye laud till himsel; an' that name o' his ain, bless ye.

5 For gude *is* the LORD; 'his gudewill 's for ay: an' frae ae life's en'till anither, that truth o' his ain, *it sal be*.

PSALM CI.

How David maun right his hous, or the Lord come till see him: an' it wad thole mendin.

Ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

^b Ps. 119, 73: 139, 13; 149, 2.

Eph. 2, 10.

^c Ps. 95, 7.

Ezek. 34, 30, 31.

^d Ps. 66, 13.

^c Ps. 136, 1, &c.

WHAT 's gude an' what 's right, I maun sing; O LORD, I maun lilt till thee:

2 I maun guide mysel weel in a aefauld gate, an' ance ye come ben till me; ^b *†* wi' a heart that 's ane, in my hous at hame, the gate I sal gang *maun be*.

3 I sal ne'er set afore my een, [†] ae word o' mischieff ava'; ^a liean wark I hate, ^b *†* it sal ne'er be wi' me at a':

4 The heart that 's ill, sal gae frae me still; ^{||} an' what 's wrang, I winna know.

5 Wha hidlins lies on his niebor, siclike I maun sned him by; 'the skeigh o' the een, an' the hoven heart, siclike I sal [†] ne'er envy.

6 My een on the leal o' the lan' *sal leuk*, till ay gar *them* bide wi' me; wha gangs i' the aefauld gate, siclike my ain loon sal be. [§]

7 Wha warks at sliddery wark, sal ne'er bide in biggen o' mine; wha clavers a lowk o' lies, sal ne'er stan' afore my een.

8 ^d Or mornin light I sal ding, a' ill in the lan' *that be*; 'till sned frae the brugh o' the LORD, a' that wark iniquitie.

[†] Heb. *toi' singleness o' heart*.

[†] Heb. *tuord o' Belial*.

^a Ps. 97, 10.

^b Ps. 125, 5.

^{||} or, *twrang-doer*.

^c Ps. 18, 27.

Prov. 6, 17.

[†] Heb. *sal jimp thole*.

[§] He maun hae wyss an' honest chalm-chields.

^d Ps. 75, 10.

Jer. 21, 12.

^c Ps. 48, 2, 8.

PSALM CII.

Israel maun-na tine heart: Zioun sal be bigget or lang, an' the Lord her helper sal bide evir mair.

A bidden for the feckless, whan forfochten he is, an' tooms out his sigh afore the Lord.

HEARKEN, LORD, till my bidden; my skreigh, lat it win till thee:

2 ^a *†* Hade-na yer face frae me, i' the day *whan* I thole sic dree: lout me yer lug, i' the day *whan* I skreigh; fy haste ye, speak hame till me.

3 ^b For my days wear awa ^{||} like the reek; 'an' my banes like the hearth-stane are brunt:

^a Ps. 27, 9; 69, 17.

^b James 4, 14.

^{||} or, *intill reek*: twa Hebrew readins.

^c Job 30, 33.

4 My heart, like the fothir, 's baith mawn an' winn; that my bread I forget till break :

5 Wi' the weary sigh o' my greetin, ^dmy bane wi' my bouk 's acquant.

6 'Am e'en like the || whaup i' the wustlan'; an' the howlet in gateless grun':

7 'Am waukrife, an' e'en like the sparrow, *that* bides on the riggin its-lane.

8 Ilk day, my ill-willers they jeer me; thae ||rangers, at me they can swear :

9 For stoure, e'en as bread, I hae eaten; ^san' my sowp, I hae jaup'd wi' a tear.

10 In face o' yer gluff an' yer angir; for ye heize'd me, an' dang me down :

11 ^sMy day like the schadowe, it dwinnles; ^han' e'en like the fothir, 'am winn :

12 'Bot yerlane, LORD, sal bide for evir; ^kan' guid-mind o' yersel, 'till the hinmaist kin.

13 Ye sal up, *an'* think sair on Zioun; for the time till hae pitie on her, for the time that was trystit has come.

14 For yer leal-folk, 'her stanes they are fain o'; an' her stoure they tak kindly in han':

15 An' the hethen, the LORD's name sal quak at; an' yer gloiry, a' kings o' the lan'.

16 Whan the LORD fa's till biggen o' Zioun; he sal kythe in his gude-licheid a':

17 He sal turn till the prayer o' the feckless; an' their bidden, sal nane put awa:

18 Siclike sal be pen'd for the kin eftirhind; ^man' folk till be schupen 'sal gie laud till JAH.

19 For the LORD, ⁿhe cou'd glint frae his halie height; frae the lift to the lan', leukit owre :

20 °Till hearken the sigh o' the shackle'd wight; an' *for* Death's bairns, till lowse the door :

21 Till tell, athort Zioun, the LORD's ain name; in Jerus'lem, his praise till accord :

22 In the thrang o' the folk, whan they gather like ane; an' the king-ryks, till ser' the LORD.

23 He wastit my pith on the gate; he sned aff *a wheen* o' my days :

24 ^qQuo' I, O my God, 'tak me nane clean awa, wi' but half o' my days in *han'*: †frae ae life's end till anither, thae years o' yer ain *they stan'*.

25 ^qFrae afore †*time's* bound, the yirth ye did found; an' the lifts *are* the wark o' yer han's.

26 'Siclike, they gae dune, bot yersel ye bide on; ilk ane, like a dud, they wear by: like cleedin, ye shift them atowre; an' shiftet *cleedin* they lye.

27 Bot yerlane *are* †the same 's ye *war than*; an' yer years, they sal ne'er wear awa:

28 'Yer thirl-folk's weans, they sal bide on the bit; an' their out-come, afore ye sal stan'.

PSALM CIII.

How the gudeness o' God brings us hame frae the graiff: Tho' we gang like the gerss, God bides wi' our bairns, an' 'has min' o' his tryst ever mair.

Ane o' David's.

MY saul, ^aye maun blythe-bid the LORD; and a' in mysel, that name o' his ain sae halie :

2 My saul, ye maun blythe-bid the LORD; an' forget-na his gates, a' sae kindly :

3 ^bWha rews upon a' yer wrang; an' yer dowie turns a', wha heals them :

4 Wha redds but yer life frae

° Ps. 79, 11.

^d Job 19, 20.
Lam. 4, 8.

^e Job. 30, 29.

|| or, *pelican, hisart, bit-tern, heron*; some bird that crys lang an' sair in the wust.

|| or, *mad woi' ill-nature.*

^f Ps. 42, 3;
So, 5.

^g Ps. 109, 23;
144, 4.
Eccles. 6, 12.

^h Isai. 40, 6.
James 1, 10.

ⁱ Lam. 5, 19.

^k Ps. 135, 13.

† Heb. *till kith an' kithgettin.*

^j Ps. 79, 1

^m Ps. 22, 31.
Isai. 43, 21.

† Heb. *sal Hallelujah.*

ⁿ Ps. 14, 2;
33, 13.

^p Isai. 38, 10.

† Heb. *lift me na up.*

† Heb. *intil kithgettin an' kithgettins.*

^q Hebr. 1, 10.

† Heb. *the faces o' time, or o' man.*

^r Isai. 51, 6;
65, 17;
66, 22.
Rom. 8, 20.
2 Pet. 3, 7,
10, 11.

† Heb. *the vera ane, or himsel.*

^s Ps. 69, 36.

^a Ps. 104, 1;
146, 1

^b Ps. 130, 8.
Mat. 9, 2, 6.
Mark 2, 11.
Luke 7, 47.

^c Ps. 5, 12.

the moul's; 'wha theeks ye wi' gude gree an' kindness:

^d Isai. 40, 31.

5 Yer mouthe wha has plenish'd wi' gude; ^d yer youth, like the earn's, it has double't.

^e Ps. 146, 7.

6 'The LORD can do a' that's right; an' what's right, for a' that are pingled:

^f Ps. 147, 19.

7 ^f Till Moyses, his gates he made plain; till Israel's weans, his wonderers.

^g Exod. 34, 6.

^h Num. 14, 18.

ⁱ Deut. 5, 10.

^j Neh. 9, 17.

^k Ps. 86, 15.

^l Jer. 32, 18.

^m Heb. *mony fauld*.

ⁿ Ps. 30, 5.

^o Isai. 57, 16.

^p Jer. 3, 5.

^q Mic. 7, 18.

^r Ezra 9, 13.

^s Eph. 3, 18.

8 ^s Frienly an' kind *is* the LORD; lang or he lowes, and in tholin, †ayont a' measur:

9 ^t He winna gang flytin for ay; nor haud *his ill-will* for evir.

10 'He wrought-na till us as our fauts *had been*; an' pay'd us na hame, like our ain ill-doens:

11 ^u Bot e'en as the lifts are at-owre the lan'; sae heigh hauds his pitie owre them that fear him.

12 Sae far as the east lies awa frae the wast; sae far frae ourselfs has he rax't our wrang-doens:

^v Mal. 3, 17.

13 'Sae sair as a faither can rew on *his* weans; sae sair rews the LORD on them that fear him.

^w or, *the gate o' our making*.

14 For himlane, he kens weel ||how he wrought oursel; ^x he has mind *we are* nought but stoure.

^y Ps. 78, 39.

^z Ps. 90, 5.

^{aa} Job 14, 1.

^{ab} James 1, 10.

^{ac} II.

15 Man, *as he stan's*, ^{ad} his days *are* like gerss; ^{ae} like a flowir o' the field, he growes:

^{af} or, *it: man or the flower*.

^{ag} Job 7, 10;

^{ah} 20, 9.

16 For the win' it wins owre him, an' gane is he: || ^{ai} the bit neuk *whar he stude*, sal ken nought o' ||him mair.

^{aj} Exod. 20, 6.

^{ak} Deut. 7, 9.

^{al} Heb. *till wark them out*.

17 Bot the rewth o' the LORD, on wha fear himsel, *is* frae ae langsyne till anither; an' that right o' his ain, ^{am} till bairns' bairns;

18 'O' wha bide by his tryst, an' his biddens hae min' o', †till tak them in han' without swither.

19 'The LORD, in the lift, ^{an} he has stoopit his thron; an' his kingryk, it raxes owre a'.

20 'O blythe-bid the LORD, †ye wha rin for himsel; sae wight in might, wi' his will in han', till hearken the sugh o' his word:

21 O blythe-bid the LORD, 'a' ye his hosts; 'loons o' his, *an'* that do his pleasur:

22 O blythe-bid the LORD, a' warks o' his ain; in ilk neuk o' his realm: My saul, ye maun blythe-bid the LORD.

^{ai} Ps. 148, 2.

^{aj} Heb. *his ain erran-rinners*.

^{ak} Dan. 7, 9.

^{al} 10.

^{am} Hebr. 1, 14.

PSALM CIV.

A gude word for God's wark on the warld: how wyssly it's wrought; how gran'ty it's sortit; how kindly it's a' airtit an' ordered for baith beast an' body.

[Ane o' David's, quo' the LXX.]

MY saul, ye maun blythe-bid the LORD: LORD God o' my ain, †sae grand as ye hain; ^a gloiry an' gree ye put on.

2 ^b Light ye dight on like a cleuk; 'the lift, like a hingin, ye streek:

3 ^c Stoopin his bauks on the fludes; 'ettlin his carriage the cluds; ^d on the wings o' the win' makin speed:

4 ^e Errand-rinners he maks o' the blasts; an' loons o' his ain, the bleeze o' lowe.

5 ^f *Wha* settled the yirth on her founds; nevir mair sen-syne suld scho steer:

6 'The deep ye flang owre't, like a hap; the watirs they stude on the hills: §

7 ^g At yer wytin, they shifted an' gaed; at the sugh o' yer thunner, they skail'd:

8 Till the heights they wan up, by the howes they cam down, till the bit ye had scoop't for themlane:

9 'An' a †gavel ye bigget they ne'er wan atowre; ^h that the yirth they suld-na win bak till cover.

ⁱ Take the two first chapters o' Genesis wi' ye as ye gang, an' ye'll be wysser.

^j Heb. *sae grand as ye mak yeriel*.

^k Ps. 93, 1.

^l Dan. 7, 9.

^m Isai. 40, 22;

ⁿ 45, 12.

^o Amos 9, 6.

^p Isai. 19, 1.

^q Ps. 18, 10.

^r Hebr. 1, 7.

^s Job 26, 7;

^t 38, 4.

^u Ps. 24, 2;

^v 136, 6.

^w Gen. 7, 19.

^x When the warld ferst was founded.

^y Gen. 8, 1.

^z Ps. 33, 7.

^{aa} Jer. 5, 22.

^{ab} The vera Hebrew word, *gabal*.

^{ac} Gen. 9, 11,

^{ad} 15.

10 *Wha syne* sent the wa'll-springs

intil the howe glens, that airt them
atween the hills:

11 Sae drink they can gie, till ilk
beast o' the lea: † wild naigies, they
sloken their fills:

12 Atowre them, the birds o' the
lift hae their howff; wha send their
bit sang frae the beughs.

13 ⁿThe heights he can seep frae
his chaumers: ^a wi' the rowth o' yer
warks, the hail yirth it's fou.

14 ^pGerss he gars growe for the
beiss; and yerb || wi' the care o'
man, till fesh bread *for himsel* frae
the yird:

15 ^qAn' wine *that* can blythen
man's heart, till brighten *his* leuks
|| mair nor oyle; an' bread, till man's
heart that gies pith.

16 The trees o' the LORD are weel
sappit; the cedars o' Lebanon's *sel*,
^r siclike as he plantit himlane:

17 Whar-amang, the flight-fliers
they big; the stork, intil firs, *bigs*
her hous:

18 The heights, for the heigh-
climbin gait; *an'* the craigs for the
cunies, a howff.

19 ^sWha ettled the mune for the
tides; the sun kens his ain gaen-
about.

20 Mirk ye bring on, an' it's night;
whan ilk beast o' the wood, it wins
out:^t

21 ^uThe lyouns' whalps, they can
skreigh till rive; an' they seek their
ain bite frae God.

22 The sun, he wins up, they
harl themsels hame; an' ben i' their
boles they lye lown.

23 But gaes man till the wark o'
his han'; an' his labor, till comes
the gloam.

24 ^vO how mony-fauld, LORD,
are yer warks; in sic wyssheid ye
wrought them a': the yirth, o' yer
outcome it's fou.

25 Siclike is the mighty sea, an'

sae braid as scho raxes awa: whar
the wurblers rowe, ayont countin;
livin creaturs, † the grit wi' the sma'.

26 Thar boats, they can airt their
gate; leviathan's sel ye hae schup-
en, till play himsel ben i' the *spate*.

27 ^wIlk ane, they a' lippen till thee;
that † in time ye gie *them* their meat:

28 What ye gie them, they harl
tegether; yer loof ye braid brawly
out, they're plenish'd fu' weel *wi'*
guid.

29 Ye but hap yer face, they're
dang daiver'd; ^x ye steek aff their
breath, they can blaw nae mair;
an' hame they gang syne till their
stoure.

30 ^yYer ain breath ye send but,
they're wrought again *syne*; an' the
face of the yird, ye mak owre. §

31 Gree till the LORD evir mair;
the LORD be fu' fain in his warks!

32 Wha leuks on the lan', an' it
dinnles; ^b wha but lights on the
heights, an' they reek.

33 ^cI sal sing till the LORD, while
I live; I sal lilt till my God, sae
lang as I † last ava':

34 My thought on himsel, it sal
please me weel; wi' the LORD, I'se
be blythe an' a'.

35 Frae the yirth, lat wrangdoers
wear by; an' ill-folk, nae mair o'
them be: *bot* blythe-bid the LORD,
O my saul; † *an'* praise till JEHovah
gie ye.

PSALM CV.

*Twa lang liltis o' laud—an' here, an'
anither in the niest Psalm: Ettled
for the out-come o' Abraham, till
mind them o' a' the Lord had dune
i' their faithers' days.*

[Hallelujah, quo' the LXX.*]

GIE ^alaud till the LORD, cry
loud till his name: mak his
warks weel kent till the hethen:

† Heb. *zoid*
asses; a' o'
the horse
kind.

ⁿ Ps. 147, 8.

^o Ps. 65, 9.

^p Gen. 1, 29,
30; 3, 18;
9, 3.

|| or, *for serin*
man.

^q Judg. 9, 13.
Ps. 23, 5.
Prov. 31, 6, 7.

|| or, *zvi* oyle.

^r Num. 24, 6.

^s Gen. 1, 14.

^t Isai. 45, 7.

^u Job 38, 39.
Joel 1, 20.

^v Prov. 3, 19.

† Heb. *the*
sma' *zvi* *the*
grit.

^w Ps. 136, 25;
145, 15;
147, 9.

† Heb. *in their*
ain saison.

^x Job 34, 14,
15.
Ps. 146, 4.
Eccles. 12, 7.

^y Isai. 32, 15.
Ezek. 37, 9.

§ Frac ae
year till ani-
ther; or lang-
syne, effir
siclike as the
flude.

^b Ps. 144, 5.

^c Ps. 63, 4;
146, 2.

† Heb. *mysel*
ay.

† Heb. *Halle-
lujah*.

* This headin
they tak frae
the himmait
verse.

^a 1 Chron.
16, 8.
Isai. 12, 4.

	2 Sing ye till him, lilt loud till him; be fu' fain atowre a' his wonners:	cam roun'; the word o' the LORD †gied him clearin.	† Heb. <i>clear'd him.</i>
	3 Gie laud till his halie name; the heart o' ilk ane be blythe, that spiers for JEHOVAH's sel.	20 ^a The king he gar'd sen', an' he lowsed him than; the head o' the folk, an' he free'd him:	^a Gen. 41, 14.
	4 Spier weel for the LORD an' his strenth; spier ye for his face an' a':	21 ^o Laird he made him, owre that houss o' his ain; an' guider o' a' that belanged him:	^o Gen. 41, 40.
	5 Keep min' o' the wonners he wrought; thae ferlies o' his, an' the rightins <i>gaed</i> but frae his mouthe:	22 Till thirl his foremaist, whan-e'er he like'd; an' he taught a' their grey-heads mense-dom.	
	6 Ye out-come o' Abraham, his loon <i>sae</i> leal; an' ye bairns o' Jakob, his walit.	23 ^l Israel syne, he gaed till Mizraam; an' Jakob, he tholed ^l in the land o' Ham.	^l Gen. 46, 6. ^g Ps. 78, 51; 100, 22.
	7 Himlane, he 's the LORD our ain God; the hail yirth atowre, are his rightins.	24 An' <i>the LORD</i> , 'he lucken'd his folk fu' weel; an' sterker he made them nor a' their faes:	^r Exod. 1, 7.
	8 He had min' o' his trust, ay sen-syne; the word he bade be for years, a guid thousan:	25 'Their heart <i>syne</i> it turn'd, till ill-will his ain folk; till play fause among them <i>war</i> his servans.	^l Exod. 1, 8. or, <i>he turn'd their heart.</i>
^l Gen. 17, 2; 22, 16; 26; 31; 28, 13; 35, 11; Luke 1, 73; Hebr. 6, 17.	9 ^b The <i>trust</i> , that he sned wi' Abra'am; an' the aith, until Izaak he swure:	26 'Moyses, his leal-man, he sent; an' Aaron, he wale'd for himsel:	^l Exod. 3, 10; 4, 12, 14.
	10 An' for law made it sikker wi' Jakob; till Israel, a trust evir mair:	27 'His †will they made plain till the folk; an' ferlies in the land o' Ham.	^u Exod. 7; 8; 9. Ps. 78, 43. † Heb. <i>the words o' his sign's.</i>
^c Gen. 13, 15; 15, 18.	11 'Till say, To yersel I foreset the lan'; Canaan, for yer march an' fa':	28 ^s Mirk he brought on, an' fu' mirk it was; 'an' they thraw'd-na at siclike his will:	^s Exod. 10, 22. ^r Ps. 99, 7.
^d Gen. 34, 30. Deut. 7, 7; 26, 5.	12 ^d Whan, till count, they war nane to the fore; an' but 'gangrel athort it an' a':	29 ^s Their watirs he swappit in bluid; an' their fish, <i>i' the flude</i> , he cou'd fell.	^z Exod. 7, 20.
^e Hebr. 11, 9.	13 An' they haingled frae folk to folk; frae a kingryk, an' syne till a clan.	30 ^a Puddocks in spates, † their lan' it pat out; in the chaumers belangin their kings:	^a Exod. 8, 6. † Heb. <i>spru'd them out walterin.</i>
^f Gen. 35, 5.	14 ^f Yet tholed he the yird-born till fash them nane; ^g aye, kings, for their sakes, he cou'd ban:	31 ^b He spak, an' o' flies cam ane unco drift; <i>it was</i> lice athort a' their reenge:	^b Exod. 8, 17, 24.
^g Gen. 12, 17; 20, 3, 7.	15 Ye maun-na lay han' on my Christit; till my seers, ye maun do nae wrang!	32 'He swappit them rain <i>for</i> hail; <i>wi'</i> bleezes o' love on their lan':	^c Exod. 9, 23. ^d Ps. 78, 47.
^h Gen. 41, 54.	16 ^h He cry't syne for dearth on the lan'; an' he brak 'the hail stok o' bread:	33 ^d An' he dang baith their vine-stoks an' †figs; an' he flinder'd the tree on their band: §	† Heb. <i>their figtrees.</i> § Infield an' outfield, baith war dang.
ⁱ Lev. 26, 26. Isai. 3, 1. Ezek. 4, 16.	17 ⁱ He airtit afore them a man <i>wi' a'</i> ; 'Joseph was troket for guid.	34 'He spak, an' the locust scho cam; an' the worm, an' that ayont count, on the swaird:	^e Exod. 10, 4, 13.
^j Gen. 37, 28. or, <i>till ser;</i> or, <i>till be thirl.</i>	18 ^m They birset his feet wi' the clamp; his life, it gaed ben intil airn:	35 An' they glaum'd a' the green on their grun'; an' they sorn'd on the frute o' their yaird.	
^m Gen. 39, 20; 42, 15.	19 Ay till the boun' <i>or</i> his word		

^fExod. 12, 29.
^gPs. 78, 51.
^hGen. 49, 3.
^bExod. 12, 35.

36 ^fSyne he dang ilk first-born i' their lan'; ^gthe tapmaist o' a' their might:

37 ^hBot *his folk* he fush out, wi' siller an' gowd; an' was-na intil their tribes, *sae meikle* 's a weary wight.

ⁱExod. 12, 33.

38 ⁱBlythe was Mizraam, as they fuhre'd them awa; for a dread o' sic *folk* had come owre them a'.

^kExod. 13, 21.

39 ^kThe clud he rax't out, for a hingin; an' the lowe, till gie light at night:

^jExod. 16, 12.

40 ^j*They* sought, an' he airtit them quails; ^man' he stegh't them, wi' bread frae the lift:

^mPs. 78, 24, 25.

41 ⁿHe racket the craig, an' the watirs cam but; they gaed i' the wust, *like* a drift.

ⁿExod. 17, 6.
Num. 20, 11.
Ps. 78, 16.
1 Cor. 10, 4.

42 For he mindet o' his halie word, || till Abr'ham his lealman *sae true*.

^oGen. 15, 14.
|| or, *Abraham's sel*.

43 An' he fuhre'd furth his folk wi' joie; his wale'd anes, wi' blytheheid enew:

^pDeut. 6, 10, 11.
Josh. 13, 7.

44 ^pAn' he wair'd on themsel the lan's o' the folk; an' the cost o' the folk, they did fa':

^qDeut. 4, 1, 40; 6, 21-25.

45 ^qThat sae, they might bide by his statuts, an' waird weel his biddens an' a': +O, ye maun gie laud till JAH!

[†]Heb. *Hallelujah*.

PSALM CVI.

Mair laud till the Lord; an' mair word o' what God did for his folk, an' how they thraw'd wi' him ay i' the wust.

Hallelujah.*

GIE ^alaud till the LORD, for ^b|| *be* 's gude; ^bfor his gude-ness it tholes evir mair.

2 Wha can put words on the warks o' the LORD? *wha* can set furth a' his praise?

3 Blythe be they *a'*, wha haud weel by the straught; *the wight* that does right † at ilk turnin.

4 ^cHae min' o' me, LORD, whan

ye rew on yer folk; visit me wi' yer ain heal-ha'din:

5 Till see what 's gude, wi' yer walit; till be fain wi' the joie o' yer folk; till lit wi' yer ain heritage.

6 We gaed wrang wi' our faithers an' a'; ^dwe did ill, we gaed uncolie wrang:

7 Our forebears in Mizra'm, they kent-na yer warks; till yer monyfauld gudeness they gie'd nae heed; 'bot they angir'd *him* on till the sea, till the sea o' the tangle *sae red*.^g

8 Bot he heal'd them *for a'*, for his ain name's sake; ^ftill mak kent what-na might was his.

9 ^gAn' he wytit that tangly sea, an' it swakket awa; ^han' he airtit them syne through the trochs; aye, e'en as on drowthy lan':

10 An' he hain'd them sae, frae the ill-willers' han'; an' coft them frae the han' o' the enemie.

11 ⁱThe watirs, they whamle'd thae faes o' their ain; || bot ane o' themsels was-na taigled.

12 ^kSyne they lippen'd that word o' his ain; an' laud till himsel they liltit.

13 ^lBot sae sune, they quat min' o' his warks; an' waited-na weel on his guidin.

14 ^mAn' † they grein'd, an' they yirn'd in the wust; they temptit the Mighty, in that gyte grun':

15 ⁿAn' he gied them the weight o' their will; bot hungir sent ben till their saul.

16 ^oMoyse, niest, they envy'd i' the camp; an' Aaron, set-by till the LORD:

17 ^pBot the yirth, scho raxit, an' Dathan scho glau'm'd; an' sweet'd owre the core o' Abiram:

18 ^qSyne a bleeze, it brak out i' their thrang; an' the lowe, it lick'd up the ill-doers.

^d1 Kings 8, 47.
Dan. 9, 5.

^eExod. 14, 11, 12.

^fCa'd *ruph* i' the Hebrew, i.e. *tangle*, or *tangly*; aiblins o' a *red-brown*, an' plenty o' t.

^fExod. 9, 16.

^gExod. 14, 21.

^hPs. 18, 15.
ⁱIsai. 63, 11, 12, 13.

^jExod. 14, 27; 15, 5.

|| or, *no ane o' them*—the Egyptians—*was till the fore*.

^kExod. 14, 31; 15, 1.

^lExod. 15, 21; 17, 2.

^mNum. 11, 4, 33.
Ps. 78, 18.
1 Cor. 10, 6.

ⁿHeb. *they greined a greinin*.

^oNum. 11, 31.

^pNum. 16, 1.

^qNum. 16, 31.
Deut. 11, 6.

^rNum. 16, 35, 46.

* Some tak this for aff-gang till verse 1.

^a1 Chron. 16, 34.

|| or, *it's gude*.

^bPs. 107, 1; 118, 1; 136, 1.

† Heb. *at a' times*, or *ilka time*.

^cPs. 119, 132.

^a Exod. 32, 4.

19 'They schupit a stirk intil Horeb; an' they loutit till slaughtit gowd:

^a Jer. 2, 11.
Rom. 1, 23.

20 'Sae they swappit what was their ain gloiry, till the mak o' the gerss-livin knowte:

21 God they forgat, their heal-ha'din; wha wrought sic grand warks in Mizra'm:

^a Ps. 78, 51;
105, 23, 27.

22 The wonners he wrought in Ham's lan'; 'an' the ferlies, by yon tangle-tide.

^a Exod. 32,
10, 11, 32.
Deut. 9, 19;
10, 10.

23 'He spak syne o' fellin them a', had-na Moyse, his ain walit wight, *stude weel i' the slap afore him; till airt his angir awa, *that* it suld-na win but till smoor *them*.

^a Ezek. 13,
5; 22, 32.

^a Jer. 3, 19.

24 Na, 'they lightlied the loesome lan'; his ain word they did-na put tryste in:

^a Num. 14,
2, 27.

25 *Bot they yammir'd on i' their howffs; they wad hearken nane †till JEHOVAH.

† Heb. *till the
rough or cry o'
Jehovah*.

26 'Syne he rax't his ain han' heigh again them; till ding them clean owre, i' the wust:

27 ^bTill ding their seed by, amang folk; an' till sperfie them clean owre the kintras.

^a Exod. 16, 8.
Num. 14, 33.
Ps. 95, 11.
Ezek. 20, 15.

^b Ps. 44, 11.
Ezek. 20, 23.

28 They yoket them syne till Baal-Peor; ^cthey pree'd at †the feasts o' the dead:

29 They angir'd *him* sair wi' their doens, an' the plague, it brak out on them braid:

^c Num. 25, 2,
3; 31, 16.
Deut. 32, 17.
Hos. 9, 10.
Rev. 2, 14.

† Heb. *the
slachtirins
till, or o'.*

30 ^dSyne Phineas stude, an' cam down wi' the law; an' *sae* the mischieff, it was stay'd:

^d Num. 25, 7.

31 An' siclike sal be countit till him for guid wark, †frae life's end till life's end, for ay.

† Heb. *frae
kithgettin till
kithgettin, ay
on.*

32 'At the watirs o' warsle they fash'd *him* sair; an' till Moyse cam ill, for their sakes:

^e Num. 20, 3,
13.
Deut. 3, 26.

33 ^fFor his thought, they dang

^f Num. 20, 10.



throwither a'; an' owre fast spak he syne wi' his lips.

^a Jud. 1, 21,
27.

34 'They dang-na the folk, ^bthe LORD bade them ding;

^b Deut. 7, 2.

35 Bot slaughtit themsels wi' the hethen, an' syne took a swatch frae their warks: ^c

^c Jud. 2, 2;
3, 5, 6.
Isai. 2, 6.

36 An' thirl'd themsels down till

their eidols, ^dan' they war a girn i' their *gate*:

^d Exod. 23,
33.
Deut. 7, 16.

37 Na, 'they slachtir'd their sons an' their dochtirs, till gods o' the vera mischieff.†

^e 2 Kings 6, 3.
Isai. 57, 5.
Ezek. 16, 20;
20, 26.
1 Cor. 10, 20.

38 An' they skail'd the saikless blude; blude o' their sons an' their dochtirs they slachtir'd, till waefu'

† Heb. *till
deils.*

^m Num. 35, 33.
[†] Heb. *bludes*.

ⁿ Lev. 17, 7.
 Num. 15, 39.

^o Jud. 2, 16.

gods o' Canaan; ^man' the lan', it was filed wi' [†]blude.

39 Syne sae war they filed, wi' sic warks o' their ain; ⁿan' play'd-lowse, wi' their ill-ettled thoughts:

40 An' sae was the wuth o' the LORD, kennled again his ain folk; till he grew'd at his ain heritage:

41 An' syne gied them owre till the hethen's han'; an' wha liket them ill, war their maisters:

42 An' their ill-willers thringet them down; an' aneth their han' they war broken.

43 ^aMair nor ance he rax't them atowre; bot they angir'd *him* ay wi' their counsels, an' syne they cam laigh wi' their sin.

44 Bot he leukit ay sair on their dule; ^pwhan he hearken'd them yammir an' a':

45 ^qAn' mindet his tryst wi' themsel, an' pitied them syne; like that mony-fauld gudeness o' his:

46 ^rAn' [†]set them in pitie's place, afore a' that could mak them thirls.

47 ^rHeal us, LORD God o' our ain, an' gather us out frae the hethen; till gie laud till yer halie name, till be fain in liltin yer praises.

48 Blythe be the LORD, Israel's God, frae ae langsyne till anither; an' lat a' the folk say Amen:

HALLELUJAH!

^p Jud. 3, 9;
 4, 3; 6, 7;
 10, 10.

^q Lev. 26, 41,
 42.
 Deut. 30, 1.

^r Ezra 9, 9.
 Jer. 42, 12.

[†] Heb. *set them till pities*

^r 1 Chron. 16, 35-36.

[PAIRT FIVE.]

PSALM CVII.

A lilt o' laud till the Lord, for his gudeness till a' that thole; an' till Israel abune the lave.

[By wha's no said, nor kent.]

GIE ^alaud till the LORD, for he's gude; for his gudeness, it *bides* for evir:

2 Lat the bought o' the LORD say siclike; wham he coft frae the han' o' ill-willer:

3 An' weised them thegither frae ilka lan'; frae east an' frae wast, frae north an' [†]frae southe.

4 They wander'd athort the wust, on an unco en'less gate; nae town they could light on, till bide in:

5 Hungry an' drouthy baith, their life it wure out o' them pynin:

6 Than they sigh'd till the LORD i' their strett, *an'* he redd them frae a' their cumber;^b

7 An' airtit them richt on a road

that was straught, till gang till a town to bide in.

8 ^cThey suld laud the LORD for his gudeness; an' his warks o' wonder till sons o' men:

9 For he plenishes weel the yirnin will; an' the hungry saul, he steghs wi' guid.

10 Wha bide i' the mirk, an' the gloam o' dead; ^dwha are taigled wi' [†]lades o' airn:

11 For they fought at the words o' God, ^ean' lightlied the thoughts o' the Heighest:

12 An' he brak their heart wi' a lade; they stacher'd, an' nane till stay:

13 Than they sigh'd till the LORD i' their stretts; *an'* he heal'd them frae a' their cumber:^f

14 ^gHe fuhre'd them atowre frae the mirk an' dead-gloam; an' the ban's *that bun'* them, he synder'd.

^c Verses 15,
 21, 31.

^d Job 36, 8.
[†] Heb. *lades an' airn*.

^e Ps. 73, 24;
 119, 24.

^f Verses 6,
 19, 28.

^g Ps. 68, 6;
 146, 7.

^a Ps. 106, 1;
 118, 1; 136, 1.

[†] Heb. *frae tue sca*.

^b Verses 13,
 13, 28.
 Hos. 5, 15.

* Verses 8,
21, 31

15 ^a They suld laud the LORD *for* his gudeness; an' his warks o' wonder till sons o' men:

16 For he flinders the yetts o' brass; an' sneds the couples o' airn.

17 Fules wi' their senseless gate, an' eke their wrang-doen, maun thole:

* Joh 33, 20.

18 ⁱ A' kin' o' victual their life taks ill; ^k an' syne they come down till death's doors:

^l Verses 6, 13,
28.

19 ^j Syne they sigh till the LORD i' their stretts; he heals them frae a' their cumber:

^m Ps. 147, 15:
18.
Mat. 8, 8.

20 ⁿ His word he sends but, an' he heals them; an' harls *them* atowre frae [†] the moults.

[†] Heb. *their ain moults*, or *castings*.

21 ⁿ They suld laud the LORD *for* his gudeness; an' his warks o' wonder till sons o' men:

ⁿ Verses 8,
15, 31.

22 ^o An' [†] offer a weight o' praise; an' keep min' o' his warks wi' a sang.

^o Lev. 7, 12.
Ps. 50, 14.
Hebr. 13, 15.

23 Wha gang till the sea in ships, an' hae do on the watirs wide;

[†] Heb. *he sets the breath o' the blast*.

24 Siclike they can see the warks o' the LORD, an' his wonners in that deep tide.

25 Quo' he, an' [†] he ettles a blast; an' it heizes its watirs heigh:

^p Ps. 22, 14;
119, 29.
Nah. 2, 10.

26 They gang up till the lift, they gang down till the laigh; ^b their life's like till thowe wi' dread:

27 They stacher an' swee, like some drukken carl; an' a' [†] their wit's i' their mouthe:

[†] Heb. *their wit, it's gorbled up*.

28 ^q Syne they sigh till the LORD i' their stretts; an' he reddes them atowre frae their cumber:

^r Mat. 8, 26.

29 ^r The steer he brings down, till a sugh fu' lown; an' the breinge o' the watir bides.

30 Fu' blythe are they syne, sae lown an' fine; an' he airts them in owre till their loesome haven.

^s Verses 8,
15, 21.

31 ^s They suld laud the LORD *for* his gudeness; an' his warks o' wonder till sons o' men:

32 They suld heize him heigh, i' the thrang o' the folk; an' eke frae the elders' seat, they suld laud himlane.

33 Rowin-fludes he can turn till a desert; and watir-gates, till drowthy grun':

34 Frutefu' yird, till a lowk o' saut; an' a' for the ill o' wha bide tharon.

35 ^t Bot the wust he can turn till a [†] stankit burn; an' drowthy lan', till watir-rins:

^t Ps. 114, 8.
Isai. 41, 18.

[†] Heb. *stank o' watir*.

36 An' thar he gars hungry folk till stay; an' they ettle a town, till bide intil.

37 An' they saw the leas, an' they set the vine-trees; an' frute they mak syne, wi' an out-come still:

38 ^u An' he blythe-bids them than, an' they growe fu' gran'; an' their beiss, they dinna fa'-by wi' ill.

^u Exod. 1, 7.

39 They dwinnle or lang, and down they gang; an' a' wi' a weight o' mischief an' dule.

40 ^x He can toom out scorn on the foremaist; an' sends them till dauner on [†] gateless grun':

^x Job 12, 21, 24.

[†] Heb. *toom lan' wi' nae road*.

41 ^y Bot he heizes the puir, frae the laighest lade; ^z an' wi' folk like a flock, he sets *him* on.

^y 1 Sam. 2, 8.
Ps. 113, 7, 8.

^z Ps. 78, 52.

42 ^a The righteous sal leuk, an' fu' fain sal they be; ^b an' a' wrang-doen syne [†] her tongue sal tack:

^a Job 22, 19.

^b Job 5, 16.

Prov. 10, 11

[†] Heb. *sal steek her gab*.

43 ^c Wha ^s wyss an' taks tent, siclike till see; the gudewill o' the LORD fu' plain sal mak.

^c Ps. 64, 9.

Jer. 9, 12.

Hos. 14, 9.

PSALM CVIII.

*An God gang-na but till the stour,
kings wad be wysser at hame: The
hail o' Canaan maun be David's.*

A sang or heigh-lilt o' David's.
[Brawly made, wi' sma' differ,
frae the LVII. an' the LX., as
ye may see.]

* Ps. 57, 7.

MY heart, 'it's set, O God; I maun sing; an' e'en wi' my gloiry play:

* Ps. 57, 8.

2 ^bWauken langspiel, an' *wauken* harp; mysel I maun wauken, or blink o' day.

† Heb. *nations on the mither's side.*

3 I maun laud ye, LORD, amang hethen folk; an' lilt till yersel, amang †niebor kin:

4 For heigh abune hevin, yer gudeness *gangs*; an' yer trewth, till the cluds it *can win*:

* Ps. 57, 5, 11.

5 'O God, be thou liftit abune the lift; owre a' the yirth, thy gloiry *seen*.

* Ps. 60, 5.

6 ^dThat the folk ye loe weel, may be lowse'd out o' thril; help *wi'* yer right-han', an' hear me.

|| or, *ben in his haliness.*

7 Quo' God, ||whar he bides by himlane, I maun up: Shechem I'll synder in twa, an' redd out the howe o' Succoth.

8 Gilode, it 's mine ain, Manasseh mine *sal be*; Ephraim as weel, my head sal hain; an' Judah gie laws for me.

† Leuk till what 's said at Ps. 60, 8.

9 Moab 's but my sinin-cog; owre Edom, I'll sling my shoe: †I maun daur ye, Philistia, *now!*

* Ps. 60, 9.

10 'Wha sal airt me the weel-bigger brugh? wha sal weise me in owre till Edom?

|| or, *an' ye didna.*

11 Winna ye, O God, *wha* ance schot us atowre? ||winna ye gang furth, O God, alang wi' our hosts *till the stour?*

|| or, *in man; leuk at Ps. 60, 11.*

12 An ye gie us help frae stretts, what signifies strenth in Edom? ||

† Ps. 60, 12.

13 ^fWi' God himsel, we 'se do unco weel; for himlane sal downtread our hail faedom! †

† Heb. *our fact.*

PSALM CIX.

The man wha kens-na how till do gude, sal ne'er bae gude till ken: an unco sair wytin he tholes.

Till the sang-maister: ane heighlilt o' David's.

GOD o' my laudin, 'be-na sae whush:

* Ps. 83, 1.

2 For the mouthe o' mischieff, an' the lean mouthe, hae rax't themsel baith again me: they crack at mysel, wi' a tongue that lies.

3 Wi' ill-willed clauvers, they wrought me roun; ^ban' fought at me saikless, *the twa*:

* Ps. 69, 4.
John 15, 25.

4 For gudewill o' mine, they 're ill-willers to me; tho' I *fleech'd them wi'* prayer an' a':

* Ps. 35, 7, 12; 38, 2a.

5 'An' ill they gied me for gude; an' spite, for the luv I *gied them*.

6 Set ye the mischieff owre himsel; ^dan' the deil be on his right han':

* Zech. 3, 1.

7 At his rightin, lat him be the wrang; 'an' his bidden, for ill lat it stan':

* Prov. 28, 9.

8 His days, o' nae count lat them be; ^fan' his turn lat anither try:

* Acts 1, 2a.

9 ^gFaitherless *ay* be his weans; an' his wife a widow, *forby*.

* Exod. 22, 24.

10 His weans, lat them harl about an' seek; an' yirn frae their howffs sae dear:

11 ^bLat the ockerer rax owre ilk haet that was his; an' frem folk lay han's on his gear:

* Job 5, 5; 18, 9.

12 Nane lat there be till him pitie to gie; an' nane for his orphans till spier.

* Job 18, 19.

13 'The last o' his line, be till death condign; their name, frae the niest kin dight out:

14 ^bBe the ill o' his faithers in mind wi' the LORD; an' his mither's misfaur no forgot:

* Exod. 20, 5.

15 Ay lat them be, †whar the LORD can see; ||tho' mind o' them 'quat frae the yirth.

† Heb. *right afore the Lord.*|| or, *lat him quat mind o' them.*

16 For he ne'er had min' till do gude; bot he herried the feckless wight; an' the weak an' the wastit heart, *be ettled* till do to dead:

* Job 18, 17.
Ps. 34, 16.

17 ^mAn' syne, sen he liket till swear, e'en lat it come till himsel; an' ne'er had the will to blythe-bid, far lat it bide frae him still:

* Ezek. 35, 6.

18 And e'en as he happit him
owre, wi' an aith, like some dud o'
his ain; lat it win like a spate till
his wame; an' like oyle, lat it seep
in his bane:

19 Lat it be till him *syne*, like the
cleedin that haps; an' the graith,
he draws weel round himlane.

20 Siclike, frae the LORD, be the
darg o' my faes; an' o' them wha
speak ill o' my saul. §

§ David cou'd
ne'er thole
the ill-
heartit, nor
the ill-doer.

21 Bot yerlane, O LORD, my Lord,
do ye *a' that's right* for me: for yer
ain name's sake, for it's gude; in
yer kindness, O redd me free.

22 For puir an' forfairn *am* I a';
an' my heart, i' the midds o' me, 's
dune:

* Ps. 102, 11;
144, 4.

23 *Like the gloam as it flits, I
gae by; like the locust, I swee up
an' down.

† Heb. 'zoi
hungerin.

24 My knees they can knoit, †'am
sae toom; an' my body, it wears
out o' bouk:

* Ps. 22, 7.
Mat. 27, 39.

25 Syne, °I been a jeer till them;
wha saw me, their head they sheuk.

26 Stoop me, LORD God o' my
ain; heal me, for that gudeness o'
thine:

27 Syne sal they ken, that siclike's
yer ain han'; that yerlane, O LORD,
did it *syne*.

28 E'en lat them ban, bot blythe-
bid ye yerlane; lat them up, an
they will, cuisten down be they
still; bot yer leal-man, fu' fain lat
him be.

29 Lat my ill-willers ay, be cled
wi' dismay; an' thick like a cleuk,
theeket owre wi' their scorn be
they.

30 Unco loud till the LORD, I 'se
gie laud wi' my mouthe; an' in
midds o' the thrang, gie him praise:

† Ps. 16, 8;
73, 23; 110,
5; 121, 8.

31 †For he stan's at the han' o'
the feckless man; till haud him
soun' frae †the *lawless* loons, wad
gie law till end his days.

† Heb. law-
less o' his
life.

PSALM CX.

*The Lord's Chryst sal be king an'
a', owre an' ayont Melchizedek.
Ane heigh-lilt o' David's.*

QUO' the °LORD till that Lord
o' mine, Sit ye on my ain
right han'; till I mak ill-willers o'
thine, a brod for yer feet till stan':

2 The rod o' yer might frae Zioun,
the LORD, he sal rax 't himsel; in
midds o' a' yer ill-willers, haud ye
the gree fu' snell.

3 °Folk wi' a will, *sal be* thine,
i' the day o' yer might an' a'; °wi'
braws sae meet, the dewy weat, o'
yer bairn-time sweet, frae the lap
o' the light ||sal fa'. §

4 The LORD's taen a tryst, an' he
winna gae frae 't; °Yersel *sal be*
priest on Melchizedek's gate, lang
enough:

5 The LORD, °on yer ain right
han', sal ding kings in the °day o'
his wuth:

6 He sal redd amang hethen folk;
wi' the dead, he sal pang *the sheugh*:
°he sal clour the crown, owre lan'
out o' boun':

7 °Frae the burn ||he gaes by, he
sal drink whan he's dry; an' syne
rax his head fu' heigh.

4 Mat. 22, 44.
Mark 12, 35.
Luke 20, 42.
Acts 2, 34.
1 Cor. 15, 25.
Hebr. 1, 13.
1 Pet. 3, 22.
Leuk Ps. 45,
6, 7.

6 Jud. 5, 2.

|| or, *hansels*
an' a'.

° Ps. 96, 9.

|| or, *till yer-
sel*.

§ Two gates,
nae fewer, o'
turnin this
ae verse ye
may count i'
the best
buiks; some
right, some
wraig.

4 Hebr. 5, 6;
7, 17, 21.
Leuk Zech.
6, 13.

° Ps. 16, 8.

† Ps. 2, 5.
Rev. 11, 18.

6 Ps. 68, 21.
Hab. 3, 13.

6 Jud. 7, 5, 6.

|| or, *on the
gate*.

PSALM CXI.

*The warks o' the Lord are loesome an'
gran'; an' the truth o' his mouthe
ever mair sal stan'.*

Hallelujah. [Ane.]

THE LORD I maun laud, wi' a'
my heart; i' the thrang o' the
rightous, an' kirk itsel.

2 Fu' grand *are* the warks o' the
LORD; till be spier'd for, by a' that
loe them.

3 Bright an' braw, his wark it's
a'; an' his rightousness stan's till
nae endin.

4 Min' o' his warks sae grand, he

§ Tak
tent till the
ordin o'
thir three
Hallelujah
lits: (1.)
God's gude;
(2.) Gude
folk are like
God; (3.)
They're
baich unco
gude till the
feckless.

^a Ps. 36, 5;
103, 8.

made guid for ay; ^athoughtfu' an' kind *is* JEHOVAH.

5 Guid he can gie, till wha fear himsel; his tryst he has min' o' for evir.

6 The might o' his warks till his folk he made plain; till gie them the lan' o' the hethen.

7 The warks o' his han's, they're trewth an' right; ^ban' sikkerness' sel, a' his biddens:

8 ^cFu' stievelly they stan' for evir an' ay; wrought in truth an' aefauldness.

9 Redden he sent till his folk; his tryst he bade be for evir; halie an' awsome, his name *is*.

10 ^dThe height o' what's wyss, *is* the dread o' the LORD; ^eheedfu' guid's wi' guid-warkers a'; an' his laud, it sal last for evir.

PSALM CXII.

The guid a gude man can do, an folk wad but think on 't! God's the God o' guid-warks, and o' a' guid-warkers.

Hallelujah. [Twa.]

BLYTHE ^amay the man be *that* fears the LORD; an' likes weel *till bide* by his biddens:

2 His out-come an' a' sal be gran' in the lan'; the race o' the righteous is blessed.

3 Rowth an' plenty *sal* be in his hous; an' his right, it sal ay be fu' sikker.

4 ^bLight i' the mirkness, wins up for the right; he's gude, an' he's kind, an' he's righteous.

5 ^cThe man that's gude can be kind, an' can lend; an' ay keeps his word at the rightin.

6 For nevir sae lang, he winna gae wrang; ^day in guid enough mind, *is* the righteous.

7 At the sugh o' mischieff, nae

dread has he; stieve stan's his heart in JEHOVAH.

8 Sae sikker's his heart *is*, ^enae dread can he hae; till he sees ^ffar ayont a' his cumber.

9 ^gHe sends far an' near, he can gie till the puir; ^hhis righteousness stan's for evir; ⁱan' in gloiry his horn sal be heigher.

10 ^jThe ill-doer sal see, an' sal fyke; ^khe sal grush wi' his teeth, ^lan' sal thowe frae the dyke: ^mthe will o' the wicked sal dwinnle.

PSALM CXIII.

Another lift o' laud. The Lord leuks owre the heighest; the Lord leuks down till the laigest.

Hallelujah. [Three.]

LAUD ye the LORD, ye folk o' his ain; laud ye the name o' JEHOVAH.

2 ^aSae blythe may the name o' JEHOVAH be; frae the now, till nae end o' time comin.

3 ^bFrae the sun's gaen abune, till the time he gaes down, the name o' the LORD's to be laudit.

4 Owre a' the hethen, JEHOVAH's heigh; ^cowre the lift itsel, his gloiry.

5 ^dWha's like the LORD, that's God o' our ain; wha sets him sae heigh in his biggen?

6 ^eWha louts him sae laigh till leuk wi' *his een*, on the lift an' the lan' *aneth him*!

7 ^fHe lifts the forfairn frae the stoure; he raxes the puir frae the ^gase-pit:

8 ^hTill set *him* alang wi' the best; alang wi' the best o' his kinsfolk.

9 ⁱThe wanter he sets in a hous o' her ain; ^jan' *een* maks her blythe, the mither o' weans. Hallelujah!

PSALM CXIV.

Whan the Lord steers, how the yirth

^a Prov. 1, 33;
3, 33.

^b or, *ature his ill-willers.*

^c 2 Cor. 9, 9.

^d Deut. 24, 13.

^e Ps. 75, 10.

^f Luke 13, 28.

^g Ps. 37, 12.

^h Ps. 58, 7, 8.

ⁱ m Prov. 10, 28.

^j (3.)
God an'
God's folk
are gude till
the feckless.

^k Dan. 2, 20.

^l Isai. 59, 19.
Mal. 1, 11.

^m Ps. 8, 1.

ⁿ Ps. 89, 6.

^o Ps. 138, 6.
Isai. 57, 15.

^p 1 Sam. 2, 8.
Ps. 107, 41.

^q The vera
Hebrew,
ashpht.

^r Job. 36, 7.

^s 1 Sam. 2, 5.
Ps. 68, 6.

^b Ps. 10, 7.

^c Isai. 40, 8.
Mat. 5, 18.

^d Deut. 4, 6.
Job 28, 28.
Prov. 1, 7; 9,
10.
Eccles. 12, 13.
^e or, *guid
speed.*

^f (2.)
Gude folk
are like God.
^g Ps. 128, 1.

^h Job 11, 17.
Ps. 97, 11.

ⁱ Ps. 37, 26.
Luke 6, 35.

^j Does-na
forget his ain
tryst; or, *is
ay in guid
mind wi' his
niebors.*

^k Prov. 10, 7.

* Frae this,
on till the
19, itsel
amang the
lave, are a'
ca'd Halle-
lujahs by the
LXX.

^aExod. 13, 3.

^bPs. 81, 5.

^cExod. 6, 7;

19, 6.

Deut. 27, 9.

^dExod. 14,

21.

Ps. 77, 16.

^eJosh. 3, 13,

16.

^fPs. 29, 6.

68, 16.

† Heb. *bairns*

o' the flock.

^gHab. 3, 8.

*maun dinlue; heights an' howes can
trimmle baith.*

[By wha's no said.*]

WHAN ^aIsrael wan but frae
Mizra'm; ^b*an'* Jakob's houss
frae folk that war frem:

2 ^cJudah's sel was his halie howff;
an' Israel *was* his kingryk *than*.

3 ^dThe sea, it saw, an' swakket
awa; ^eJordan gaed bak in dams:

4 ^fThe hills, they lap like thra-
wart tups; the knowes, like speanin
lams.†

5 ^gWhat *ail'd* ye, Sea, ye swakket
sae; Jordan, that ye gaed wrang?

6 Hills, *that* ye lap like warslin
tups; *an'* ye knowes, like speanin
lams?

7 At sight o' the LORD, Yirth,
ye maun steer; at the sight o' Ja-
kob's GUDE:

8 ^hWha swappit the wust for a
†stank sae clear; the flint, for a
†watir-flude!

PSALM CXV.

*Like draws to like, the warld owre:
Fulish folk maun hae feckless gods;
folk that ken better, hae God the
Lord.*

[By wha's no said.]

NO ^atill oursel, LORD, no till
us; bot a' till that name o'
yer ain, for yer gudeness *an' e'en* for
yer trewth, gie the gloiry.

2 ^bWhat-for suld the hethen say,
Whar syne *is* that God they aught?

3 ^cBot that God o' our ain, ^d*'s* i'
the lift by himlane; what he liket
himsel, he has wrought.

4 ^eTheir eidols are siller an' gowd;
the wark o' folk's han's o' the yird:

5 Thar's a mouthe o' their ain,
bot they canna speak; *an'* een o'
their ain, bot they see-na:

6 They hae lugs o' their ain, bot

they canna hear; *an'* a nose o' their
ain, bot they smell-na:

7 Han's hae they, bot they han'le
nane; *an'* feet, bot they winna steer:
no a sugh hae they, ben their craig.

8 ^fLike themsels are *the folk*, wha
can mak sic gear; *an'* a' that lippen
till them!

9 ^gLippen ye till the LORD, O
Israel; their stoop an' their schild's
himlane.^h

10 O Aaron's houss, lippen ye till
the LORD; their stoop an' their
schild *is* he:

11 Wha fear the LORD, lippen ye
till the LORD; their stoop an' their
schild he *'ll be*.

12 The LORD has guid min' o'
oursel: he sal bless *an'* blythe-bid
the houss o' Isr'el; Aaron's houss
blythe-bid sal he:

13 ⁱHe sal blythe-bid a' wha fear
the LORD; the sma', wi' the heigh
o' degree.

14 The LORD sal mak mair o' ye,
ay; *mak* ye mair, an' mak mair o'
yer weans!

15 O blythe *be* ye a' in the LORD,
^j*wha* made baith the lift an' the lan':

16 The lift, *aye* the lift, it's the
LORD's; bot the lan' he has gien till
men's sons.

17 ^kThe dead can gie nae Halle-
lujahs; nor nane wha gang down
till the lown:

18 ^lBot oursel, we maun blythe-
bid JEHOVAH; frae the now an' for
evir an' ay: †Laud HIMLANE.

PSALM CXVI.

*The Lord's the stievest stoop in a'
stretts: Folk maun speak as they
think, tho' they're whiles wrang:
We're behadden to the Lord him-
lane, for a' that's gude an' true.*

[By wha's no said.]

^cPs. 135, 18.
Hab. 2, 18,
19.

^fLeuk Ps.
118, 2, 3, 4;
135, 19, 20.

^gPs. 33, 20.
Prov. 30, 5.

^bPs. 128, 1, 4.

ⁱPs. 95, 5;
96, 6.

^kPs. 6, 5; 88,
10, 11, 12.
Isai. 38, 18.

^lDan. 2, 20.

† Heb. *Halle-
lujah.*

^aLeuk Isai.
48, 11.
Ezek. 36, 32.

^bPs. 42, 3.
10; 79, 10.
Joel 2, 17.

^cChron. 16,
26.
Ps. 135, 6.
Dan. 4, 35.

^dDeut. 4, 28.
Ps. 135, 15.
Jer. 10, 3.

THE LORD I loe weel, for he hearkens, till the sugh o' my biddens an' a':

2 For he louts his lug to mysel; I maun skreigh, †sae lang as 'am livin ava'.

† Heb. a' my days.

• Ps. 18, 5, 6.

3 'The dules o' dead wan about me; an' the stouns o' the lang-hame sought me sair: hamper an' cumber, I kenn'd them baith:

4 Syne I skreigh'd, i' the name o' the LORD; Ah now, O LORD! redd my life frae skaith.

5 The LORD, he 's fu' gude an' fu' righteous; our God, he 's fu' kindly an' a':

6 The LORD, he leuks weel to the weakly; forfochten was I, and he heal'd me a'.

† Heb. yer ain loven.

• Ps. 13, 6.

7 Haud ye hame †to the lown again, O my saul; ^bfor the LORD 's been fu' gude to yerlane:

• Ps. 56, 13.

8 'For my life, ye wrought but frae the dead; my een frae a tear, my feet †frae the birse o' a stane.

† Heb. frae a sair shog, or dinne.

• Ps. 27, 13.

9 E'en sae sal I fuhre, ^dwi' the LORD to the fore, in the lan' o' livin men.

• 2 Cor. 4, 13.

10 'I trystit sae weel, I spak sae leal; wi' mylane, I was sairly dang thro':

• Ps. 31, 22.

† Heb. ilk ane, the yird-born, a lie.

• Rom. 3, 4.

11 'An' quo' I my ain gate, whan I cou'd-na wait, †No ae yird-born loon o' them 's true.^e

12 What syne sal I gie, till the LORD for a fee, *for* his double o' gude to mysel?

13 The stoup o' heal-ha'din I'll heize fu' hie, an' the †name o' the LORD sal out-tell:

† Heb. sal skreigh i' the name o' the Lord.

• Verse 18.
Ps. 22, 25.

14 ^bMy trysts till the LORD, I maun e'en mak them guid; aye, in face o' his peopil a'.

• Ps. 72, 14.

15 'Sair i' the sight o' the LORD, *is* the dead o' the folk he loes weel.

• Ps. 143, 12.

16 Hae pitie, LORD; ^kyer ain loon *am* I: yer loon, mylane; 'yer ain

• Ps. 86, 16.

maiden's son: my thirlban's, ye lowse'd them *forby*.

17 ^mAn offer o' laud I maun lift till thee; i' the name o' the LORD, I maun cry.

^m Lev. 7, 12.

18 ⁿMy trysts till the LORD, I maun e'en mak them guid; aye, in face o' his peopil a':

ⁿ Verse 14.

19 In the faulds o' the LORD's ain hous; in the midds o' yersel, Jerusalem: †Ye maun e'en gie laud till JAH.

† Heb. Halle-lujah.

PSALM CXVII.

A lilt o' laud for a' livin folk.

[By wha 's no said.]

GIE ^alaud till the LORD, O a' ye folk; laud ye Himsel, a' niebor kin:

^a Rom. 15, 11.

2 For heigh owre oursel, 's his gudeness gran'; an' the truth o' the LORD for ay *sal win*: Hallelujah!

PSALM CXVIII.

Wha, sae weel as his ain, can ken the gudeness o' God: i' the field an' the fauld, he stoops them; his han' maks their hous an' hame.

[By wha 's no said.]

GIE ^alaud till the LORD, for he 's gude; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for ay.

^a 1 Chron. 16, 8.

Ps. 106, 1;
107, 1; 136, 1.

2 ^bLat Israel say siclike; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for ay:

^bLeuk till Ps. 115, 9, &c.

3 Lat Aaron's hous say siclike; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for ay:

4 Lat wha fear the LORD say siclike; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for ay.

5 'I skreigh'd till the LORD in stretts; ^dan' wi' scowth, the LORD hearken'd till me.

• Ps. 120, 1.

• Ps. 18, 19.

6 'The LORD himsel 's on my side; I care-na what man does till me:

• Ps. 27, 1;
56, 4, 11.

Isai. 51, 12.
Hebr. 13, 6.

7 'The LORD 's wi' my frien's, forby; atowre my ill-willers I'll see.

• Ps. 54, 4.

8 ^e*It 's* better to bide on the LORD, nor to lippen till bairns o' the yird:

• Ps. 40, 4;
62, 8, 9;
Jer. 17, 5, 7.

^b Ps. 146, 3.

[†] Heb. *the*
foremaist
folk.

[†] Deut. 1, 44.

[†] Eccles. 7, 6.
[†] Nah. 1, 10.

[†] Exod. 15, 2.
[†] Isai. 12, 2.

[†] Heb. *i' the*
shields o' the
rightous:
tho' they
bide i' the
shiel, the
Lord keeps
them weel.

^m Ps. 6, 5.
[†] Hab. 1, 12.

[†] Heb. *dingin,*
he might ding
me.

ⁿ Isai. 26, 2.

^o Ps. 24, 7.

[†] or, *the yett*
o' the Lord:
no ner-hian
sae pithy

^p Isai. 35, 8.
[†] Rev. 21, 27;
22, 14, 15.

^q Mat. 21, 42.
[†] Mark. 12, 10.
[†] Luke 20, 17.
[†] Acts 4, 11.
[†] Eph. 2, 20.
[†] 1 Pet. 2, 4, 7.

9 ^h *It's* better to bide on the LORD,
nor till lippen † the heighest laird.
10 The folk, ane an' a', wan about
me; i' the name o' the LORD, I maun
sned them by!

11 About, an' about, they wan
roun' me; i' the name o' the LORD,
I maun sned them by!

12 ⁱ They byket about me, like
bees; they gaed down ^k like a bleeze
o' thorns: i' the name o' the LORD,
I maun sned them by!

13 Ye schot at me sair, till ding
me owre; bot the LORD, he was
stoop till me.

14 ⁱ My strenth an' my sang, *is*
the LORD; an' eke, my heal-ha'din
sal be.

15 *It's* the sugh o' a sang an'
heal-ha'din, they're baith wi' † gude
folk i' the shiels; *for* the right han'
itsel o' JEHOVAH, *it ay* maks the
surest bield:

16 The right-han' *itsel* o' JEH-
VAH, it raxes atowre sae weel; the
right-han' *itsel* o' JEHOVAH, *it ay*
maks the surest bield.

17 ^m Nane sal I die, bot sal livin
be; an' the warks o' the LORD, I
sal tell:

18 The LORD, † he might ettle till
ding me sair; bot till dead, he wad
ne'er gie mysel.

19 ⁿ O rax till me wide, the yetts
o' the gude; it's by them I'se win
ben, *whan* I ettle the LORD till laud:

20 ^o For that's *ay* † the yett till the
LORD; ^p by its-lane sal the rightous
win ben.

21 Laud till yersel I maun gie, for
ye hearken'd till me; an' help ye
been ay till me *syne*.

22 ^q The stane the biggers wad
nane o', the head o' the neuk it has
been:

23 Frae the LORD himlane, siclike
maun hae fa'n; an' a ferlie it *stan's*
in our een.

24 A day siclike, 's the wark o'
the LORD; blythe an' fu' fain lat us
be tharin:

25 † Fy haste ye, LORD; ye maun
help accord: † fy haste ye, LORD;
ye maun gar *us* win!

26 ^o Blythe be the wight that
fuhres, i' the name o' JEHOVAH's
sel; blythe hae we bidden ye a',
frac the houss o' the LORD *himlane*.

27 *It's* God the LORD, 'gies us
light; thirl ye the hanel, wi' ban's
fu' tight, till the horns o' the altar-
stane.

28 God o' my ain *are* ye, till yer-
sel I maun gloiry gie; my God, I
maun heize ye hie!

29 Gie laud till the LORD, for
he's gude; for his gudeness for evir
sal be!

PSALM CXIX.

*Many a line o' laud for the Law, and
mony a tryst till bide by its biddens,
ye sal find i' this lang, weel-wrought,
weel-wordit Psalm.*

[By wha's no here said; aiblins by
David in his young days, or i' the
lown at his leasure, as he gaed
frae houss till ha' among his ene-
mies: leuk verses 54, 79, 84, 86,
an' 176. Ca'd by the LXX.
Hallelujah.]

ALEPH.

A' STRAUGHT i' the gate,
do weel; ^a wha gang by the
law o' the LORD:

2 A' wairdin his † will, do weel;
seekin him wi' their † heart's accord.

3 An' eke, ^b they do nae folie; *bot*
ay in his gate they steer:

4 *As* ye hae gien sic commaun,
till bide by yer biddens clear.

5 An my gate war but sikkerly
set; till haud by yer tryst 'am fain:

6 An' syne I sal ne'er be scham't,
whan ^c I leuk till yer biddens ilk ane.

[†] Heb. *Beseik*
ye, Lord.

[†] Mat. 21, 9;
23, 30.
[†] Mark 11, 9.
[†] Luke 19, 38.
[†] Leuk Zeek.
4, 7.

[†] Esth. 8, 16.

^N ALEPH
sounds
atween
A an' Ha.

^a Ps. 128, 1.

[†] Heb. *willts*.
[†] Heb. *hail*
heart.

^b 1 John 3,
9; 5, 18.

^c Job 22, 26.

d Verse 171.

7 A' laud, wi' leal heart, 'I 'se gie thee; whan I ken yer right-rechtins sae trew:

8 An yer trysts I but sikkerly keep, O cast me-na far frae you!

BETH.

9 By what sal a chield redd his gate? till haud by the thing ye say:

10 By my heart its-lane, I hae sought yersel; lat me ne'er frae yer biddens gae.

11 Ben i' my heart, 'I hae happit yer word; that I ne'er suld gae wrang wi' thee:

12 Bless'd an' blythe, O LORD, are yerlane; f gie wit o' yer trysts till me.

13 But frae my lips, I hae sent the count o' yer ain right-rechtins a':

14 By the gate o' yer trysts I hae blyther been, nor wi' a' the gear cou'd fa'.

15 Biddens o' thine, I sal sigh on them; an' tent the gates ye gang:

16 Blythely bide i' yer trysts sal I; yer tellin I 'se ne'er think lang.

GIMEL.

17 Gie e enough till yer servan', LORD; I sal live, an' haud weel by yer word:

18 Gar open my een, I sal see the ferlies o' thy record.

19 Gangrel, h gang I on the yird; hide nane yer commauns frae me:

20 Gane 'is my saul wi' the pyne, for yer rightins, a' day, that † I dree.

21 Gin ye winna wyte the proud; the curst, wha gae by yer commauns:

22 Gibin an' jeerin put far frae me; for yer biddens I thole i' my han's.

23 Gabbin again me the foremaist sat; bot yer leal-man thought ay on yer law:

24 Grand pleasure k yer biddens gie ay till me; for they are the men o' my ha'.

DALETH.

25 Dang down i' the stoure, is my saul; m gar me live, as yersel avise'd:

26 Descrivit my gate, hae I; ye hae hearken'd: "tell me yer trysts.

27 Draught me the gate o' yer laws; I sal think on yer wonner-warks syne:

28 Dreepin awa o is my saul, wi' kiaugh; haud me up, wi' that word o' thine.

29 Ding the gate o' a lie, far far frae me; bot gie me braw scowth i' yer law:

30 Dearly I loe the gate that's true; yer right-rechtins, I ettle them a'.

31 Deep i' yer trysts am I; O LORD, lat me ne'er hing my head:

32 Dinkly I'll gae the gate ye say, an my heart ye but set abroad.

HE.

33 Airt me, O LORD, q the gate o' yer trysts; an' I 'se haud it, as sikker as gear:

34 E'en gie me lear, an' I 'se keep yer law: na, I 'se waird it, wi' heart heal an' fere.

35 Airt me the gate o' yer ain commauns; for till it, am I uncoly fain:

36 Even my heart till a' ye say; an' no wi' greed till grein.

37 Haud-by my een ' frae glowrin at nought; ' in yer ain gate gar me steer:

38 Heigh owre yer loon, heize up † yer tryst; wha louts fu' laigh i' yer fear.

39 Haud-by the scorn I dread sae sair; for yer rightins, they 're a' sae † stieve:

40 Hae I no sought yer visitins? 'i' yer righteousness, gar me live.

VAU.

41 Weise me ance mair yer gude-ness, LORD; an' yer heal-ha'din, e'en as ye spak:

42 Wyssly syne, till scornors o'

† DALETH
sounds
between D
an' Dh.

† Ps. 44, 25.
m Verse 40.
Ps. 143, 11.
n Verse 12.
Ps. 25, 4; 27,
11; 86, 11.

o Ps. 107, 26.

p Isai. 60, 5.

† HE sounds
between
Heh, He, an'
Ee.

q Verse 12.

r Isai. 33, 15.

s Prov. 23, 5.

† Heb. yer ain
spoken word.

† Heb. they
gude.

† Verses 25,
37, 88, 107,
149, 156,
159.

† VAU
sounds
between VV
an' V. But ae
word in He-
brew o' that
ae letter:
ettles, whiles

† BETH
sounds
between B
an' Bh.

† Ps. 37, 31.
Luke 2, 19,
51.

f Verses 26,
33, 64, 68,
108, 124,
135.

† GIMEL
sounds
between G
an' Gh.

s Ps. 116, 7.

o Gen. 47, 9.
1 Chron. 29,
15.

Ps. 39, 12.
2 Cor. 5, 6.
Hebr. 11, 13.

† Ps. 42, 1, 2;
63, 1; 84, 2.

† Heb. it can
dree, or, 'wi'
dreein.

† Verses 77,
92.

An', whiles
Bot, whiles
Sen or Syne;
and ilka
verse o' this
pairt begins
wi't.

^u Ps. 138, 1.
Mat. 10, 18,
19.

‡ ZAIN
sounds
between S,
SS, an' Z,
auld Scots.

§ David has
been joukin
sair, here an'
there, frae
the han' o' his
ill-willers.
* Ps. 63, 6

† Heb. *yer*
o'erword, or
visiting.

¶ HETH
sounds
H, or Hh.
⁷ Ps. 16, 5.
Jer. 10, 16.
Lam. 3, 24.

mine; for I lippen yer word, I'll speak bak.

43 Word syne o' truth, frae out my mouthe, tak ye-na clean awa; for I lippen yer rightins a':

44 Weel syne sal I waird, for evir an' ay, yer ain maist aefauld law.

45 Wi' walth o' gate, I 'se daiker syne; for I haud yer commauns at need:

46 Word syne o' yer wairnins, ^aI 'se wair on kings; an' sal ne'er hing down my head.

47 Wi' wonner-will, I 'se waught my fill o' yer biddens I loe sae weel: 48 Will heize my han's till yer dear commauns, an' lout owre yer statutes leal!

ZAIN.

49 Seek owre the word, *ye spak* till yer loon; on whilk ye gar'd me to lippen:

50 Siclike *was* a' my content in my care; for yer word it was, keepit me livin.

51 Sae sair as the proud, they scorn'd at me; frae that law o' yer ain I ne'er sought:

52 Sae lang sen-syne, yer rightins I mind; an', LORD, I was kindly wrought.

53 Sic dreid, it cam owre me syne; for the ill, wha mak light o' yer law:

54 Sangs till me, yer statutes be; in the houss whar 'am frem an' a'.[§]

55 *Zit* *a' the night, I mindet yer name; O LORD, an' yer law I keepit:

56 Zat ay was my ain, till haud *fu' fain*; for I wairded †a' that ye threepit.

HETH.

57 Ha'din o' mine *are ye*, ^aLORD; yer words, quo' I, I suld mind:

58 Heal-hearted, I sought yer face; till mysel, as ye plighted, be kind.

59 How far I gaed *wrang*, I cou'd tell; till yer laws syne, I airted my gaens:

60 Hastit, an' swither'd I nane; till haud by yer ain commauns.

61 Hail droves o' wrang-doers rave me in twa; bot I ne'er loot yer law frae my sight:

62 Half i' the mirk, I wauken me up; till lilt o' yer rightins right.

63 Halvers gang I, wi' a' that fear thee; an' wha mind yer wairnins weel:

64 How yer gudeness, LORD, the yirth fu'fills; ^amak me till yer trystins leal!

TETH.

65 The thing that's gude, till yer leal-man, LORD; ye hae dune, siclike as ye spak:

66 Thole me till learn what's right an' wyss; for my tryst, on yer biddens, I tak.

67 Thole'd I ne'er yet, ^aI gaed wrang wi' my fit; bot sen-syne, I hae wairded yer word:

68 The GUDE an' gude-doer, YER-LANE *are ye*; ^btell me yer trystins, LORD.

69 Threepit on me the haughty a lie; bot yer biddens I keepit, wi' heart fu' leal:

70 Theekit, ^cen as wi' talch, is that heart o' theirs; bot yer law, mylane I liket it weel.

71 *Think* ^dweel for me, for I thole the dree, o' yer trysts to be wyss fu'filler:

72 The †weight o' yer word's worth mair till me, ^enor thousans o' gowd an' siller!

JOD.

73 Yer han's me made, ^fan' sikker me stay'd; gie me wit, an' yer biddens I'll ken:

74 Yersel wha fear, ^gsal see me syne; an' be blythe, on yer word that I fen'.

75 Yer rightins, LORD, I ken they're right; an' in truth ^hye hae cuisten me down:

76 Yer pitie till hearten me, come,

^z Verses 12, 26.

‡ TETH sounds T, or Th.

^a Verse 71.
Jer. 31, 18, 19.

^b Verses 12, 26.

^c Ps. 17, 10.
Isal. 6, 10.

^d Verse 67.
Hebr. 12, 10, 11.

† Heb. *the laxt o' yer mouthe*.

^e Verse 127.
Ps. 19, 10.
Prov. 8, 11.

¶ JOD sounds J, auld Scots.

^f Job 10, 8.
Ps. 100, 3;
138, 8.

^g Ps. 34, 2.

^h Hebr. 12, 10.

I pray; as ye spak till yer faithfu' loon.

¹ Verses 24,
47, 174.

77 Yer kindness win till me, an' syne I sal live; for ⁱyer law, 's my delight an' mair:

^a Verse 86.

[§] Folk sal come till David, when they ken he 's God's King.

78 Ye †maun daunt the proud, for they †ding me wi' lies; but I sigh owre yer visits, sair.

79 Yont till me, a' wha fear thee, an' wha ken yer biddens, sal rin: §

80 Yare be my heart, in thae trysts o' yer ain; an' till schame, I sal nevir win.

CAPH.

² CAPH sounds Ch or K.

¹ Ps. 73, 26; 84, 2.

^m Verse 123. Ps. 69, 3.

ⁿ Job 30, 30. † Heb. *skin bottle*.

[†] Heb. *like how many days*.

[•] Ps. 39, 4.

[†] Ps. 35, 7.

[†] Verse 78.

^r Verse 40.

² LAMED sounds L.

¹ Ps. 89, 2. Mat. 24, 34, 35.

[†] Heb. *till kirigettin an' kirigettin*.

¹ Verse 24.

81 Clean gane is my saul, 'for that help o' thine; *bot* I lippen me ay till yer word:

82 Clean gane are my een, ^mfor that word o' yer ain; sayan, Whan will ye comfort accord?

83 Clung ⁿtho' I be, like a †skin i' the reek, yer trysts I dinna forget:

84 Count †like how lang yer loon *maun thole*, [•]or ye right wha wrang me yet.

85 Canny, for me, [†]the proud scoupit *their* sheughs; siclike, they war ne'er i' yer law:

86 Commauns o' thine, they ^{re}true ilk ane; saikless [†]they seek me; help me an' a'.

87 Clean i' the yirth, they maist sweel'd me owre; but ne'er frae yer trysts did I swee:

88 Keep me, ^rlike yer gudeness, livin ay; an' I'll bide by ilk bidden ye gie.

LAMED.

89 LORD, 'lang or langsyne, yer word stan's i' the lift:

90 Lat folk †come an' gang, yer truth it maun stan'; ye ettled the yirth, no till shift.

91 Like as ye gied commaun, the day they can stan'; for they ^{re}a' but thirls o' yer ain:

92 'Less nor yer law 'war a' my delight; in my dule, I had dwinnle'd an' gane.

93 Lang lang it *maun be*, †or yer biddens I flee; for wi' them, ye haud me on live:

94 LORD, 'am yer ain, saif me mylane; for yer biddens I'd fain describe.

95 Leukin till fell me, ill folk they †war keen; bot mysel, I thought weel on yer †law:

96 Like till a' ^athat 's finish'd, an end I hae seen; yer commaun, it braids unco' braw.

MEM.

97 Meikle loe I yer law! ^ait 's thought till me, a' the day lang:

98 Mair nor my faes, ye taught me yer commauns; for ay till mysel they belang.

99 Mair nor a' my maisters, hae I o' lear; for yer trystins, they ^{re}a' my thought:

100 Mair nor the auldest, hae I o' wit; for yer biddens, right canny I wrought.

101 My feet I hae waired, frae ilka wrang gate; ay for I keepit yer word:

102 Mysel, frae yer rightins, I ne'er turn'd awa; for yerlane, ye hae taught me, LORD.

103 Mair nor hynnies intil my mouthe, 'how sweet are yer words i' my hals:

104 Mylane, I hae learn'd frae yer biddens weel; ^asyne, I hate ilka gate that 's fause.

NUN.

105 Night-light till my feet, ^ais that word o' yer ain; an' †ay whar I gang, it 's bright:

106 Nane sal I steer, [†]frae the word I swear; till haud by yer rightins right.

107 Nar gane was I clean, sae uncology dune; LORD, [†]wauken me yet, as ye spak:

108 Na, the gift o' my mouthe, lat it pleasure ye, LORD; ^aan' yer rightins, fu' clear till me mak.

[†] Heb. *sal nane flee*, or forget.

[†] Heb. *war keen on me*.
[†] Heb. *biddens*.

^a Mat. 5, 18; 24, 35.

² MEM sounds M.

^a Ps. 1, 2.

[†] Ps. 19, 10. Prov. 8, 11.

^a Verse 128.

² NUN sounds N.

^a Prov. 6, 23.

[†] Heb. *ontil my gate*.

^b Neh. 10, 29.

^c Verse 88.

^a Verses 12, 25.

c Job 13, 14.

109 No, 'tho' my life 's been ay in my loof, hae I forgotten yer law :

s Ps. 140, 5;
141, 9.

110 No, 'tho' ill folk set a net for me, frae yer biddens hae I fa'n awa.

s Deut. 33, 4.

† Heb. *lak for my ain.*b Verses 77,
92, 174.† Heb. *the heel.*

111 Ne'er till tine, s yer tellins † are mine; h for my heart's content are they *evir* :

112 Na, my heart I sal lout till do yer statutes, till † the end o' a time thegither.

SAMECH.

D SAMECH
sounds
between s an'
sh.

113 Senseless thoughts, I mislike them a'; bot that law o' yer ain, I loe weel :

† Heb. o' my
ain.i Ps. 32, 7;
91, 1.

114 Shaltir an' schild † till me baith, 'are ye; till yer word, I hae lippen'd fu' leal.

s Ps. 6, 8;
130, 19.
Mat. 7, 23.

115 Swith, a' awa frae me syne, ye ill-doers a'; I maun keep the commauns o' my Gude :

† Heb. *like yer ain word.*

116 Stoop me † e'en as ye said, I sal live; an' ne'er for my houp hing my head.

117 Stoop me, an' syne I'll be saif; an' ay, till yer biddens, tak tent :

† Heb. *straw-
wagers frae yer tryits.*

118 Sterk on the grun', ye lay † tryst-breakers a'; for their lie, but a scham sal be *kent*.

i Ezek. 22, 18.

119 Sinners a', frae the yirth, ye soop by 'like stoure; an' sae, o' yer trystins 'am glaid :

m Hab. 3, 16.

120 Sair trimmles my bouk, m wi' dread o' thee; an' sair at yer rightins 'am fley'd.

AIN.

y AIN
sounds
O, Ay, or Ec.

121 Ay right an' righteousness, I hae dune; till my ill-willers' will dinna lea' me :

122 Ay be yer thirlman's ban' for gude; lat-na the haughty plea me :

n Verses 81,
82.

123 Ay for yer help, m yeen they gae dune; an' eke for yer ain right-rechtin :

o Verse 12.

124 Ay wi' yer thirlman, do as ye like; an' thae trysts o' yer ain, gie me light in.

125 E'en till yersel, a loon am I; gie me wit, an' gar ken yer bidden:

126 E'en now, LORD, it 's time ye suld up an' do; yer law, they hae clean out-ridden.

127 E'en sae, b I think mair o' yer will; nor o' gowd, an' a' that 's fine o't :

p Verse 72.
Ps. 19, 10.
Prov. 8, 11.

128 E'en sae, a' ye bid I sal haud it right: an' ilk leian gate, I'll hae nane o't.

q Verse 104.

PE.

D PE sounds
atween
Ph. an' F.

129 Fu' mighty are thy commauns; e'en sae, my saul wairds them weel:

130 Fu' clear comes a blink o' yer words; r makin' wyss the weanliest chiel.

r Ps. 19, 7

131 Fu' wide rax't I my mouthe; an' sighed, for I sought yer will :

i Ps. 106, 4.

132 Fy, 'glint on mysel, an' be kind till me; 'as, till wha loe yer name, ye † do still.

i 2 Thes. 1, 6,
7.

133 Fit me weel † as I gang, u i' yer word; x an' lat nae wrang hae right on me :

† Heb. *as the gate is.*

134 Fesh me hame frae the grip o' the carl; syne, heed till yer tellins I'll gie.

† Heb. *my gate.*

u Ps. 17, 5.

135 Fu' bright y'be yer leuk on yer loon; z an' ay gar me ken yer will :

x Ps. 19, 13.
Roin. 6, 12.

136 Fludes, a' frae my een they rin down; for yer law they can follow but ill. §

y Ps. 4, 6.
z Verses 12,
26.

TZADDI.

a Jer. 9, 1;
14, 17.
Ezek. 9, 4.
§ Ill readin
whan folk 's
greetin;
waur greet-
in. for ye
canna read.

137 'T's righteous, O LORD, are ye yersel; an' upright, yer rightins a' :

b TZADDI
sounds
atween Ts
an' St, an' Z.

138 'T's † right are the tellins ye gie furth; an' they 're truth itsel an' a'.

† Heb. *right-
ousness.*

139 Zele o' my ain, b it sweet'd me up; for yer words, my ill-willers § forhow'd :

b Ps. 69, 9.
John 2, 17.

140 Zat word o' zine, c it 's clear'd sae fine; yer thirlman, he bee's till loe 't.

§ Auld Scots,
till fang by.c Ps. 12, 6;
18, 30.
Prov. 30, 5.

141 'T's but sma' am I, an' little set-by; bot yer biddens, I ne'er forget.

142 'T's right for ay, yer rightins are they; an' yer law, it 's the truth compleat.

143 Strett an' skaithe, they fand me baith; yer commauns; they war joie till me:

144 *Stays* for ay, †the right ye say; gie me wit, an' I 'se †thole a wee.

KOPH.

145 Quo' I wi' a skreigh frae a' the heart, Hearken me, LORD; yer trysts I'll tide:

146 Quo' I till yersel, wi' a skreigh; Heal me, an' yer biddens I'll bide.

147 Keppit the light ^dhae I; an' I cry'd; for yer word I was fain.

148 Keppit 'my een the slakkens o' night; till sigh on that word o' yer ain.

149 Quaiet my din, o' yer gude-ness, LORD; ^so' yer righteousness, haud me on live:

150 Quha wark mischieff, they win owre nar han'; awa frae yer law, they thrive.

151 Quha †but yer lane suld be nar me, LORD; an' a' yer commauns o' truth!

152 Quhile or now, o' yer tellins I trew; that ye founded them weel, lang enough.

RESH.

153 Rew on my sorrow, and redd me but; for yer law I dinna forget:

154 Redd my plea, ^san' ransom me; for yer ain word, ^hwauken me yet.

155 Rax't far eneugh, ⁱs' help frae the rough; for yer tellins, they seek-na ava':

156 Right mony, LORD, 's yer kind accords; ^hwauken me, †wi' yer rightins an' a'.

157 Right mony, they †rax an' rive at me; *bot* ne'er frae yer biddens I steer'd:

158 Right-wrangers I saw, an'

fash'd mysel sair; for yer words, siclike they ne'er waird.

159 Rax't an' trew, gin yer biddens I loe; o' yer gude-ness, LORD, 'wauken me:

160 Rute† o' yer word, it 's *been* truth itsel; syne right, a' ye right, maun ay be.

SCHIN.

161 Sair till win on me, the fore- maist sought; at yer words syne, my heart sheuk wi' fear:

162 Sae blythe was I, owre that word o' yer ain, as I had fand unco gear.

163 Shaughlin talk, I thole waur an' waur; it 's yer law, I like sae weel:

164 Seven times a day, I gie laud till yersel; for thae rightins o' thine sae leal.

165 Shaltir sae lown, ^m's for wha loe yer law; an' nought sal be, till skew them:

166 Sure eneugh, LORD, "I leuk for yer help; an' thae biddens o' thine, I gae thro' them.

167 Sae weel 's my saul wairds yer tellins a'; an' O, but I loe them dearly:

168 Sae weel 's I waird baith yer †will an' yer word; for my gate, it 's a' kent till ye clearly.

TAU.

169 Till yer sight, O LORD, lat my skreigh win nar; an' e'en as ye said, gie me wit:

170 Till yer sight, lat my weary bidden win ben; an' e'en as ye spak, redd me but.

171 Thir lips o' mine, ^osal gie laud *till ye* fine; for yer tellins, till me ye taught:

172 This tongue o' my ain, yer word sal †mak plain; for a' yer biddens are †straught.

173 That han' o' thine, maun be stoop o' mine; ^hfor yer tellins I tak them right:

† Heb. *leuk* owre an' see.

† Verse 68.

† Heb. *Head* o' yer word, truth.

♫ SCHIN sounds atween s an' sh.

♫ Prov. 3. 2.

♫ Gen. 49. 18. Verse 174.

† Heb. *yer* visitins an' yer biddens.

♫ TAU sounds atween Tan' Th.

♫ Verse 7.

† Heb. *tell* owre.

† Heb. *straughtness*, or rightness.

♫ Josh. 24. 22. Prov. 1. 29.

† Heb. *right* o' yer rightins.

† Heb. *bide* livin.

♫ KOPH sounds atween K, Qu, an' Chu.

♫ Ps. 5. 3; 139. 6.

♫ Ps. 63. 1, 6.

♫ Verses 40, 154.

† Heb. *yer lane* suld be nar.

♫ RESH sounds R.

♫ Ps. 35. 1. Mic. 7. 9.

♫ Verse 40.

♫ Job 5. 4.

♫ Verse 149. † Heb. *like*.

† Heb. *raxer* an' rive o' me.

9 Verse 165.

r Verses 16,
24, 47, 77,
111.1 Isai. 53. 6.
Luke 15. 4.
&c.

A.C. 1058.

* Leuk till
Headins, an'
tak tent for-
by; a' thir
sangs o' the
Upgaens,
they're on
the upgaen
o' God wi'
his folk
langsyne
frae Ægypt
till Canaan,
an' wi'
David frae
Canaan till
Jerusalem.

David
wad fain
win Up.

a Ps. 118. 5.
Jonah 2, 2.

† Heb. ettles
some kin' o'
stok for
burnin.

b 1 Sam. 25. 1.
Jer. 49, 29.

David
syne leuks
high Up.

a Ps. 124. 8.

174 Thole'd I lang, LORD, ^afor
the health ye accord; an' yer law,
'it 's my vera delight.

175 Thrive lat my life, it sal laud
yersel; for yer rightins, they stoop
me yet.

176 Thoughtless I gaed, 'like a
sheep was stray'd; wise roun' yer
loon; for yer biddens I dinna forget.

PSALM CXX.

*David, wi' sair warsle, wad fain
win hame till Zioun; his ill-willers
syne maun thole the gree.*

A sang o' the Upgaens.*

TILL the LORD, ^ain my stretts
I could scaigh; an' he heark-
en'd till me mylane:

2 LORD, ye maun redd my life;
frae the liean lips, frae the guilefu'
tongue!

3 What maun be dune wi' yersel?
what sal befa' ye yet? tongue that
sae fause can gang!

4 Flanes o' the mighty, fu' snell;
wi' slaughts o' the †bleezan rung.

5 Wae's me, intil Mesech I bade
sae lang! ^bor taigled in howffs o'
Kedar!

6 O'er lang wi' siclike I hae wair'd
my time; wi' the loon that cares-na
for kindness.

7 Kindness I ettle mysel; bot ay
when I crack, it 's for ill they're.

PSALM CXXI.

*David lippens till the heights abune
Zioun; an' till him that 's abune
the heights.*

A sang o' the Upgaens.

TILL the heights, I maun cast
my een; whar else can my
help come frae?

2 ^aMy help 's frae the LORD him-
lane; wha made baith the lift an'
the lan'.

3 Yer fit he winna lat steer; ^bnor
dover, wha hauds ye heal:

4 Na, he neither dovers nor sleeps,
wha keeps waird upon Israel.

5 The LORD, he 's yer keeper an'
a': ^cthe LORD sal be sconce till thee;
^don yer han', on yer ain right han'.

6 ^eThe sun sal-na blight ye by
day; nor the mune, as *sebo gangs*
the night thro'.

7 The LORD, he sal waird ye frae
ilka ill; yer life, he sal waird it weel:

8 The LORD, ^fhe sal waird yer
gaen-out an' gaen-in, for evir an'
ay, frae the now!

PSALM CXXII.

*David's fu' blythe o' Zioun; whar he
sal be King an' a'.*

A sang o' the Upgaens: ane o'
David's.

FU' fain was I whan they said to
mysel, Till the houss o' the
LORD lat us gang:

2 Our feet, they sal stan' i' thae
yetts o' yer ain, Jerusalem.

3 Jerusalem 's bigget fu' braw;
like a brugh ^abigget a' by itslane:

4 ^bFor thar, niebor-kins, they
†maun gather an' a': the LORD's
niebor-kins; ^cthe trysts o' Israel;
till gie laud, to the name o' the
LORD, wi' a sang.

5 ^dFor thar now †are dight, the
throns o' the right; the throns o'
King David's line!

6 Seek ye for the lown o' Jerusa-
lem: fu' lown sal they be, wha
wiss weel till thee.

7 Peace be ay on yer dykes; an'
lown in yer biggins sae fine!

8 For my brether's saik, for my
niebors' saik, I maun e'en cry, Lown
be in thee!

9 For the houss o' the LORD,
that 's God o' our ain, ^eI maun
seek a' that 's guid for thee!

^bPs. 127. 1.
Isai. 27. 3.

^cIsai. 25. 4.

^dPs. 16. 8;
109. 31.

^ePs. 91. 5.
Isai. 49. 10.
Rev. 7. 16.

^fDeut. 28. 6.

David's
bidden till
gang Up.

^a2 Sam. 5. 9.

^bExod. 23. 17.
Deut. 16. 16.

† Heb. *win*
up till the
town.

^cExod. 16. 34.

^dDeut. 17. 8.

† Heb. *settled*
down.

PSALM CXXIII.

 God's folk leuk lang till they win Up.

^a Ps. 121, 1.
^b Ps. 115, 3.

God's folk, down-cuisten, leuk lang for Himself.
A sang o' the Upgaens.

TILL yersel ^aI cast up my een, ^bO ye wha bide i' the lift.

2 Like as thirlfolk's een, till their maisters' han', like as maidens' een, till their mistress' han'; e'en sae our ain een, till the LORD our God, they leuk up, till he rew upon us.

3 Rew on us, LORD, O rew upon us; for o' scorn, we're as fou's we can bide:

^c Exod. 5, 15-19.

4 Our 'life's taen a staw, at the skeigh o' the braw; an' the scorn o' wha hove wi' pride.

PSALM CXXIV.

 David minds how Israel wan Up. Leuk Exod 14.

What God's folk maun hae dree'd, an the Lord had-na been on their side.
A sang o' the Upgaens: ane o' David's.

^a Ps. 129, 1.

AN the LORD had-na been for oursel, ^aweel now may Israel say;

2 An the LORD had-na been for oursel, whan folk wan up on us fey;

3 Syne had they sweet'd us livin an' a', whan their wuth at oursel did reenge:

4 Syne had the watirs sweet'd us owre, the drift had gaen owre our lives:

5 Syne had the watirs, bremin heigh, gaen owre our sauls wi' a breinge.

6 Blythe be the LORD wha ettled us nane, for a glaum to the teeth o' siclike!

^b Ps. 91, 3.
Prov. 6, 5.
† Heb. the hunter's girn.

7 Our life, ^blike a bird, it slippit † the girn; the girn an' a', 's been riven in twa; an' oursel, we hae clear'd the dyke.

^c Ps. 121, 2.

8 'Our stoop's i' the name o' the LORD; wha made baith the lift an' the laigh.

PSALM CXXV.

God's folk like a town amang the hills; fu' lown an' cosy round it a'.
A sang o' the Upgaens.

 How God's ain sal be keepit Up.

WHA lippen the LORD are like Zioun-hill; that win-na steer, an' that bides for ay.

2 Jerus'lem's sel, the heights haud her weel; sae the LORD himsel, his folk he can sweet, roun about; frae the now, an' for evir mair.

3 'For the wrang-doer's rod win-na stay for ay, on the shouthir o' righteous folk: for as meikle's the righteous ne'er rax't their han's, wi' ony mischieff to yoke.

^a Exod. 20, 2.
Prov. 23, 8.
Isai. 14, 5.

4 Do weel, O LORD, till them that do weel; an' till them, that are straught i' their hearts:

5 Bot wha swee ay about ^bi' their ravell'd gates, the LORD maun lat gang wi' the warkers o' wrang: bot 'lown-tide on Israel sal wait.

^b Prov. 2, 15.

^c Ps. 128, 6.
Gal. 6, 16.

PSALM CXXVI.

Whan God's folk war lowse'd frae ban', they cam hame like a spate on the lan'.

 How blythe they war a', whan they cam Up.

A sang o' the Upgaens.

WHAN the LORD fush her thirldom hame till Zioun; ^alike doveran folk war we:

2 ^bSyne was our mouthe wi' laughin fou; an' our tongue, it was liltin free. syne quo' they amang hethen folk, Fu' grandly the LORD for them has wrought.

^a Acts 12, 9.

^b Job 5, 21.

3 Fu' grandly the LORD, he cou'd do for us; an' weel may we blythesome be:

4 The LORD, he brought hame our thirldom a', like spates on the ||birstled lea.

5 'Wha saw wi' a tear; wi' a sang they sal shear:

6 Wha greetin gangs out, wi' a

|| or, the southe lan'.

^c Jer. 31, 9, &c.

† Heb. *haud-*
in them heigh.

lade o' gude seed; sal come hame
wi' a lilt, an' his nieffu's o' corn
† fu' hie!

PSALM CXXVII.

How
God's Houss
maun be
bigget Up.

*Livin folk's ay better nor stane an'
lime; an' biggin siclike for a houss
till the Lord, 's his ain wark.*

A sang o' the Upgaens: for Solo-
mon.*

* Ps. 72.

Ps. 121, 3,
4, 5.

AN JEHOVAH big-na the houss,
they fash for nought, wha
big at it; ^aan JEHOVAH keep-na the
brugh, he waukens for nought wha
keeps waird onto 't.

2 It'll do ye nae guid till steer or
light, till bide late at night, eatin
yer bread wi' a pingle: *for* till them
he loes weel, he gies sleep.

Gen. 33, 5;
48, 4.
Josh. 24, 3, 4.
Deut. 28, 4.

† Heb. *out-*
come o' the
name.

† Heb. *bairns*
o' the young.

† Job 5, 4.
Prov. 27, 11.

3 Na, ^bbairns are the LORD's heri-
tage; 'the † mither's fraught, *his* fee.

4 Like flanes in the han' o' some
mighty wight, sae † new-fund folk
maun be.

5 Blythe be the wight wi' a sheaf
o' siclike; ^ano blate sal they be,
but sal crack fu' hie, till wha wiss
them ill, i' the yett.

PSALM CXXVIII.

How
God's ain
folk sal
growse Up.

*A brow houss, baith but an' ben, wi'
guid till fen', hae the righteous.*

A sang o' the Upgaens.

Ps. 112, 1;
115, 13;
119, 1.

Isai. 3, 10.

O ^aBLYTHE may ilk ane be,
wi' dread o' the LORD; wha
gangs i' thae gates o' his ain:

2 ^bWhan ye pree o' the wark o'
yer han's; fu' blythe *sal* ye be, an'
fu' weel *sal* ye *fen'* yerlane.

3 Yer gudewife, like the fraughtit
vine, by the sconce o' yer houss *sal*
stan'; yer weans, round about yer
meltith-buird, *sal* growe like the
olive wands.

4 E'en sae, sae blythe *sal* the
wight be, *wha lives* in the dread o'
the LORD.

5 'The LORD sal blythe-bid ye
frae Zioun; an' on a' that 's guid in
Jerus'lem, ye sal leuk ilka day o'
yer life.

^c Ps. 134, 3.

6 Ye sal e'en see yer bairns' bairns,
^aan' lown intil Israel rife!

^d Ps. 125, 5.

PSALM CXXIX.

*A lifetime's wrang wad be owre lang;
heartless wark, sbearin ill corn.*

A sang o' the Upgaens.

How
lang they
tholed or
they wan
Up,

SAE sair as they wrought me
^afrae † bairn-time; ^bweel now
may Israel say:

Ezek. 23,
3.
Hos. 2, 15;
11, 1.

2 Sae sair as they wrought me,
frae † bairn-time; an' ne'er mann'd
abune me till stay.

† Heb. *my*
bairn-time.
^b Ps. 124, 1.

3 On my riggin, the plewers they
plew'd; an' lang enough furs they
drew:

4 The righteous LORD, he sned the
coid o' that wrang-deedie crew!

5 They hang the head, an' hame
they gaed; that wiss'd ill to Zioun,
ilk ane.

6 Like gerss *on* the riggin, war
they; afore ye can † sned it, it 's
gane.

† Heb. *drave*
out upon 't.

7 Jimply the shearer can fill his
han'; or the banster his bosom pang:

8 Nor naebody says 'Gude speed
wi' yo; We blythe-bid yo ^ai' the
name o' the LORD; as they fuhre
the gate along.

^c Ruth 2, 4.

PSALM CXXX.

*Frae the laigest flude, God's guidin' 's
guid: an' he 's no half sae stoor as
he 's ca'd.*

A sang o' the Upgaens.

It 's
waitin weel
that helps
Up.

FRAE ^athe deeps sae awesome
dread, O LORD, I hae scaigh'd
till thee:

^a Lam. 3, 55.
Jonah 2, 2.

2 Hearken, O LORD, till my
scaigh; till the sigh o' my weary
bidden, yer lugs lat them loutit be.

b Ps. 143, 2.

c 1 Kings 8, 40.

Ps. 2, 11.

Jer. 33, 8, 9.

d Ps. 27, 14;

33, 20;

40, 1.

Isai. 8, 17;

30, 18.

e Ps. 63, 6;

119, 147.

|| or, frae ae mornin's light till anither.

f Ps. 86, 5, 15.

g Ps. 103, 3, 4

3 ^b LORD, an ye leuk at fauts, wha syne, LORD, cou'd stan' ava'?

4 Bot pitie 's *been ay* wi' yersel, for sae stoor 's 'ye been thought an' a'.

5 ^d I hae leuk'd for JEHOVAH lang; my life, it has leukit this while; na, on his word I hae stoopit me sair.

6 'My life, it *leuks* mair for the LORD, || nor them wha leuk for the mornin; wha leuk for the mornin ere.

7 Lat Israel lippen JEHOVAH, ^f for ay wi' JEHOVAH thar 's rewth; an' rowth o' remead wi' himsel.

8 An' it 's Him, frae his ain wrang-^gdoens, ^g sal cannily redd Israel.

PSALM CXXXI.

David, till be sae uncoly thought on, keeps ay a lown sugh by himlane.

A sang o' the Upgaens: ane o' David's.

MY heart, O LORD, was-na haughty; nor my een, they hae-na been heigh: ^a nor no, wi' sic ferlies ^afore me, hae I gaen govan skeigh.

2 O gin I hae-na been quaiet! an' gin I hae-na whush'd my thought; like a ^b wean, that 's been spean'd frae his mither, my life on mylane it 's *been* wrought.

3 Till JEHOVAH, lat Israel lippen; frae the now, till o' time [†]thar 's nought.

PSALM CXXXII.

David, wi' a sair facth, an' mony a waukrife thought, ettles a brav hame-comin an' a lown neuk for the Lord on Zioun.

A sang o' the Upgaens.

LORD, hae min' o' David, and a' the cumber he stude:†

2 How he swure an aith till JEHOVAH, ^a *how* he trystit till Jakob's Gude: ^b

4 'I winna gie sleep till my een; or rest to my winkers, I rede:

5 Till I 'seen a neuk for JEHOVAH; an' hingins for Jakob's Gude!

6 We heard word o't, or lang, ^d at Ephraatah; 'we fand 't ^f in the bauks o' the wood:

7 Lat us ben till the sconce o' his hingins; ^g lat us lout at his ain fitbrod!

8 ^h Up, LORD, till yer shielin sae canny; ⁱ yersel, an' the ark o' yer tryste:

9 Yer priests, [†] lat them wear what [†] fits them; yer sants, lat them lilt fu' loud:

10 *An'* for sake o' David, yer lealman, turn awa-na the face o' yer Chryst.

11 'The LORD swure an aith till David, sae sikker he win-na gae frae 't: ^m On that thron o' yer ain, frae that lisk o' yer ain, till yer outcome I'se ay gie a seat.

12 Yer weans, gin they waird weel my trystin, an' my bidden I taught them syne; than bairns o' their ain, ay for evir, sal sit on that thron o' thine.

13 ⁿ For the LORD, he sought lang for Zioun; whar he liket himsel to bide:

14 ^o Sic-like, *quo' he*, my ain rest sal be; for evir an' ay, it 's here I'll stay; for I like it sae weel mysel.

15 ^p Her victual, I'll blythe-bid fu' blythely; her hungry, I'll stegh wi' bread:

16 ^q Her priests, I maun cleed wi' heal-ha'din; 'her sants, they sal lilt fu' glaid:

17 'Thar I sal gar growe *King* David's horn; an' 'a light, for my chrystit I'll nouriss:

a Ps. 65, 1.

b Gen. 49, 24.

c Prov. 6, 4.

d 1 Sam. 17, 12.

e 1 Sam. 7, 1.

f 1 Chron. 13, 5.

g Ps. 5, 7;

h Num. 10, 35.

i 2 Chron. 6, 41, 42.

j Ps. 78, 61.

k Job 29, 14.

l Isai. 61, 10.

† Heb. what's right, by the law.

l Ps. 89, 3, 4.

m 33; 110, 4.

n 2 Sam. 7, 12.

o 1 Kings 8, 25.

p 2 Chron. 6, 16.

q Luke 1, 69.

r Acts 2, 30.

s Ps. 48, 1.

t Ps. 68, 16.

u Ps. 147, 14.

v 2 Chron. 6, 41.

w Ps. 149, 4.

x Hos. 11, 12.

y Ezek. 29, 21.

z Luke 1, 69.

aa 1 Kings, 11, 36; 15, 4.

ab 2 Chron. 21, 7.

 The king suld be lown whan he is Up.

a Rom. 12, 16.

† Heb. hae I gaen in the mightinesses, an' 'zwonners afore me; or, that hae been wair'd on me.

b Mat. 18, 3.

c 1 Cor. 14, 20.

† Heb. ay on fur ay.

 David syne maun hae the ark Up.

A. D. 1004.

† Heb. a' his fautes.

18 His ill-willers eke, I sal cleed wi' scorn; bot his crown on himsel, it sal flouriss.

PSALM CXXXIII.

Gude-will, like gude oyle, rins weel an' gangs far.

A sang o' the Upgaens: ane o' David's.

SEE syne, how gude an' how braw, ^afor †frien's to bide weel thegither!

2 ^bLike the oyle sae gude, *that was toom'd* on the head; it cou'd rin on the beard, ontill Aaron's beard, that gaed till the neuk o' his manteel:

3 Like the dewy weet that comes down compleat, *frae* ^cHermion ontill Mount Zioun: for ^dit 's thar the LORD ettles the blythest bode; life that sal *bide* for evir.

PSALM CXXXIV.

God's folk, they maun laud him night an' day.

A sang o' the Upgaens.*

SYNE ye maun laud the LORD, ^aa' ye loons o' JEHOVAH's ain: ^bwha bide in the houss o' the LORD, the lee-lang night yerlane.

2 Ye maun heize yer han's till his halie howff, an' blythe-bid the LORD himlane.

3 The LORD frae Zioun ^cblythe-bid yersel; ^dwha wrought baith the lift an' the lan'.

PSALM CXXXV.

The bail houss o' Israel, wha hae been weel tell'd, an' wha ken brawly a' that the Lord has dune for them, suld laud the Lord for his gudeness sae lang 's Mount Zioun stan's.

[By wha 's no said.] Hallelujah.

LAUD ye the name o' JEHOVAH; ^agie laud, ye loons o' the LORD:

2 ^bWha bide in the houss o' JEHOVAH; in the faulds o' the houss o' our God.

3 Hallelujah! for gude *is* JEHOVAH; lift ye till his name, ^cfor *it* 's braw:

4 ^dFor Jakob, till Himsel, the LORD singled; Israel, for his hirsel an' a'.

5 For brawly I ken, ^ethe LORD he 's fu' gran'; an' that Laird o' our ain, 's ayont a' gods o' *the lan'*.

6 ^fWhate'er the LORD likes he can do, in the lift an' the lan'; in the fludes an' ilk awesome howe.

7 ^gWha carries the mists frae the neuks o' the lan'; ^hthe slaughts o' lowe, till a spate he can thowe; *an'* he airts but the win' frae its awmries.

8 ⁱWha dang the first-born o' Mizraam; ^j†o' beast an' o' body baith.

9 ^kWha airtit sic trysts atowre, an' sic ferlies, in midds o' yersel, Mizraam; on Pharaoh, an' a' *Pharaoh's* loons.

10 ^lWha dang fu' mony folk; an' fell'd the starkest kings:

11 Like Sihon, king o' the Amorites; an' like Og, the king o' Bashan; ^man' like a' thae kings o' Canaan;

12 ⁿAn' ettled their lan' *for* a ha'din, a ha'din till Israel his ain.

13 ^oLORD, yer name 's evir-lastin; *an'* min' o' yersel, O JEHOVAH, frae kith till kin *it can stan'*.

14 ^pFor the LORD, he sal right-recht his peopil; an' rew on his servans a'.

15 ^qThe gudes o' the hethen 's but siller an' gowd; the wark o' folk's han's o' the yird:

16 ^rThar 's a mouthe o' their ain, bot they canna speak; een o' their ain, bot they see-na:

^a Ps. 134, 1.

^b Luke 2, 37.

^c Ps. 147, 1.

^d Exod. 19, 5.
Deut. 7, 6, 7;
10, 15.

^e Ps. 95, 3;
97, 9.

^f Ps. 115, 3.

^g Jer. 10, 13;
51, 16.

^h Job 28, 25,
26; 38, -4.
Zech. 10, 1.

ⁱ Exod. 12,
12, 29.
Ps. 78, 51;
136, 10.

^j Heb. *frae man on till beast.*

^k Exod. 7; 8;
9; 10; 14.
Ps. 136, 15.

^l Num. 21, 24,
25, 26, 34,
35.
Ps. 136, 17.

^m Josh. 12, 7.

ⁿ Ps. 78, 55;
130, 21, 22.

^o Exod. 3, 15.
Ps. 102, 12.

^p Deut. 32, 36.

^q Ps. 115, 4-8.

☞ They maun a' be frien's that bide Up.

^a Gen. 13, 8.

† Heb. *brether.*

^b Exod. 30,
25, 30.

^c Deut. 4, 48.

^d Lev. 25, 21.
Deut. 28, 8.
Ps. 42, 8.

☞ An' lift day an' night whan they stay Up.

* Hinmaist sang o' the Upgaens. David, an' the folk, an' the ark, an' the Lord himsel, are a' weel hame till Zioun.

^a Ps. 135, 1, 2.

^b 1 Chron. 9,
33.

^c Ps. 135, 21.

^d Ps. 124, 8.

17 *Tha're* lugs o' their ain, bot they canna hear; no, nor nevir ae sugh i' their hals is.

18 Sic-like are they a', wha can mak sic gear; *an' a'*, wha can lippen until them.

^rPs. 115, 9.

19 'O Israel's houss, bless ye the LORD; O Aaron's houss, bless ye the LORD:

20 O Levi's houss, bless ye the LORD; wha fear the LORD, bless ye the LORD:

^rPs. 134, 3.

21 Blythe be the LORD, 'frae Zioun; wha bides at Jerusalem still. Hallelujah!

PSALM CXXXVI.

*A lift o' laud on God's warks, wi' an
owrecome ay on his gudeness.*

[By wha's no said.]

^dPs. 106, 1;
107, 1;
118, 1.

^b1 Chron. 16,
34, 41.

^cDeut. 10, 17.

GIE ^alaud till the LORD, for *he's* gude; ^bfor his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

2 Gie laud till 'the God o' gods; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

3 Gie laud till the LORD o' Lords; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir.

^dPs. 72, 18

4 Till wha ^dby himlane wrought ferlies sae gran'; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

^eGen. 1, 1.
Prov. 3, 19.
Jer. 51, 15.
+ Heb. *his
ain kennein*.

5 'Till wha wrought the lift wi' the †slight o' his han'; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

^fGen. 1, 9.
Ps. 24, 2.
Jer. 10, 12.

6 ^fTill wha rax't the yirth atowre the fludes; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

^gGen. 1, 14.

7 ^gTill wha wrought the lights sae gran' an' bright; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

^bGen. 1, 16

8 ^hThe sun till be laird, sae lang's it's light; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

9 The mune an' the stern, till hae gree by night; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir.

ⁱExod. 12, 20.
Ps. 135, 8.

10 'Till wha dang Mizraam, in

their first-born a'; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

11 ^kAn' redd but Isra'l frae the midds o' them a'; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

^kExod. 12, 51;
13, 3, 17.

12 'Wi' a hand o' might, an' an arm outright; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir.

ⁱExod. 6, 6.

13 ^mTill wha synder'd the tangly sea in twa; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

^mExod. 14,
21, 22.
Ps. 78, 13.

14 An' fuhred Israel atowre, atween the twa; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

15 ⁿBot whamle'd Pharaoh, folk an' a', in that sea o' the tangly tide; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir.

ⁿExod. 14,
27, 28.
Ps. 135, 9.

16 'Till wha airtit syne his ain folk, in the muir; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

^oExod. 15, 22.

17 ^pTill wha dang mighty kings atowre; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

^pPs. 135,
10, 11.

18 'An' racket kings baith stieve an' stoor; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

^qDeut. 29, 7.

19 'Sihon, till wit, the Am'rites king; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

^rNum. 21, 21.

20 'An' Og, till wit, o' Bashan king; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

^rNum. 21, 33.

21 'An' gie'd their lan' in ha'din free; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

^sJosh. 12, 1.
+ c.
Ps. 135, 12.

22 Till Israel free, his ain loon *till be*; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir.

23 Wha mindet us ay, in a' our waes; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir.

24 An' rax't us atowre frae amang our faes; for his gudeness it *tholes* for evir:

25 ^uWha ettles bread for a' flesh an' bluid; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir.

^uPs. 104, 27;
145, 15;
147, 9.

26 Gie laud till *him that's* †God abune; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir.

^tHeb. *God o'
the lifts*.

PSALM CXXXVII.

*A lilt o' dule in captivity: nae sang
o' the Lord's ava'.*

[Ane o' Jeremiah's, quo' the LXX.]

BY Babel's fludes, thar we sat
us down; an' we grat, as we
mindet Zioun:

2 Our harps we hang the saughs
amang, in the heart o' the town war
growin.

3 For they plague't us sair, wha
brought us thar, the turn o' a sang
to gie them; ^aan' wha wrought us
wae, *wad nought* but play—*cry'd*,
Sing us a sang o' Zioun!

4 Bot how sal we sing a JEHO-
VAH's sang, on grun' that 's ayont
his keepin'?

5 Gin I slight ye, Jerusalem; may
my right-han' tine her *slight!*

6 My tongue gang dry i' my hals,
an I think-na lang on thee; an I
roose-na yersel, Jerusalem, †abune
a' that 's dear to me!

7 O LORD, hae min' o' ^bEdom's
weans, in Jerusalem's day o' *maen*;
how they cry'd, Ding *her* down!
Ding *her* down! aye, down till the
laighest stane.

8 *An'* Dochthir o' Babel, ye, ^cthat
or lang maun wastit be; ^dblythe be
the wight that sal quat ye right, wi'
sic-like as ye gar'd us dree.

9 Blythe *sal* he *be* that taks haud
o'; ^ean' gars yer bit weans, on the
hard whinstanes, wi' a fling intil
flinders flee!

PSALM CXXXVIII.

*A lilt o' laud till the Lord that 's gude.
Ane o' David's.*

I MAUN laud ye, LORD, †wi'
my heart's accord; ^aafore the
gods, I maun lilt till thee.

2 ^bI maun lout me laigh ^ci' yer
halie howff; I maun lilt till yer

name, for yer rewth an' yer trewth;
for heigh abune a' that name o' yer
ain, that word o' yer ain ye hecht.

3 I' the day whan I skreigh'd an'
ye hearken'd me, ye doubled the
might o' my saul.

4 ^dA' kings o' the lan' sal gie laud
till ye, LORD; an they heard but the
words o' yer mouthe:

5 An' fu' loud they sal lilt i' the
gates o' the LORD; for the skance
o' the LORD, it 's fu' grit.

6 'Tho' the LORD *be* fu' heigh,
^fthe laigh he can sight; an' the
mighty, he kens far enOUGH.

7 Tho' I gang pingled roun', ye
can haud my life soun'; on the
wuth o' my faes, yer han' ye can
heize; an' yer right-han', sal haud
me fu' lown.

8 ^gThe LORD sal do a' for mysel;
yer gudeness, O LORD, *tholes* for
evir: the warks o' yer han', ye
win-na ^hfling by, a'-thegither.

PSALM CXXXIX.

*How the Lord made a', an' kens a',
that belongs or befa's us.*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-
lilt o' David's.

LORD, ^aye rypit me, thrugh an'
thro', till ye kent *me*:

2 ^bYerlane, ye ken weel o' my
down-sittin baith, and my risin; fu'
brawly ye ken the thought that 's
far ben, 'ithin me.

3 Gangin or lyin, ye trew me a';
no a gate o' my ain, but ye tent it:

4 For a word o' my tongue *thar*
canna be; bot al-utterlie, LORD, ye
hae kent it.

5 Ahint an' afore, ye hae sweet'd
me roun'; an' atowre me, yer loof
ye straughtit:

6 ^cSic'na ken o' yer ain, 's owre
heigh for me; †it 's abune might
o' mine, till win at it.

Afore the
CHURYST,
cir. 570.

^a Ps. 79. 1.

† Heb. *abune*
the head o'
my jo:ez.

^b Jer. 49. 7.
Lam. 4. 22.
Ezek. 25. 12.
Obad. 10. &c.

^c Isai. 13. 1;
47. 1.
Jer. 25. 12;
50. 2.

^d Jer. 50. 15,
29.
Rev. 18. 6.

^e Isai. 13. 16.

^d Ps. 102. 15,
22.

^e Ps. 113. 5, 6.
Isai. 57. 15.
^f James 4. 6.
1 Pet. 5. 5.

^g Ps. 57. 2.
Phil. 1. 6.

^h Job 10. 3, 8.

^a Jer. 12. 3.

^b 2 Kings 19.
27.

† Heb. *zivi*
my hail heart.
^a Ps. 119. 46.

^b Ps. 28. 2.
^c 1 Kings 8.
29. 32.

^c Job 42. 3.
Ps. 40. 5.

† Heb. *for it*,
I hae-na pith.

^d Jer. 23, 24.

7 ^d O whar sal I win, frae that spreit o' yer ain; an' whar sal I flee frae yer sight?

^e Amos 9, 2, 3; 4.

^f Prov. 15, 11.

8 ^e An I spiel till the lift, ye ^{'re} thar by yerlane; ^f an I streek i' the sheugh, ye're *aneth*.

9 The wings o' the light, I may dight them on, an' bide on the lave o' the watirs:

^g That he suld-na gae down i' the watirs.

10 Bot thar yer ain han', it suld weise me on; an' yer right han' itsel suld upha' me. ^g

^h Job 26, 6;

34, 22.

Dan. 2, 22.

Hebr. 4, 13.

11 An I say syne, The mirk it sal hap me owre; than the night, like light, it sal schaw me:

12 For ^h the mirk at-weel, frae yersel 's nae bield; bot the night, it gies light like the day: the mirkest mirk 's like the lightest light, per-fay!

13 For yerlane, ye had a' my lisk; in my mither's bouk, ye bield me.

ⁱ Heb. *zwon-ner wark*, o' *wer ain mak-in*, ilk haet o' me.

^j Job 10, 8, 9.

Eccles. 11, 5.

14 I suld lilt till ye syne, 'am sae wonner fine; ⁱ wrought a' sae gran', as my thought can forestan, sae weel to'.

15 ^j My banes war-na happit frae thee, tho' I was wrought i' the mirk; wi' sae mony a fauld, i' the laighest halds o' the yirth.

^k or, i' the days o' their makin.

16 My bouk, yer een they took tent o'; an' intil yer buik they war scriven, ^k a' *pairs* o' me syne that war schuppen, or ere thar was ane o' them worth.

^l Ps. 40, 5.

17 ^l An' yer friendly thoughts to mysel; O God, how they 're by my ken! What-na wheen o' them a' to tell!

^m Ps. 119, 115.

ⁿ A wheen bluidy folk, that elach-ter'd till eidols, an' biggest deil's bouzes intil God's ain towna.

^o 2 Chron. 19, 2.

Ps. 119, 153.

18 An I suld ettle till count them, mair nor san', ayont tellin they be! Gin I wauken, 'am ay wi' thee.

19 LORD GOD, an ye fell the ill-doer! ⁿ Awa frae me, bluidy loons: 20 Wha cry till yersel like an eidol; an' turn till the mischieff yer towna. ^o

21 LORD, ^p jimpli I thole wha ill-

will ye; an' flyte wi' yer gain-stan'ers a':

22 I like them, as ill 's I can like them; for ill-willers o' mine, they sal sta'.

23 ^m Ye maun rype me, O God, an' ^p heart-ken me; ye maun try me, an' trew my thoughts:

24 An' see gin *thar* 's ^q tought o' a lie in mysel; ^r an' airt me the endless gate.

^m Job. 31, 6 Ps. 26, 2.

^p Heb. *ken my heart*.

^q Heb. *gate o' a lie*.

^r Ps. 5, 8; 143, 10.

PSALM CXL.

Wae fa' the ill-deedie man, tho' a crown an' a' be abune him.

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

^s This thought till be again Saul an' his frien' Doeg: like enough.

^t Verse 4.

REDD me, LORD, frae the ill-deedie man; ^s frae the man o' mischieff, waird me:

2 Wha ettle a' that 's ill, i' *their* heart; ^t ilka day they forgather till waur me.

^u Ps. 56, 6.

3 Their tongue they hae whatt, like an ethir's; ^v the feim o' the ask 's i' their lips: Selah.

^v Ps. 58, 4. Rom. 3, 13.

4 ^w Redd me, LORD, frae the ill-doer's han'; ^w frae the man o' mischieff, waird me: wha ettle till fank my gates.

^x Ps. 71, 4.

^y Verse 1.

5 ^y The haughty, they happit a girn for me; an' links forby: a net they rax't by the side o' the road; girms they set down, till *tak* me: Selah.

^z Ps. 35, 7; 57, 6; 119, 110; 141, 9. Jer. 18, 22.

6 Quo' I till the LORD, My ain God *are* ye: Hearken, O LORD, to the sugh o' my bidden.

7 O LORD, my Lord, my heal-ha'din might; ye hae happit my head in the day o' redden.

8 LORD, gie the ill-doer nane his will; his weary thought, ye maunna fu'fil; ^z they're heigh enough, LORD, already: Selah!

^{aa} Deut. 32, 27.

9 Wha fank me roun'—atowre their crown, ^{ab} may the ill o' their lips be theekit!

^{ab} Ps. 7, 16; 94, 23. Prov. 12, 13; 18, 7.

† Ps. 11, 6.

10 'Bleezan blauds come abune them; ben i' the lowe gar fling them; laigh i' the sheugh gar lay *them*, that they ne'er sal stan' again.

11 The *ill*-tongued man, on the yirth sanna stan'; the ill-deedie carl mischief sal harl, till he fa'.

12 For I ken that the LORD sal do right till the puir; an' right-recht till the feckless an' a'.

13 An' syne sal the righteous gie laud till yer name; an' afore ye, the aefauld hae a ha'.

PSALM CXLI.

David's bidden sal be fain, an' David's tholin sal be kind: wba wytes him weel, sal ne'er do him ill.

Ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

LORD, I skreigh till yersel, fy haste ye till me; lout yer lug till my din, ay whan I skreigh till thee.

2 Lat *a*my bidden win right till yer sight, ay *b*like the haly reek; 'the heizin-up o' my looves, *like* the hansel at gloamin eke.

3 LORD, put the waird on my mouthe; ay haud the flake o' my lips:

4 Swee-na my heart till a word o' ill; till wark at mischieff, wi' folk that do ill; *a*an' ne'er lat me pree o' their sweets.

5 'Lat the gude man ||ding me, I'se *tak* it fu' kind; lat him wyte me, it's oyle on my head; siclike sal ne'er crack my crown: for or lang, in their ain day o' need, an' my bidden *for them* sal come roun.

6 Whan their righters gang down till the sheugh, syne sal they hear *what* I say; for my *words* sal be canny enough.

7 For like tearin an' rivan the yirth, our banes are dang here awa there awa, clean at the mouthe o' the heugh.

a Rev. 5, 8;

8, 3, 4.

b Rev. 8, 3, 4.

c Ps. 134, 2.

d Prov. 23, 6.

e Prov. 9, 8;

19, 25; 25,

12.

|| or, ding me kindly, &c.

8 Bot ay till yersel, O JEHOVAH; *f*my een, Lord o' mine, *are* till thee: I lippen me a' till yerlane; an' ye maun-na mislippen me.†

9 Kep me *s*frae the grip o' the girns, they stentit sae straught for mysel; an' eke frae the loopy-links, o' them wha wark at ill.

10 *b*Lat ill-doers coup in their ain fankin-gear, ay whan I can loup owre, mysel!

PSALM CXLII.

Wha kens sae weel wbar we bide, or wba can redd us like God.

*Maschil o' David's; a heart's-bode o' his ain, whan he bade i' the cove, *out o' sight*.

I SIGH'D till the LORD wi' my †breath; wi' my †breath, till the LORD I cou'd sigh:

2 *a*I toom'd out afore him my thought; my strett I made plain in his sight.

3 Whan my spreit was dang gyte in mysel, *b*yerlane it was, kent my gate; 'on the road that I slippet alang, they happit a girn for my *fit*.

4 *d*Leuk weel on the right, an' see; 'bot nane till ken me thar: a' shaltir frae me was gane; for my life, no a livin took care.

5 I sigh'd till yersel, O LORD; quo' I, *f*Yerlane be my houp: ye're a' *s*that's left till me, *h*in the land o' livin folk.

6 Tak tent till my chirm, for 'am worn awa; redd me frae wha wad win at me, for they're sterker nor me an' a'.

7 But wi' my life frae *this* weary hald, laud till yer name to gie; *i*the righteous †sal crown me *or lang*, for *k*yersel sal gie double till me.

PSALM CXLIII.

David skreighs, ay sairer an' sairer:

f 2 Chron. 20, 12.
Ps. 123, 1, 2.
† Heb. *my life*, or *saul*.

g Ps. 119, 110;
140, 5;
142, 3.

b Ps. 35, 8.

* Leuk till *Headins*, an' Ps. 57.

† Heb. *sound*, or *cry*.

a Ps. 102, headin.

b Ps. 143, 4.

c Ps. 140, 5.

d Ps. 69, 20.

e Ps. 31, 11;
88, 8, 18.

f Ps. 46, 1;
91, 2.

g Ps. 16, 5; 73, 26;
119, 57;
Lam. 3, 24.

b Ps. 27, 13.

i Ps. 34, 2.

† Heb. *sal gather round about me*, like a crown.

k Ps. 119, 17.

G'd maun bearken, or he'll die wi'
sic unco dule.
Ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

HEARKEN, LORD, till my bid-
den; ^alout yer lug till my
weary schraigh: in yer truth, speak
hame till me syne; in yer rightous-
ness:

2 An' come-na till stricks wi' yer
thirlman; ^bfor nane lives, can be
right afore thee.

3 For the Ill-ane, he 's eftir my
saul; my life he wad thring till the
yird: he wad steek me in mirkest
boles; as ~~wha~~ lang sen-syne, hae
been dead.

4 'Sae my gheist, it 's forfoughten
within me; my heart, it 's clean
daze'd i' my midds.

5 ^dI mindet the days o' lang-syne;
I bethought me on a' ye hae dune;
I dree't on the wark o' yer han's:

6 'I braidet my looves afore ye;
and, e'en as a drowthy lan', ^fmy life
it *could* lang for thee: Selah.

7 Fy haste ye, till answer me,
LORD; my gheist, it 's a' bnt gane:
hide-na yer face frae me, in case-be
I gang like *the lave*; ^gwi' them wha
are pang'd i' the sheugh.

8 Lat me hear o' yer gudeness at
^amornin ere, for I lippen me a' till
yersel: ⁱairt me the gate I suld
gang; ^kfor, till yerlane I lift up my
saul.

9 Redd me but frae my ill-willers,
LORD; till yersel, I maun gang till
hide me.

10 'Learn me †the gate o' yer ain
gude-will, for yerlane are JEHOVAH,
God o' my ain: that spreit o' yer
ain 's fu' nieborlie ay; airt me a
lan', ^m*whar* the gate's fu' plain.†

11 For yer name's sake, LORD,
ⁿhaud me livin ay: in your right-
ousness, redd but my life, frae a
strett *like* this:

12 And, o' yer gudeness, ding my

ill-willers by; an' ding ilk ane that
wad ding my saul: ^pfor *wha* but
mylane is yer thirlman!

PSALM CXLIV.

*David's ain thought o' Kingly gree,
and o' a' that suld be, intil a weel-
guided, weel-thriven state.*
Ane o' David's.

BLYTHE be the LORD, my
heigh-ha'din; ^awha hansels
my han's for the stour; *wha ettles*
my fingers for facht:

2 ^bMy gree, an' my hainin-towir;
my uphauder, an' my redder-but;
my schild, ontill whilk I may lippen;
wha thrings my folk laigh †till my
fit.

3 LORD, 'what 's the yird-born,
ye suld heed him? or on on o' the
carl, ye tak tent till him?

4 ^dThe yird-born, he 's waur nor
naething; ^ehis days, *they* wear by
like a gloam.

5 LORD, ^flout yer lift, an' win on
them; ^gtang but the heights, an'
they 'll reek!

6 ^hLight a lowe, an' daze them;
out wi' yer flanes, an' fley them!

7 ⁱRax yont yer han's frae abune
them: ^kredd me an' rowe me frae
unco spates; ^lfrae the han' o' the
bairns o' the frem:

8 Whase mouthe cracks fusionless
clavers; an' their right-han', ^m's a
right-han' o' scham!

9 ⁿA new sang, O God, I maun
sing till yersel; on a harp wi' ten-
some thairms, I maun lilt till thee:

10 *Wha yerlane*, ^pcan gie scowth
till kings; wha can redd but David
his thirlman, frae *the grip* o' the
gruesome swurd.

11 ^qLowse me, an' redd me hame,
frae the han' o' the bairns o' the
frem; whase mouthe cracks fusion-

* Ps. 116, 16.

* 2 Sam. 22,
35.
Ps. 18, 34.* 2 Sam. 22,
2, 3, 40, 48.† Heb. *aneth*
mysel.* Job 7, 17.
Ps. 6, 4.
Hebr. 2, 6.* Job 4, 19;
14, 2.
Ps. 39, 5;
62, 9.

* Ps. 102, 11.

† Ps. 18, 9.
Lul. 64, 1.

* Ps. 104, 32.

* Ps. 18, 13,
14.

* Ps. 18, 16.

† Verse 11.
Ps. 63, 1, 2,
14.† Ps. 54, 3.
Mal. 2, 11.

* Ps. 33, 2, 3.

* Ps. 18, 52.

* Verse 7, 8.

* Ps. 31, 1.

* Exod. 34, 7.
Job 4, 17; 9,
2; 15, 14;
25, 4.
Eccles. 7, 20.
Rom. 3, 20.
Gal. 2, 16.

* Ps. 142, 2.

* Ps. 77, 5,
10, 11.* Ps. 58, 9.
/ Ps. 83, 1.

* Ps. 28, 1.

* Ps. 46, 5.

* Ps. 5, 8.

* Ps. 25, 1.

† Ps. 25, 4, 5;
139, 24.† Heb. *the*
does.

* Isai. 26, 10.

† Heb. *lan* o'
straightness.* Ps. 119, 25,
37, 40.

less claiuers, an' their right-han',^s a right-han' o' scham!

12 That our sons *be* like growthy sprouts, weel-grown i' their bairn-time a'; our dochtirs like †shapely stanes, weel-set in a pailis-wa':

13 That our barns *be* bursen wi' victual, †frae ae hairst till anither *come roun'*; our sheep, by thousands on thousands, may thrang athort a' our towns:

14 That our knowte *may be* brawly thriven; neither outshot nor in-win *among them*; nor nae eerie sugh in our yairds.

15 ^bBlythe *may* the folk be, whase fa' is siclike; blythe *at-weel may* the folk be, whase God is the LORD.

PSALM CXLV.

Folk lang-syne hae laudit the Lord; bot nane o' them kens like David.

A laud-lilt o' David's.*

LORD God o' my ain, that 's King, ^aI maun heize ye heigh; an' laud yer name, for evir an' ay: 2 Ilka day, I maun roose yersel; an' laud yer name for evir an' ay.

3 ^bFu' gran' 's the LORD, an' weel to be laudit; †end o' his 'greatness nane can be:

4 Outcome till outcome, sal laud yer warks; an' weel schaw furth yer mighty gree.†

5 The weight o' yer glorious lofflihead, an' the sugh o' yer wonner-warks, I maun ken:

6 The might o' yer wonner-warks folk hae tell'd; bot yer mightiness a', mylane sal pen:

7 Word they hae croon'd o' yer gudeness, †lang; bot yer righteousness syne they sal lilt on hie! §

8 ^dKind an' pitifu' *ay is* the LORD; lang or he lowes; and rews right fain:

9 Gude 's the LORD till a' *forby*; an' his pitie, atowre his warks ilk ane.

10 LORD, yer doens, they praise ye a'; an' sants o' yer ain, they suld speak ye fair:

11 The weight o' yer kingryks, folk maun tell; an' ay on yer righteousness words maun ware:

12 Till lat †yird-born folk his might weel wot; an' a' the weight of his kingryks rare.

13 'Thae realms o' thine, *hae been* realms out o' mind; an' yer rewl, it s' †ayont a' livin kind.

14 The LORD, he stoops a' wha stacher down; *s* an' straights a' wha gang twa-fauld:

15 ^sThe een o' the lave leuk a' till thee; ^aan' ye gie them bread belyve:

16 Braidin yer loof, ⁱan' toomin aneugh, o' yer gudeness, till a' on live.

17 Right *is* the LORD in ilk gate o' his ain, an' kindly in a' that his han' does: †

18 ^kNieborlie ay *is* the LORD, till a' wha cry on himsel; till a' wha cry on himsel, †right heartilie.

19 The gudewill he warks o' wha fear himsel; an' he hearkens their skreigh, an' he saifs them:

20 The LORD fen's for a', wha loe himsel; but a' warkers o' wrang he dings by:

21 The laud o' the LORD, my mouthe sal tell; an' that name o' his ain sae halie, a' flesh sal blythe-bid for evir an' ay.

PSALM CXLVI.

Nae lippenin to ony but God, wha made baith the lift an' the lan'.

[By wha 's no said.]

HALLELUJAH! ^aGie laud till the LORD, O my saul!

2 ^bI maun lilt till the LORD, whan 'am livin; I maun lilt till my God, whiles I last ava'.

† Heb. *skene* stanes like a pailis.

† or, *frackind* till kind o' victual.

^b Ps. 33, 12; 65, 4; 146, 5.

* Ps. 100, Headin.

^a Ps. 30, 1.

^b Ps. 96, 4.

† Heb. *rypin* out.

† Job 5, 9; 9, 10.

† Heb. *mighitneses*.

† Heb. *mikile* mind.

§ No till effir David spak, kenn'd folk the wo'ners o' the Lord.

^d Exod. 34, 6, 7. Num. 14, 18. Ps. 86, 5, 15; 103, 8.

† Heb. *sons* o' the yird-born.

^e Ps. 146, 10. 1 Tim. 1, 17. † Heb. *in ilka kithgettin* an' kithgettin.

^f Ps. 146, 8.

^g Ps. 104, 27.

^b Ps. 136, 25.

ⁱ Ps. 104, 21; 147, 9.

† Heb. *han's* warks.

^k Deut. 4, 7.

† Heb. *in trewth*.

^a Ps. 103, 1.

^b Ps. 104, 33.

c Ps. 118, 8, 9.
Isai. 2, 22.

d Ps. 104, 29.
Eccles. 12, 7.
Isai. 2, 22.

e Leuk. 1 Cor.
2, 6.

f Jer. 17, 7.

g Gen. 1, 1

b Ps. 103, 6.

i Ps. 68, 6;
107, 10, 14.

k Mat. 9, 30.
John 9, 7-32.

l Ps. 145, 14;
147, 6.
Luke 13, 13.

m Deut. 10,
18.
Ps. 68, 5.

n Ex. 15, 18.
Ps. 10, 16;
145, 13.

† Heb. Halle-
lujah

3 e Lippen ye nane till princes, *nor*
yet till son o' the yird; nae *gift* o'
heal-ha'din has he.

4 d His breath wins awa; he wins
hame till his stoure; in that sel-sam
day, e his thoughts die.

5 f Blythe be the wight, whase
help's in the God o' Jakob; whase
tryst's in the LORD, his God:

6 g Wha made baith the lift an'
the lan'; the sea, an' ilk haet intil
them; wha bides by the trewth
evir mair:

7 h Wha rights amang sair-tholin
folk; wha ay ettles bread for the
hungry; i the LORD lats the thirl-
bun' gang.

8 k The LORD, he can lighten the
blin'; l the LORD, he can straught
the twa-fauld; the LORD loes the
rightous weel:

9 m The LORD keeps haud o' the
frem; the orph'lin an' widow, he
stoops; bot the gate o' ill-doers, he
dings.

10 n The LORD sal be King for
ay! That God o' yer ain, O Zioun,
is frae ae folk's time till anither:
† Laud till the LORD gie ye!

PSALM CXLVII.

*Another lilt o' laud till Jehovah, makar
o' a', an' friend till a', in Jakob.*

[By wha's no said.]

a Ps. 92, 1.

b Ps. 135, 3.

c Ps. 33, 1.

d Deut. 30, 3.

e Ps. 51, 17.
Isai. 57, 15;
61, 1.

f Leuk Gen.
15, 5.
Isai. 40, 26.

g Ps. 146, 8, 9.

HALLELUJAH! a For gude
liltin's baith blythe an' braw.

2 d It's the LORD sal big up Jeru-
salem; e the sperflit o' Israel, sal
gather them a':

3 f Healin the heart-broken kindly;
an' mendin their unco stoun's.

4 g He tells the tale o' the starnies;
he cries till them a' by their names:

5 h Gran's our LORD, an' fu' mighty;
o' his thoughts, thar's nae tellin ava'.

6 i The LORD lifts the laighest fu'
canny; the ill, he dings till they fa'.

7 Time wi' a sang till JEHOVAH;
sing ye till our God wi' the harp:

8 h Wha theeks owre the lift wi'
the carrie; wha syne ettles rain for
the yirth: wha gars gerss on the
heights tak the road:

9 i Wha gies victual till beiss o'
the field; k till the † schraighin brood
o' the crow.

10 He cares nane for the strenth o'
the aiver^l; likes as little the shanks
o' the earl:

11 The gudewill o' the LORD's
on wha fear him; on wha lippen a'
till his rewth.

12 Gie laud till the LORD, O Jeru-
s'lem; Zioun, lilt heigh till yer God:

13 For the bars o' yer yetts, he
made sikker; an' yer weans, intil
ye, blythe-bade:

14 Wha settled yer march wi'
lown *niebors*; m an' stegh'd ye wi'
best o' the wheat.

15 n Wha sends but his bidden
on yirth; unco speedy, his word it
wins on:

16 Snaw like 'oo, he can ettle;
an' strinkles the cranreuch, like ase.

17 Wha deals out his ice like
moolins; wha can thole, in the face
o' his cauld?

18 o Syne out wi' his word, an' it
thowes them; his breath wins about,
an' watirs they wimple enew.

19 p His words, he taught them
till Jakob; q his trysts, an' his
rights, till Isra'l:

20 Siclike he wrought-na wi' ither
folk; r an' his rightins they ne'er kent
amang them: † Laud ye the LORD.

PSALM CXLVIII.

*Ane heigh-lilt o' laud till the Lord,
frae a' that bides in the warld.*

[By wha's no said.]

HALLELUJAH! Laud the
LORD himsel frae the lift;
laud him frae the heighest heights:

b Ps. 104, 13,
14.

i Job 38, 41.
Ps. 104, 27,
28; 136, 25;
145, 15.

k Job 38, 41.
Mat. 6, 26.

† Heb. *schwikh*
schraigh.

l Ps. 33, 16,
17, 18.
Hos. 1, 7.

m Ps. 132, 15.
Deut. 32, 14.
Ps. 81, 16.

n Ps. 107, 20.

o Verse 15.
Leuk Job 37,
10.

p Ps. 76, 1;
78, 5; 103, 7.
q Mal. 4, 4.

r Leuk Rom.
3, 1, 2.

† Heb. Halle-
lujah.

* Ps. 103, 20,
21.

1 Kings 8,

27

Gen. 1, 7.

* Gen. 1, 1, 6,
Ps. 33, 6, 9.

Ps. 89, 37;

119, 93, 91;

Job, 31, 35;

30; 33, 25.

2 ^a Laud him, a' errand-rinners o' his ain; laud him, a' hosts o' his.

3 Laud him, baith sun an' mune; laud him, a' starns o' light:

4 Laud him, ^b ye lift o' lifts; ^c an' ye fludes owre the hevins' height:

5 Lat them ^a laud the name o' the LORD; ^d for himlane gied the word, an' they schupen war:

6 ^e An' he ettled them ay till stan'; he made-guid a decret, that suld ne'er be schuten-owre.

7 Laud ye the LORD, frae yirth, gryfes an' ilk awesome howe:

8 Lowe an' hail; snaw an' mist; whirlin blast, that warks his bidden:

9 Heigh heights, an' a' ye knowes; frutefu' stoks, an' ilka cedar:

10 Brute o' the field, an' beiss o' the fauld; wurblin worm, an' flican feddyr:

11 Kings o' the yirth, an' a' peopil; provosts, an' a' right-rechters o' the lan':

12 Baith lads an' lasses; auld folk an' bairns:

13 Lat them ^a laud the name o' the LORD; ^f for his name is heighest: his loffiheid alane, ^g a' abune yirth an' hevins.

14 ^h An' he straughtit has the horn o' his ain folk on hie; ⁱ the praise o' a' his sanctit anes; the bairns-folk o' Israel; ^j a' folk ay nar till himsel: †Laud till the LORD gie ye!

PSALM CXLIX.

A lilt o' laud for the Sancts in Jakob.
[By wha's no said.]

HALLELUJAH! ^a Sing ye till the LORD a new sang; his praise in the thrang o' the Sancts.

2 Lat Israel ^b be blythe in his

makar; Zioun's bairns be fu' fain in their king:

3 ^c Lat them laud till his name †wi' a dinle; wi' the drum an' the harp, lilt loud till him:

4 ^d For the LORD's weel content wi' his peopil; ^e the down-cuisten, wi' health he'll mak trim.

5 Lat the Sancts be fu' blythe in gloiry; ^f lat them lilt fu' loud on their beds:

6 The heigh-lilts o' God, in their mouthes ay; ^g and, i' their han', a double-faced swurd that sneds.

7 Till wrack God's-right on the hethen; ^h an' wyte amang niebors ⁱ a':

8 Till yoke their kings intil thirl-bans; an' their foremaist in airn branks:

9 ^j Till wark on them, right that's written; ^k sic gloiry belangs a' his Sancts. Hallelujah!

PSALM CL.

The hinmaist Hallelujah, fu' heigh an' grand, wi' a' that can dirl an' blaw.
[By wha's no said.]

HALLELUJAH! Gie laud till God in his haly-rood; gie him laud in the lift o' his strenth!

2 ^a Gie him laud intil a' his wonners; gie him laud in the feck o' his might!

3 Gie him laud wi' the tout o' the horn; ^b gie him laud wi' the brod an' the harp!

4 Gie him laud wi' the drum an' the †dinle; gie him laud wi' the thairms †o' delight!

5 Gie him laud wi' the dirl o' the cymbals; gie him laud, wi' the cymbals dirlin hie!

6 Lat a' ye can blaw thro', laud the LORD; †Laud till the LORD gie ye!

* Ps. 81, 2.

† or, *toi' the dance.*

* Ps. 35, 27.

* Ps. 132, 16.

* Job 35, 10.

* Heb. 4, 12.
Rev. 1, 16.* Deut. 7,
1, 2.

* Ps. 148, 14.

* Ps. 145, 5, 6.

* Ps. 81, 2;
149, 3.† or *dance*; aiblins some gear that dinn'd an' sheuk.† Heb. *an' delight*—some sang-gearsae ca'd† Heb. *Hallelujah*!

END O' PSALMS.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

This bit lilt o' his ain till David's Praise,
Whan he fought again Goliath,
Stan's like a to-fa' till the Psalms
[Quo' the LXX.]

Sma' was I, amang brether o' mine;
An' the bairn was I, i' my faither's ha';
My faither's fe I was hirdin:
My han's, they wrought the organ fine;
An' my fingers, *wi' thairms*, the harp an' a'
They war girdin.

An' wha was 't tell'd the LORD o' me?
The LORD himsel, he hearken'd till me;
An' his rinner he sent, an' he cried me awa—
Cried me awa frae my faither's fe;
An' wi' chrystin oyle o' his ain an' a',
He chrystit me:
Brether o' mine, they war brave an' braw;
An' the LORD o' them wad hae nought ava'.

Furth gaed I, till fecht wi' the frem;
Syne by his eidols he swure at me:
Bot that swurd o' his ain, I claught it frae him;
An' I sned his head frae his shouthirs trim;
An' the skaith an' the scorn I carried it a',
Frae the folk o' Israel, hame wi' me!